A · MAP · OF
THE
RAILROADS
OF
MONMOUTH
SHIRE

BRECKNOCKSHIRE

Usk

Raglan

Dingestow

Llanvaon

Llanvihangel Ystern Llewern

Llanvihangel Gobion

Llanvihangel Crucorney

Llanvihangel Pontymoile

Llanvihangel Ty Mawr

Llanvihangel Ty Mawr Castle

Llanvihangel Ty Mawr Castle Gate

Llanvihangel Ty Mawr Castle Gate House

Llanvihangel Ty Mawr Castle Gate House Farm

Llanvihangel Ty Mawr Castle Gate House Farm Cottage

Llanvihangel Ty Mawr Castle Gate House Farm Cottage Barn

Llanvihangel Ty Mawr Castle Gate House Farm Cottage Barn Stable

Llanvihangel Ty Mawr Castle Gate House Farm Cottage Barn Stable Coach House

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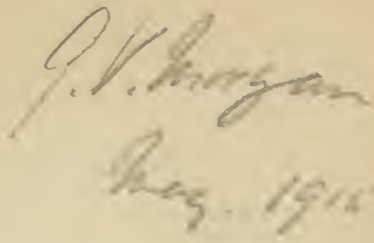
Brithdir
Hollybush
Talywain
Abersychan
Pontnewynydd
Little Mill
Llanderny
Wye Wood
River Wye
Usk
Tintern
Bargoed
Aberbargoed
Argoed
Aberbeeg
Llanhilleth
PONTYPOOL
Pontypool Road
Pantteg
Pontrhydyrun
River Usk
Crumlin
New Bridge
Upper Pontnewydd
Pontnewydd
Cwmbran
Pengam
Blackwood
Chepstow Park Wood
Itton Hill
CHEPSTOW
Hengoed
Tredegar Park
Abercarn
Llantarnam
Ponthir
Went Wood
Maesycwmmer
Ystrad Mynach
Ynysddu
Croß Keys
Risca
CÆRLEON
Cærwent
Llanbradach
9 Mile Pt
Bedwas
Machen
Rogerstone
Duffryn
NEWPORT
Severn Tunnel Junction
R. Wye
Caerphilly
Church Road
Bassaleg
Llanwern
Magor
Tredegar Park
Caldicot Level
Pilning
GLAMORGANSHIRE
Marshfield
R. Usk
GLOSTER SHIRE
THE MOUTH OF THE SEVERN
Avonmouth
CARDIFF
R. Rumney



MONMOUTHSHIRE

THE LITTLE GUIDES

CAMBRIDGE AND ITS COLLEGES

OXFORD AND ITS COLLEGES

ST PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

THE ENGLISH LAKES

THE MALVERN COUNTRY

SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

CHESHIRE

CORNWALL

DERBYSHIRE

DEVON

DORSET

ESSEX

HAMPSHIRE

HERTFORDSHIRE

THE ISLE OF WIGHT

KENT

MIDDLESEX

MONMOUTHSHIRE

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE

NORFOLK

OXFORDSHIRE

SOMERSET

SUFFOLK

SURREY

SUSSEX

THE EAST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE

THE NORTH RIDING OF YORKSHIRE

NORTH WALES

KERRY

BRITTANY

NORMANDY

ROME

SICILY

TINTERN ABBEY.

MONMOUTHSHIRE

By

G. W. WADE, D.D.
AND
J. H. WADE, M.A.

With Thirty-two Illustrations, Four Plans, and Four Maps

"How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! Thou wanderer thro' the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee."

LONDON
METHUEN & CO
36 *Essex St. Strand*

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PREFACE

THIS book we have endeavoured to make what it professes to be, a little *Guide*. It has been our aim to bring together in small compass such serviceable information as will enable a visitor to Monmouthshire both to discover beforehand what things are best worth seeing in the county and to see them for himself. The book will, we hope, help him not only to enjoy, like Wordsworth,

> "with the sense
> Of present pleasure"

the scenes amongst which he moves, but to recall them to the mind in after-days. If the perusal of it affords the reader as much entertainment as the compilation of it has afforded the writers, we shall have ample reason to be satisfied. In its production we have consulted numerous works. One of the most useful has been Coxe's comprehensive and discursive *Historical Tour*, published in 1801. For many episodes of Welsh history in which Monmouthshire has figured we have drawn upon Mr O. M. Edwards' *Wales* (in the "Story of the Nations" series); whilst several facts, partly historical and partly antiquarian, we have gathered

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from Col. J. A. Bradney's valuable *History of Monmouthshire*, and from the journal of the Cambrian Archæological Association (*Archæologia Cambrensis*). The Geology we have got chiefly from Kelly's *Directory*, and the Biography from the well-known *D.N.B.* But the knowledge derived from books we have supplemented or verified, in the case of nearly every locality, by personal investigation. Our acquaintance with certain parts of the county has been long and intimate; and all those portions with which we were less familiar we have visited either separately or together in the course of the last two years. The chapter on the *Fauna and Flora* is the work of two gentlemen, T. W. Proger, Esq., and W. A. Shoolbred, Esq., who have most generously helped us in connection with these subjects, on which they are authorities; and our cordial thanks are also due to the Rev. H. J. Riddelsdell for valuable assistance. Even with all these aids, we cannot, indeed, hope that we have entirely avoided mistakes. But we have at least done our best to render our little volume a trustworthy guide to a most interesting and delightful district, which those who come to know it will hold in the same affection as do

G. W. W.
J. H. W.

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INTRODUCTION

I. Situation and Extent

MONMOUTHSHIRE, though geographically and racially part of S. Wales, is, in strictness, one of the S.W. counties of England. Of late years its natural affinities have been allowed their way, and the shire is now for political purposes frequently associated with the Principality. It is a compact little county, which in outline might be roughly described as an irregular square placed cornerwise on the map, with the diagonals running N.N.W. and E.S.E. The symmetry of the figure is, however, destroyed by a projecting strip of territory on the N. which wedges itself in between Herefordshire and Breconshire. These two counties embrace the shire between them on the N.; Gloucestershire adjoins it on the E.; its next door neighbour on the W. is Glamorganshire; and on the S. it is washed by the waters of the Bristol Channel. In point of size it is one of the least of the English counties (there are only four smaller), having an area of about 350,000 acres or 542 sq. miles. Its greatest width is 27 m., and its extreme length 32 m.—dimensions which from a visitor's point of view indicate its manageableness. It can be thoroughly explored by even a leisurely tourist within the limits of a very moderate holiday. Its

extremities lie within the following parallels and meridians:

N. latitude = 51° 29′ to 51° 59′
W. longitude = 2° 39′ to 3° 17′

II. Physical Features

Though nowhere wanting in a pleasant picturesqueness, Monmouthshire is a county of very unequal value to the tourist. On one side are to be found some of the most famous landscapes in England, exquisitely beautiful and practically undesecrated; and on the other there are districts wholly given over to commercial exploitation, in which the abomination of desolation reigns supreme, and which almost rival in squalor the heart of the "black country" of the Midlands. Fortunately it is a county of convenient and orderly arrangement, where the useful and ornamental are kept in separate compartments; so that a visitor of restricted leisure is not put to the trouble of traversing a large amount of ground to find what he wants. He has everything, so to speak, duly sorted for him, and knows beforehand where to go in order to spend his time to the best advantage. The river Usk, which roughly bisects the shire, forms the dividing line between pictorial and commercial Monmouthshire. To the E. is a fair and goodly land, in which is spread a prodigal entertainment for the sightseer. To the W. is a murky wilderness of collieries and blast furnaces, where nature wages an unequal contest with man. It must not, however, be inferred that this ill-balanced arrangement is of the original ordering of things. The whole county is plentifully endowed with scenic attractions. The desolation

is purely artificial. "Every prospect pleases, and only man is vile." W. Monmouthshire, though wild and rugged, is, in its way, hardly less consistently picturesque than E.; and the teeming population which crowds its valleys with unlovely villages and defaces its hillsides with slag heaps and chimney stacks has not quite succeeded in destroying all its beauty. The towering hills and tumbling torrents retain a good deal of their ancient grandeur; and the possessor of a "quiet eye" can still reap an abundant harvest by leaving the beaten tracks and clambering over the mountains. From the present aspect of the district, it is difficult to realise that little more than a century ago these "wilds of Monmouthshire" were the resort chiefly of the sportsman, who repaired thither to shoot grouse. The abrupt cessation of the coalfield has happily saved the mountainous district of the N. from commercial invasion; and next to the Wye Valley the environs of Abergavenny rank as the chief pictorial asset of the county.

Monmouthshire is hilly throughout, and in places the hills swell into mountains of quite respectable altitude. From the group of hills on the N. the *Sugar Loaf* (1955 ft.) rises like a miniature Snowdon, and along with its weird-looking neighbour the *Scyrryd Fawr* (1601 ft.) forms a prominent and well-remembered feature in nearly every Monmouthshire landscape. On the N.W. is a high tableland scooped out by intervening watercourses into a series of parallel ridges running N. and S., and divided from one another by deep sunless valleys. Of these contiguous chains of hills the *Blorenge* (1833 ft.), which towers above Abergavenny, *Coity Mountain* (1905 ft.) between

Blaenavon and Blaina, *Mynydd Maen* (1557 ft.) near Pontypool, and *Twyn Barlwm* (1374 ft.) in the neighbourhood of Risca, are the most conspicuous eminences. On the E. again the heights are considerable, and form a lofty barrier between the rest of the county and the Wye. They accompany the river on its way towards the Severn, and then turn westwards to face the channel. The central part of the county enclosed by this girdle of hills is an undulating plain watered by the Usk. For farming purposes the vale of the Usk furnishes some of the richest soil in S. Wales. Elsewhere the land is less productive. The hilly borderland on the E. is thickly wooded, and only occasionally breaks out into pastures. Amongst the barren and precipitous highlands on the W. the farmer is almost entirely superseded by the miner, though a little rough farming is still done in a half-hearted fashion on the hillsides. The wealth of Monmouthshire lies here beneath the surface; and a rich return has rewarded the enterprise of those who have unearthed its hidden treasures. The only undeniably tame and uninspiring part of the county is the flat seaboard which, throughout its entire length, is one monotonous level of damp meadows and ditches, and which is only prevented from reverting to its natural condition of salt marsh by strong sea walls.

Pictorially the finest feature of the county is its rivers. Monmouthshire is essentially a land of waters. Its western half is drained by a series of mountain torrents, the *Sirhowy*, the *Ebbw Fawr*, and the *Ebbw Fach*, which converge and discharge their united waters into the estuary of the *Usk*. The Usk itself, which is the chief river of Mon-

mouthshire, has its beginnings over the border, amongst the Breconshire hills. It enters the N.W. corner of the county by the vale of Crickhowell, and then flows southwards, gathering up as it goes the waters of the *Gavenny*, the *Afon Llwyd*, and a number of smaller tributaries; and finally as a tidal river flows into the Bristol Channel below Newport. Apart from its Welsh origin, the Usk is a Monmouthshire stream, but the same cannot be said for the famous *Wye*, which impartially divides its favours amongst several counties. Only for a mile or two in the immediate vicinity of the county town can Monmouthshire claim its exclusive possession. Its lower reaches belong as much to Gloucestershire, and above Monmouth it is a Herefordshire river. Another picturesque stream which Monmouthshire has to share with a neighbouring shire is the *Monnow*. It rises in the heart of the Black Mountains, and fetching a compass round the northern extremity of the county forms throughout the greater part of its course the border line between Monmouthshire and Herefordshire; and then cuts across a strip of the former shire to join the Wye at Monmouth. The county is, in fact, circumscribed by rivers, for another small stream, the *Rhymney*, separates it from Glamorganshire; whilst the broad waters of the Severn Sea lave the southern flats, and part them from the hills of Somerset.

It is difficult for so small a county to find room for everything, and though well supplied with rivers Monmouthshire possesses no lake. By way of compensation the southern portion of it commands a fine view of the Bristol Channel, which is here narrow enough to enable parts of Gloucestershire

and Somerset, which border it on the south, to come into the picture.

III. Climate

Monmouthshire is happily undistinguished for climatic eccentricities. Its fairly central position preserves it from extremes, and it is well sheltered by the physical peculiarities of its neighbours. The highlands of Breconshire and Glamorganshire screen it on the N.W. and W. On the N. it is defended by the rugged range of the Black Mountains; and the elevated expanse of the Forest of Dean affords it some protection on the E. It is most exposed on the S. In squally weather storms are apt to beat up the Bristol Channel from the Atlantic and to render the weather more or less capricious. Though of average English quality, the climate is nevertheless for so small a county fairly diversified. Like the scenery, the rain and sunshine are somewhat unfairly distributed. The districts to the E. of the Usk are drier and sunnier than those on the W., where the general conditions of life are far from cheerful. The thick pall of smoke which permanently hangs in the valleys serves to precipitate further the moisture collected by the hills above; and little sunshine as a rule penetrates these recesses to dispel the prevailing gloom. In respect of rainfall the county occupies a mean position. At Little Mill, near Pontypool, the average quantity, calculated for a period of twelve years, has been found to be 40.35 inches. The temperature likewise is fairly equable, but by no means uniform. The low central basin, shut in on all

sides by precipitous hills, is warm and relaxing ; the surrounding highlands by reason of their altitude are bracing, if not bleak ; and the transitions of temperature are sometimes very abrupt. A railway journey of a few miles up any of the Western valleys will frequently make the traveller regret a discarded overcoat.

IV. Geological Features

The geological structure of the county is simple. All the rocks within its borders are of aqueous origin, and consist of two great divisions, the sandstones and the limestones. They have been precipitated as a sandy or gritty deposit at the bottom of some prehistoric sea or lake, and then hardened by pressure and upheaved to their present position. The beautiful alternation of hill and vale which has won for Monmouthshire its reputation for picturesqueness has not been the result of some sudden and spasmodic crumpling of the earth's crust, but has been the slow and patient handiwork of the weather. Frost and ice, rain and river, have been the tools by which nature has sculptured these undulations. The hills are the residue of the rocks which have been tough enough to withstand the wear and tear of atmospheric changes ; and where the softer rocks have yielded to the action of flood or frost, there stretch the valleys. The low-lying seaboard is the water-washed refuse which the torrents have brought down from the hilly centre, and deposited on their way towards the sea. The range of geological formations which the county exhibits is consequently not very comprehensive or

very complex. The general features of the geological map are easily grasped. A Silurian islet stands out in the centre of the county from a sea of Old Red Sandstone, which in turn is partially encircled by a belt of limestone. Beyond this on the W., stretches the unbroken bulk of the coal measures; whilst a few detached patches of more recent rocks appear at intervals on the S.E. fringe of the sandstone. The chief formations in an ascending order may be classified as follows:—

Silurian.—These rocks form a small oval tract in the centre of the county some 8 m. long and 4 m. broad, through which flows the Usk. It extends from Llanvair Cilgeden in the N. to Llandegvedd in the S., and roughly speaking terminates at Usk on the E., and Panteg on the W. The rocks consist in part of Wenlock shales (which put in an appearance at Kemeys Commander and Monkswood), in part of Wenlock limestone (as shown at Trostrey and Glascoed), and in part of Ludlow shales and sandstones (stretching from Bettws Newydd to Llangibby and Llandegvedd). Detached patches of these rocks are also exposed at Llanfrechfa and in the neighbourhood of Rhymney.

Old Red Sandstone.—The predominant formation in Monmouthshire is the Old Red Sandstone. More than half the rocks in the county are composed of it, and it has built up all the larger and more imposing hills. It enters the county from Herefordshire and stretches across the N. of the shire in a huge unbroken mass 10,000 ft. in thickness. It encircles the Silurian beds in the centre, and, thinning, passes southwards as far as Newport. Eastwards it dips under the Forest of

GEOLOGICAL SKETCH MAP OF MONMOUTHSHIRE

Dean and westwards it is buried beneath the Monmouthshire coalfield.

Carboniferous.—This stratum is chiefly confined to the W. of the county where it forms the E. fringe of the S. Wales coalfield. The *Mountain Limestone* skirts the coal basin from Risca to Pontypool, and passing up the valley of the Afon Llwyd winds round the northern slope of the Blorenge. It contains at intervals large deposits of iron ore (hematite), which were once mined for the manufacture of iron, but have been practically abandoned since the introduction of foreign ores. The limestone quarries, however, are of great value to the ironmaster, and furnish him with the flux necessary for smelting operations. A detached mass of limestone rock again occurs on the opposite side of the county between Chepstow and Tintern, and extends westwards to Itton and Magor. Southwards it sinks beneath the Bristol Channel. These are the rocks through which the Wye winds its romantic course below Tintern, and which form the crags in the neighbourhood of the Wyndcliff.

Millstone Grit.—This is locally known in the coalfield as the Farewell Rock, as on its appearance the miner believes that he bids a long adieu to the coal seams. Here it is found resting on the limestone fringe which runs up from Risca to Pontypool and Blaenavon; and it finishes off as a capping to the Blorenge. Its hard and unyielding properties are turned to practical account in the manufacture of millstones for cider presses—hence its name.

The Coal Measures.—The richness of the coal deposits forms Monmouthshire's great commercial endowment; but it is only one portion of the county which can lay claim to this store of buried

wealth. The minerals are all accumulated in the high tableland on the W. side of the Usk. The coal measures are generally grouped in three main divisions: (*a*) the *lower coal measures*, (*b*) the *Pennant grit*, (*c*) the *upper coal measures*. The valleys in the coalfield, at the bottom and sides of which the pits are sunk, are the result of erosion. The coal obtained is very bituminous, and is composed of highly compressed vegetable fibre, which occasionally preserves traces of ferns, reeds, and gigantic club mosses.

Triassic.—This formation, which includes the *Dolomitic conglomerate*, the *Keuper sandstones*, and *Red marls*, is very sparsely represented, and is confined to the S.E. corner of the county, where it borders the southern edge of the limestone beds near Chepstow and Portskewett. It extends in a narrow strip from the mouth of the Wye to Undy; and a patch of Rhætic beds also occurs near Llanmartin.

Lias.—This formation is found in the neighbourhood of Bishton and Llanwern, but occurs nowhere else in the county.

Alluvial Deposits.—The gravelly washings of the weather-worn hills have been brought down by the rivers as sediment and spread out on the edge of the sea as a long dreary level, some 22 m. in length and 3 in breadth, reaching from Portskewett to Cardiff. The district now forms good pasture land, but lies so low that it has to be protected throughout its entire length by sea walls.

V. Fauna and Flora

Monmouthshire posesses a rich *Fauna*, which is perhaps due to its varied surface, configuration, and geological formation.

A continual succession of hill and dale, woodland, river, and cultivated land stretches away from the low-lying marsh lands of the Wentloog and Caldicot levels with their 22 m. of coast-line, washed by the Severn estuary, to the lofty mountain region in the N. and W.

There are many extensive woodlands in the county, notably Wentwood, which give shelter to many species that would otherwise soon cease to exist. Of the Bats (*Chiroptera*) the following species have been noted in the south-western part of the county between the Rhymney and Usk rivers — Noctule, Pipistrelle, Daubenton's, Whiskered, Long-Eared, and Lesser Horse-Shoe Bat.

Insectivora are represented principally by the Hedgehog, Mole, and Common Shrew, which are numerous. The Lesser Shrew has been noted at Llanvair Discoed, and the Water Shrew was fairly numerous a few years ago on the Nedern Brook. Orange-coloured and white varieties of the Mole have been met with.

Carnivora.—The Fox, Stoat, Weasel and Otter are the commonest species. Badgers are more plentiful than in other parts of this country, and still have many strongholds in the woodlands in the neighbourhood of Caerwent, Wentwood, Llanthony, etc., whilst the Polecat has been noted in the same locality, but not so frequently in recent years. The Common Seal (*Phoca vitulina*) was

formerly not an uncommon visitor to the coast when following the salmon up the Severn.

A curious variety of Stoat has been trapped on three or four occasions at Llanishen, near Trelleck, the last on July 28th 1908. These animals were entirely white, even to the tip of the tail, which usually remains black during the seasonal change of colour; the eyes were of the normal colour.

Rodents.—The common species are the Squirrel, Dormouse, Brown Rat, House Mouse, Wood Mouse, Water Vole, Field Vole, Bank Vole, Rabbit.

The Hare is now almost confined to preserved land, and the Yellow-necked Mouse (var. *flavicollis*) has been taken just over the border in Herefordshire.

Black Rats occur near Newport Docks, where they come off the ships; these are chiefly of the Black Alexandrine sub-species.

Ungulata.—In times long past Red Deer were plentiful in this county. Very fine skulls and antlers are frequently found in the mud of the Severn estuary. Fallow Deer now only exist in parks, notably Tredegar and St Pierre.

Birds.—Considering the diversified character of the land surface, with its dense woodlands, numerous water-courses, high heather-clad hills, and the extent of marsh and sea-coast, it may be taken for granted that the number of species of birds found in Monmouthshire is large, probably comprising roughly about 220 to 230 different kinds. A list of the birds of the county would be too long to insert in this brief section, therefore only some of the more remarkable can be referred to.

Ring Ouzels breed in small numbers on the hills of Abergavenny. Nightingales regularly visit the S. and S.W. parts of the county in fair numbers, lately extending northwards to Abergavenny. Grasshopper Warblers are to be heard in the meadows, and amongst the heather on the hills. The Dipper and Grey Wagtail nest on nearly all the trout streams, such as the Honddu. The Nuthatch is fairly common about the parks and woodlands; Yellow Wagtails visit the levels in numbers to breed; and the White Wagtail has been taken near Marshfield. Hawfinches, once rare, are now increasing in number.

Tree Sparrows may be noted about the farms on Wentloog Level; also the Reed Bunting and Reed Warbler; whilst the Cirl Bunting is local, and nests near Abergavenny. Ravens are often seen in the hill districts of the N. and W., where they nest at one point in the county.

Greater and Lesser Spotted Woodpeckers and the Wry-neck occur in small numbers in Wentwood, and have been observed at Llanvair Discoed, Caerwent and Abergavenny. Long-eared Owls frequent the larger fir plantations and woods, and the Little Owl has been taken near Llantrissant. The nesting of the Hen Harrier has been noted in the Abergavenny district, and also that of the Merlin on the Blaenavon Hills.

Peregrine Falcons are occasionally seen on Wentloog Level in winter, preying upon the sea fowl, and a pair is said to have nested on one of the iron girders supporting the Severn Bridge. Red Grouse breed on the Blaenavon and Sugarloaf mountains, and a few Black Grouse may also be seen on the hills in the N.W. where the Common

Curlew also breeds. Whimbrel appear in flocks on the Severn flats in the spring. Mention should also be made of such unusual visitors as a Nutcracker, shot in Pontrhydrun Wood near Pontypool, a Rose-coloured Pastor near Magor, a Kite shot on Twyn Barlwm, a Glossy Ibis, and an Eider Duck obtained near Newport, and two specimens of the Honey Buzzard, one shot in Machen Wood, and the other at Ruperra.

Along the coast-line of the Levels, and the estuary of the Usk, a vast expanse of mud flats is laid bare by the tide, and attracts great numbers of waders and other sea-fowl. The Bittern, once fairly common on these marshes, is now only an occasional visitor during hard weather.

Large flocks of Dunlin, Ringed, Grey, and Green Plover, Knots, Red Shanks, with occasional Curlew, Sandpipers, Little Stints, and Sanderlings may be recognised. Green Sandpipers are occasionally seen on the rhines. Shield Ducks and the Diving Ducks are numerous; White-fronted, Bean, Pink-footed, and Brent Geese have been shot in this locality; and also the Glaucous Gull, Little Gull, Richardson's Skua, Red-throated Diver, and Great Crested Grebe.

The *Flora* of the county is equally rich and varied. The coast of the Bristol Channel and Severn estuary and the banks of the tidal parts of the rivers Usk and Wye yield a number of characteristic littoral and salt-marsh plants.

On the Old Red sandstone and Conglomerate formations, the common Broom and the Foxglove are abundant, though almost absent on the Limestone. On these formations also an astonishing number of different species of Brambles have been

found. The woods in spring are richly carpeted with Primroses, Wood Anemones, and Wild Hyacinths. The Bear's Garlic, too, often covers many square yards of open woodland.

Visitors to the Wye Valley are usually struck by the remarkable luxuriance of the vegetation on the Mountain Limestone formation. Probably in no part of Britain are so many native Yew trees to be seen as on the Wyndcliff and in the adjoining woods. Here also the White Beam (*Pyrus Aria*) and some of its allied species grow abundantly. The contrast between the young white leaves of these shrubs and the dark green of the Yews in a setting of the pale green of the Beeches, etc., in the spring is a picture not to be forgotten.

In the following list no localities are given for rare plants, as many of them are unfortunately rapidly disappearing, through the greed of professional collectors, as well as in consequence of the painful tidiness of County Council officials.

Littoral plants of the banks of the tidal Wye, the Severn estuary, and of the "rhines" or ditches cut in the riverside meadows are:—

Ranunculus Baudotii Godr., Water Buttercup, rhines and ponds by the Severn.

Glaucium flavum Crantz, Yellow Horned Poppy, Severn shore.

Cochlearia anglica L., Scurvy grass, } Banks of
Saponaria officinalis L., Soapwort, } Severn and Wye.

Althæa officinalis L., Marsh Mallow, Roggiett, Magor, and Undy.

Trifolium squamosum L., Sea Clover, by the Wye, Chepstow.

Smyrnium Olusatrum L., Alexanders, Chepstow, etc.

Crithmum maritimum L., Samphire, Portskewett.

Pastinaca sativa L., Parsnep, Magor, Undy, etc.

Armeria maritima L., Thrift, Magor.

The following littoral grasses also occur:—*Glyceria maritima* M. & K., *Festuca procumbens*, Kunth., *Agropyron pungens* R. & S., *Lepturus filiformis* Trin.

At the higher levels and on heathy ground, *Helianthemum Chamæcistus* Mill, Rockrose; *Polygala oxyptera* and *P. serpyllacea* Weihe, Milkwort; *Hypericum pulchrum* L., St John's Wort; *Rubus saxatilis* L., Rock Bramble, in limestone woods; *Scabiosa Columbaria* L., Sheep's Scabious; *Cnicus acaulis* Willd., Dwarf Thistle; *Vaccinium Myrtillus* L., Whinberry; *Pyrola minor* L.; *Gentiana Amarella* L., and *G. campestris* L.; *Veronica montana* L.

The following Bog and Peat-loving plants may be found on Trelleck Bog: *Hypericum elodes* L., St John's Wort; *Drosera rotundifolia* L., Sundew; *Epilobium palustre* L., Willowherb; *Schollera Oxycoccus* Roth., Cranberry; *Pinguicula vulgaris* L., Butterwort; *Narthecium ossifragum* Huds., Asphodel; several Cotton grasses, and *Rynchospora alba* Vahl.

Of the less common aquatic plants, the following may be mentioned:—*Ranunculus fluitans* Lam., Water Buttercup, in the Wye at Bigsweir, etc.; *Utricularia vulgaris* L., Bladderwort; *Hydrocharis Morsus-ranæ* L., Frog-bit, and *Alisma ranunculoides* L., Small Water Plantain, in ditches at Magor; *Ranunculus Lingua* L., in the Rhymney Valley.

On the Mountain Limestone in the Wye Valley, etc., are *Helleborus fœtidus* L., Stinking Hellebore, Cwm Valley, Llanvair Discoed; *Cardamine impatiens* L., Sensitive Cress; *Malva moschata* L., Musk Mallow; *Geranium sanguineum* L.; *Astragalus glycyphyllos* L., Sweet Vetch, Llanvair Discoed, etc.; several species of *Pyrus* (Beam); *Sedum rupestre* L., Wyndcliff, etc.; *Rubia peregrina* L., Madder; *Inula Conyza* D.C., Ploughman's Spikenard; *Blackstonia perfoliata* Huds., Yellowwort; *Orobanche Hederæ* Duby, Broomrape, parasitical on Ivy, and *Lathræa Squamaria* L., Toothwort, parasitical on Hazel, *Taxus baccata* L., Yew, in the Castle Woods, Chepstow; *Polygonatum officinale* All., Solomon's Seal, Wyndcliff.

Among the Orchidaceous plants of the Chepstow and Tintern districts are:—*Neottia Nidus-Avis* Rich., Birdsnest; *Listera ovata* Br., Twayblade; *Spiranthes autumnalis* Rich., Lady's Tresses; *Cephalanthera ensifolia* Rich., *Epipactis latifolia* All., and *E. media* Bab., Helleborines; *Orchis pyramidalis* L., *O. Morio* L., *O. mascula* L., *O. latifolia* L., *O. maculata* L., *O. ericetorum* Linton; *Ophrys apifera* Huds., and *O. muscifera* Huds., Bee and Fly Orchids; *Habenaria conopsea* Benth., Sweet Orchid; *H. viridis* Br., Frog Orchid, *H. bifolia* Br., and *H. chloroleuca* Ridley, Butterfly Orchids.

The Ferns and allied plants of the same districts include:—

Pteris aquilina L., *Lomaria spicant* Desv., *Asplenium Adiantum-nigrum* L., *A. Trichomanes* L., *A. Ruta-muraria* L., *Athyrium Filix-femina* Roth., *Ceterach officinarum* Willd., *Scolopendrium vulgare* Symons, *Cystopteris fragilis* Bernh., *Polystichum*

lobatum Presl., *P. angulare* Presl., *Lastræa Thelypteris* Bory., *L. Oreopteris* Presl., *L. Filix-mas* Presl., *L. spinulosa* Presl., *L. dilatata* Presl., *Polypodium vulgare* L., *Phegopteris Dryopteris Fée*, *P. polypodioides Fée*, *Ophioglossum vulgatum* L., *Botrychium Lunaria* Sw., *Equisetum maximum* Lam., *E. arvense* L., *E. palustre* L., *Lycopodium clavatum* L., *Chara vulgaris* L.

Some of the more uncommon British plants which occur in the county and are not mentioned in the foregoing lists are :—

Thalictrum flavum L. (Meadow Rue), Tintern, Magor, etc. ; *Aconitum Napellus* L. (Monkshood), by the Mounton Brook, Itton, and on the banks of the river Rhymney, plentifully ; *Brassica Sinapioides* Roth., Wye banks ; *Stellaria nemorum* L., Llandogo ; *Vicia sylvatica* L., *Cotyledon Umbilicus* L., common ; *Epilobium lanceolatum* Seb. & Maur., Portskewett ; *E. roseum* Schreb., and *E. adnatum* Grisebach, Willowherbs ; *Œnanthe silaifolia* Bieberstein (Hemlock Dropwort), by the Wye near Tintern ; *Sambucus Ebulus* L. (Danewort), Caerwent ; *Valerianella carinata* Loisel. (Sheep's Lettuce), Mounton, etc. ; *Senecio viscosus* L., and *S. erucifolius*, L. (Ragworts) ; *Cnicus eriophorus* Roth. (Woolyheaded Thistle), Itton ; *Campanula patula* L. (Bell-flower), Tintern, etc. ; *Salvia pratensis* L. (Meadow Sage), Roggiet ; *Daphne Laureola* L. (Spurge Laurel), common in the Wye valley woods, etc. ; *Euphorbia Lathyris* L. (Caper Spurge), native at Great Dinham and Runston ; *Narcissus Pseudo-narcissus* L. (Daffodil), very plentiful in Wentwood ; *Galanthus nivalis* L., native in woods at Shirenewton and Itton ; *Convallaria majalis* L. (Lily of the Valley), Wynd-

cliff, etc.; *Allium oleraceum* L., Portskewett and Caldicott; *Colchicum autumnale* L. (Meadow Saffron), Itton, Roggiett, etc.; *Paris quadrifolia* L. (Herb Paris), common in the woods; *Luzula Forsteri* D.C., Piercefield, etc.; *Carex strigosa* Huds., Piercefield, Mounton, etc.; *Calamagrostis epigeios* Roth., quarries near Chepstow; *Melica nutans* L., limestone cliffs and woods in Wye valley; *Poa compressa* L., Shirenewton, etc.; *Glyceria distans*, Wahlink; *Festuca Myuros* L., near Tintern.

There is one plant which, as far as Britain is concerned, has been found only in Monmouthshire and the adjoining district of West Gloucester, namely, *Euphorbia stricta* L., a Spurge. It grows on the borders of woods and on hedge banks here and there between the Wyndcliff and Tintern, and up the valley about Llandogo, Bigsweir, etc.

VI. Industries

The chequered political history of Monmouthshire has been entirely against its early commercial development. During the Roman occupation some sort of manufactures must have been carried on in the locality, as heaps of scoriæ once existed in the neighbourhood of Monmouth and Trelleck. What these manufactures were is not precisely known, though the making of tiles and earthenware must have been one of the industries, as specimens of local ware are exhibited in the museums at Caerwent and Caerleon. Little information is forthcoming respecting the industrial condition of the county during the centuries immediately preceding and

following the Norman Conquest. In the Middle Ages its position on the marches must have retarded its development, for it was the scene of much fighting between the English and their Welsh neighbours. The soldier and the huntsman flourished instead of the cultivator of the soil; and the chapman must have suffered no less than the farmer. Monmouthshire could have had few attractions for the merchant and the craftsman in those days. Moreover, it was too far away from the continental markets, which were among the chief sources of mediæval commercial wealth, to lead to the creation of large industrial centres. Such industries as did exist were few and sporadic, and were confined entirely to the more settled districts. The town of Monmouth, however, had an established reputation for caps; and at Abergavenny there was a flannel manufactory. The mineral resources of the county were not suspected until the time of the Tudors.

It was in the "spacious days" of Elizabeth that the characteristic industry of the county had its first development. Capel Hanbury of Kidderminster commenced the manufacture of iron at Pontypool in 1588. In the reign of Charles II. Thos. Allgood introduced into the same neighbourhood the process of japanning; and tin plates have been a standing product of the county for at least two centuries. But this hardware trade was confined to one locality and was only of small dimensions. The extraction of iron had hitherto depended upon the employment of charcoal. It was the fortunate discovery of coal in 1740, and the application of the steam-engine to manufacturing purposes by Abraham Darby, a Nantyglo engineer, that brought

about a revolution in industrial methods, and laid the foundation of Monmouthshire's commercial prosperity. The story of the industrial development of the county is a story of great pluck and enterprise. Fortunes were freely embarked in manufacturing speculations. The Coldbrook Ironworks were established in the middle of the eighteenth century, and the Blaenavon works followed in 1789. The Eastern Valleys (*i.e.* the district between Newport and Blaenavon) are now one vast workshop, and huge manufacturing concerns are situated at the top of all the Western valleys.

The chief present-day industries of Monmouthshire are agriculture, brick-making, quarrying, and *par excellence* the coal and iron trades.

Agriculture.—Farming is the chief occupation of the eastern half of the county, the central valley of the Usk being particularly fertile. Comparatively little corn is grown, and less hay. The bulk of the land is laid down in pasture. Roots are cultivated to some small extent. All kinds of stock—cattle, sheep, pigs—and poultry are very largely reared, and there is a good deal of butter-making. Extensive districts are covered with timber, and there are a few orchards. The western half of the county is of little value to the agriculturist. There are a few scattered farms in places, and a hardy breed of sheep is reared upon the hills.

Brickmaking.—Bricks and tiles are made at Abergavenny, Chepstow, Pontypool, and extensively in the neighbourhood of Newport. At Newport is a large glass manufactory.

Quarries.—There are extensive limestone quarries

along the N.E. fringe of the coalfield, and a few quarries are also worked at Ifton and in the vicinity of Chepstow. The output of stone for 1906 was 79,323 tons of limestone, and 51,036 tons of sandstone.

Breweries.—Brewing is carried on at Newport, Aberbeeg, Blaenavon, Abergavenny, Abersychan, Chepstow, Cwmbran, Monmouth, and Risca.

Shipbuilding.—There are small shipyards at Chepstow and Newport. It is possible that the latter town may witness in the future a great development of this trade, for which the port offers many natural facilities.

The Coal and Iron Trades.—The vast stores of mineral wealth in the county have made the coal and iron trades the premier industries of Monmouthshire. Recently the former has grown to enormous proportions. The proximity of the coalfield to the seaboard, an easily accessible port, and convenient means of transit, have perhaps been the chief factors in its development. There are now 150 collieries in the county, employing 30,000 hands, and some idea of the exceptional growth of the coal trade may be gathered from the following figures:—

The shipments of coal from Newport in 1877 were only 611,156 tons. In 1887 the returns were 2,293,276 tons. In 1897 the export rose to 4,086,311 tons. In 1906 the figures were 4,967,497 tons. According to the accepted mineral statistics, the total amount of coal raised in the county in 1906 was 9,818,829 tons, which was valued at £5,391,297.

The extension of the iron trade has been equally remarkable. In 1740, when the industry may be

said to have had its origin, Monmouthshire had only 2 blast furnaces in operation, producing 900 tons of pig-iron. Now there are 14 at work, with an output of 324,261 tons. In addition to this prodigious yield of iron, there is a vast production of steel. There are now no less than 7 converters erected within the confines of the county. Besides being on so great a scale the industry is extremely comprehensive and varied in its products. It comprises the manufacture of pig and cast iron, steel bars, iron and steel rails, armour plates, tin and galvanized plates, nails, chains, anchors, and almost every kind of steel and iron ware. The allied trades include engine and boiler works, railway plant and waggon works, and the manufacture of agricultural implements. The iron and coal industries naturally go hand in hand; but the native iron mines upon which the furnaces once depended for their raw material have now practically been discarded for the use of cheap and rich foreign ores, which are chiefly imported from Spain. The latter are found far more suitable for the modern processes of manufacture. The principal centres of the iron and steel industry in Monmouthshire are Blaenavon, Blaina, Cwmbran, Ebbw Vale, Panteg, Pontypool, Rhymney, Tredegar, and Victoria. The chief collieries are at Abercarn, Abersychan, Abertillery, Blaenavon, Nantyglo, Pontypool, Rhymney, Risca, Sirhowy, Tredegar, and Varteg. Iron plates are manufactured at Abercarn, Abertillery, Blaina, Machen, Panteg, Pontymister, and Pontnewydd.

As so large a portion of the western half of the county is entirely devoted to business, it will probably be visited by the casual tourist chiefly for the

glimpse it affords into some of the great local commercial undertakings. We therefore append a rough sketch of some of the principal processes employed in the various industries, which will enable the visitor more readily to understand what he sees on the spot.

Coal Mining.—The coal lies in "seams" or layers of varying thickness, sandwiched between great masses of rock, at a depth of from 300 to 800 yards. In the deep-level mines a vertical shaft is sunk through the rock until the desired seam has been reached. The coal is mined and the vein followed. If it is temporarily lost through a *fault*, or displacement of the strata, the impeding rock is tunnelled until the coal reappears. As the coal is extracted, the roof of the pit is held up by means of supports; and upon the floor of the "road" thus made a tramway is laid down, and the excavated coal is hauled to the mouth of the shaft in "trams," by horses, boys, or mechanical means. The miners and trams are drawn up or lowered in the shaft by means of a cage running between guides and suspended by a wire rope thrown over a large pulley and attached to the drum of a winding engine. Where the seams of coal crop out on a hillside the shaft is dispensed with, and an inclined tramway running into the mountain takes its place. A pit is supposed to yield on an average one ton of coal per day for every hand employed at the colliery. In "fiery" pits the miners work by the light of a locked safety-lamp; only in pits where there is no trace of gas are naked lights allowed. The main passages of the larger pits are now lit by electricity. A large ventilating fan keeps a steady current of air circulating through

the mine, and pumps are continually running to drain the workings. A colliery can only be managed by certificated officials; and all the workings are periodically examined by Government inspectors, who report any breaches of colliery regulations. Notwithstanding these precautions, disastrous explosions occasionally take place; and Monmouthshire has contributed its full share to the miners' death-roll. Explosions are caused by the ignition of either an unsuspected accumulation of fire-damp or a collection of coal dust; and every explosion is at once followed by the creation of the dreaded choke-damp (the product of combustion), which permeates the workings and quickly stifles any one exposed to it.

Monmouthshire coal, as has been already said, is highly bituminous and burns with comparatively little smoke, and forms only a small amount of ash. It is on that account some of the best steam coal in the world.

Coke.—Coke, used so extensively in iron smelting, is made by burning coal in large ovens to which there is admitted only a limited supply of air. The more inflammable ingredients of the coal are burnt away, and what remains is practically pure carbon. The glow of long rows of coke ovens on a dark night is a rather striking spectacle.

Iron.—The position of the older iron-works at the top of the valleys is due neither to accident nor caprice in the choice of a situation, but to the double consideration that coal is essential for the extraction of the metal and that iron-stone is frequently found on the outskirts of a coal basin. The importation of rich and economical iron ores from abroad has now relieved the ironmaster of the

necessity of looking for his ironstone on the spot, so that iron and steel works can be erected anywhere where coal is cheap and handy. The manufacture of iron depends upon the fact that if iron ore (which is a highly oxidized form of the metal) is burnt with coal or coke at a sufficiently high temperature, the iron can be induced to part with some of its oxygen in exchange for the small proportion of carbon which is requisite to give it toughness. Theoretically the problem is simple. It needs 8 cwt. of coke to extract 1 ton of iron from the ore; but practical considerations introduce several complications. From 1 to 3 tons of additional coke are wanted for fuel; and a certain proportion of limestone must be added to the mixture to render the iron fusible, and to rid it of other impurities. The manufacture is conducted in two stages. The crude iron ore is first roasted in a kiln to dry it and purge it from its grosser impurities. When thus refined it is transferred to a blast furnace for smelting. The furnace is, roughly speaking, a huge vertical iron cylinder, terminating in conical ends, and lined throughout with fire-brick. The hearth on which it rests is provided with a series of blow-pipes, which drive into the interior of the furnace a blast of hot air. The mixture of coke, iron ore and limestone is poured in at the top, the furnace is lighted, and the blast turned on. An enormous heat is generated, and the molten metal flows in a fiery stream to the bottom of the furnace. The impurities lie on the surface of the glowing mass in the form of slag, which is skimmed off first, and the purer metal is subsequently run off into a series of moulds traced in sand. The block of iron thus formed is the

"pig" iron of commerce. The incandescent gases, which formerly blazed away at the mouth of the furnace, and which used to light up the older smelting yards with lurid Rembrandt-like effects, are now more advantageously, but less picturesquely, disposed of by being made in their turn to heat the blast which keeps the furnace going. A double economy is thus secured, for not only is the waste heat utilised, but the contents of the furnace are no longer chilled by the introduction of a current of cold air.

The distinction between the three chief varieties of manufactured iron, cast iron, steel, and wrought iron, is merely a matter of the relative proportions of carbon.

Cast Iron.—The pigs of crude iron are melted in a cupola or upright cylindrical furnace, and the molten metal is run off into ladles. A mould of the article required is previously made in hard sand from a wooden pattern. The pattern (which for ease of extraction is made in two halves) is withdrawn, and the liquid iron poured into the mould. An exact copy of the pattern is produced when the iron cools.

Wrought Iron.—As iron is made softer and more pliable when the quantity of carbon is diminished, the one object in the manufacture of wrought iron is to purge the iron, as it comes from the hands of the smelter, of some of its carbon. For this purpose pig iron is placed in a *puddling furnace*—a long, horizontal, box-like structure, with a fire at one end, and so constructed that a sheet of flame is made to play continuously upon the iron which is placed between the fire and the chimney, until in the judgment of the puddler the superabundant carbon is

burnt out of it. The "blooms" so produced are immediately placed under a steam-hammer and well kneaded; and are finally finished off by being squeezed at a white heat through a series of powerful rolling mills, which expel any further impurities and give the iron the tough, stringy texture characteristic of its wrought state.

Steel.—Iron can be transformed into steel either by adding carbon to wrought iron, or by extracting carbon from cast iron. The method now almost universally adopted in England and Wales is the *Bessemer* process, in which pig-iron is in turn decarbonized and re-carbonized. The apparatus used is a *Converter*. This is a globular iron vessel lined with fireclay, and suspended on pivots in such a way that it can easily be turned upside down. Into one of the pivots, made hollow for the purpose, a blast pipe is introduced, which conveys to the bottom of the vessel a stream of hot air. The converter is half-filled with molten pig iron, and the blast is turned on until all the carbon is completely blown out of the metal. A certain specified quantity of spiegeleisen (or highly-carbonated iron) and manganese is then added, which brings the percentage of carbon up to the requisite standard. The converter is immediately tilted over, and the liquid steel runs out into moulds to form ingots. The manganese, for some unexplained reason, gives to the steel greater malleability.

In the *Siemens* process, which is employed in some works, the steel is produced by another method. Masses of spongy malleable iron are dropped into a bath of melted pig iron heated over a regenerative gas furnace. The malleable iron is speedily absorbed by the pig, and the relative pro-

portion of carbon is consequently altered until steel is obtained.

The superior qualities of steel, and the cheapness with which it can now be manufactured, have led to its substitution for iron in almost every department of industry. Rails and plates are now generally made of steel, and it is employed extensively in galvanized and tin ware.

Rails are manufactured by passing red-hot steel ingots through a series of grooved rollers until they take the required shape. They are then cut into lengths.

Plates are similarly made by being passed through a rolling-mill provided with flat rollers, whereby the metal is gradually squeezed out into thin sheets. These are softened, doubled, and rolled again. They are then cut off by shears to the desired dimension, and cold-rolled to give them a smooth surface, and finally annealed to make them pliable.

Galvanized Plates.—The galvanizer takes up the plate as it leaves the steel works. The black plates are first "pickled" in strong vitriol to clean them, and then dipped in molten zinc. To be corrugated, they are placed under a grooved press. The corrugations give them a great deal of additional strength.

Tin Plates.—Much the same process is followed in the manufacture of tin plates, but the plates are both more thoroughly and thinly rolled, and more carefully annealed. They are similarly pickled and dipped—tin being substituted for zinc—and then dusted to brighten them.

VII. Population

Inhabitants. — Monmouthshire is thickly inhabited. It contained at the last census 316,864 souls, or 584 to the square mile. But the population is badly distributed. In the W.—the mining and manufacturing area—the valleys are congested with villages, and teem with people. Newport, the one large town of the county, accounts for over 72,000, or almost a fourth of the entire population. The other large industrial districts W. of the Usk divide between them about 200,000. On the E. side of the Usk there are few towns of any importance—only three with a population of over 3000—and the surrounding villages are insignificant, and their inhabitants few. There are eight market towns in the county—Abergavenny, 7795; Chepstow, 3067; Blaenavon, 10,869; Monmouth, 5095; Newport, 72,880; Pontypool, 6126; Tredegar, 16,430; and Usk, 1476. But in the mining area there are huge industrial villages, or congeries of villages, which far exceed many of these towns in size, and in which the population is particularly dense. The chief centres of population organized as Urban Districts are Abercarn, 12,607; Abersychan, 17,768; Abertillery, 21,945; Bedwellty, 9988; Blaina, 13,489; Ebbw Vale, 17,401; Llanfrechfa, 2979; Panteg, 4081; Rhymney, 7582; and Risca, 9661. The largest Rural Districts are Abergavenny, 8648; Aberstruth, 13,498; Chepstow, 7530; Llanhilleth, 5015; Llantarnam, 5287; Monmouth, 6430; Magor, 4429; Mynyddislwyn, 3337; Pontypool, 4531; and St Mellons, 14,829. Newport is the only county borough.

Parliamentary Representation.—For Parliamentary purposes the county is divided into three divisions, North, South, and West Monmouthshire, each returning one member. The Parliamentary boroughs of Monmouth, Newport, and Usk also return one member between them.

Characteristics.—The racial characteristics of the people have been determined by the political history of the county; but the commercial revolution which the district has of recent years undergone has introduced a great many modifying influences. In the W. the people were originally almost exclusively Welsh; in the E. English; and in the centre a blend of both races. Newport, like all seaports, is largely cosmopolitan; and in the mining and manufacturing districts the predominating Welsh element is now largely leavened by an admixture of immigrants drawn from all parts of the kingdom by the prospect of high wages and continuous employment. The prevailing language everywhere is of course English. The Welsh tongue, once used almost exclusively in the W., has been largely abandoned. There is no one, even in the remotest districts, who cannot now speak English, though there are a large number of bilinguists who for sentimental reasons still cling to Welsh as their native tongue; and for religious services it still appears to be in many places the more popular language. By temperament the Welsh are warm-hearted and emotional, and in character sturdy, independent, deeply religious but somewhat secretive. In the Monmouthshire folk these characteristics appear with modifications, according to the admixture of blood. Giraldus speaks of the Welsh of his day as physically hardy and courageous, and asserts that they furnished the

English army with some of its best archers. The intermixture of races has done a great deal in Monmouthshire, as in the borderland generally, to develop the athletic qualities of the people. Rugby football is especially popular in the county, and the Newport club is widely known in football circles.

VIII. Communications

Monmouthshire is an extremely accessible county, and the internal communications throughout are good. There are few places that cannot be easily reached either by road or rail. The two rival methods of transport may almost be said to be mutually complementary. In the W. the convenience of the railway seems to have discouraged the construction of roads, and the traveller will be well advised, when visiting these parts, to take to this means of transit. In the E., on the other hand, though the railways provide access to most of the more notable sights, they are comparatively scanty, and the visitor will find himself thrown largely on his own resources for getting about.

Railways.—The railway system in Monmouthshire is practically a monopoly. Much to the simplification of the system as a whole, the Great Western Railway has now absorbed nearly all the small local lines originally created for the development of the county; and though virtually in the hands of a single company the railway service may be said to be fairly adequate. Every part of the shire is put into touch with the great trunk lines which run N. and S. from Shrewsbury and Hereford to Bristol, and E. and W. from London to S.

Wales and Ireland. The two chief railway centres are Newport and Pontypool Road. Newport is the hub of a system which radiates in almost every direction. At Pontypool Road the traffic from S. Wales is collected for the N. of England The main Great Western line from London to S. Wales enters the county at Chepstow, and hugs the seaboard all the way to Cardiff. At the Severn Tunnel it unites with the line from Bristol and the shorter London route *viâ* Badminton. Outside Newport there is detached from it the track to the N., which skirts the valley of the Usk and mounts by a stiffish gradient near Abergavenny into Herefordshire. From Pontypool Road the Hereford line throws out a branch westwards across the county to Aberdare and Swansea ; and another short line runs eastwards to Monmouth. Newport again is a kind of clearing-house for the enormous mineral traffic which comes down by a number of small converging lines from the so-called Eastern and Western valleys, and seeks an outlet at the nearest seaport. From Chepstow a line follows the Wye Valley to Monmouth, where a junction is effected with the cross-country track from Pontypool Road and with a short branch to Coleford. Three other companies attempt to divide the spoil with the Great Western Company, but they have to be content with a very minor share of the Monmouthshire traffic. The Rhymney Valley is served from Newport by a small local line—the Brecon and Merthyr Railway—which, though linked on to the Great Western system, still preserves its independence. The Newport and Caerphilly Railway leaves the Brecon and Merthyr metals at Machen, and crosses into Glamorganshire, putting Newport

into touch with the still richer coalfields of S. Wales. The Great Western's powerful rival, the London and North-Western, has obtained a footing in the county; but it cannot be said to do more than cross the threshold. A small line, much addicted to high altitudes, runs up the valley of the Afon Llwyd from Talywain, and, working round the N. border of the county, descends the Sirhowy Valley as far as Nine Mile Point, where it again gets on to the Great Western metals. At Brynmawr on the Breconshire frontier it effects a junction with another section of the same line from Abergavenny to Merthyr.

Canals.—The natural waterways of a county are the rivers, but in Monmouthshire these, with the exception of the lower portions of the Usk and Wye, are useless for navigation. Early in the last century an effort was made to remedy this defect, and to convey the heavier traffic of the mineral districts to the sea by means of canals. One was constructed along the valley of the Usk from Brecon to Newport to tap the rich industrial centre of Pontypool, and bring the products of manufacture to the Newport docks. To give the collieries and iron-furnaces of the Western valleys a similar advantage, another canal was cut in the Ebbw Valley at Crumlin, which joined the earlier waterway a little distance above Newport. These canals and a primitive system of tramways were the only means of transport which the industrial districts of Monmouthshire originally possessed. But the gradients were steep and the transit correspondingly slow; and the canals, proving quite inadequate for their work, were gradually abandoned, whilst the tramways were converted into railways. The

canals exist now chiefly as interesting memorials of a bygone method of locomotion.

Roads.—The better organization of local government has led to a vast improvement in the condition of the highways in Monmouthshire as in other parts of the kingdom. At one time the roads in this county were notorious for their badness. "What roads have you in Monmouthshire?" Valentine Morris was asked at the bar of the House of Commons. "None," he replied. "Then how do you travel?" "By ditches," was the rejoinder. Now, the chief thoroughfares are well cared for; and, much to the comfort of the traveller, are laid out along the lines of least resistance. The old parish roads, which, no doubt following the course of still more ancient trackways, clambered over hill and dale straight to their destination, have now been superseded by more convenient, if slightly more circuitous routes. Though Monmouthshire is emphatically a hilly country, the highways between all the larger towns can be negotiated without an undue amount of collar work, and are yet sufficiently undulating to be free from any reproach of monotony. By a due selection of routes and a generous disregard of an extra mile or two, travelling may be made a delight to the laziest wayfarer. But there are roads and roads. They are not all equally meritorious. Indeed they are capable of almost as many different classifications as eggs. Some of the secondary roads in point of surface can only be damned with faint praise, if not with stronger language. In the hilly district on the S.E., where steam rollers do not appear to be fashionable, they are a pain and grief to the cyclist; and in the alluvial plain on the

S. they have a disconcerting trick of occasionally ending abruptly in a cart-track. In the mineral districts of the W., highways from place to place are sometimes disagreeably conspicuous by their entire absence; and in default of any better means of communication the pedestrian or cyclist has to take to the old parish tracks across the mountains. But these localities are all in a state of transition, and a rapid improvement in this respect is likely to take place with their further commercial development. All the roads are picturesque; and in point of scenery many of the older routes are generally to be preferred, as their altitude puts them in command of more extensive landscapes, and their greater freedom from dust may be regarded as some compensation for their additional arduousness. The majority of the smaller places lie off the main lines of communication, and can only be reached by cross-country lanes, where the cyclist must be prepared to take things philosophically. But happily few of the places so situated are of any real interest.

IX. Political History

If it be true that happy is the country which has no history, Monmouthshire should be felicitated on its good fortune. The annals of the county are short and simple, and it would require an adroit stage-manager to manufacture an imposing pageant out of its story. But its history is, perhaps, less conspicuous by its absence than by its obscurity. It is a confused narrative of warfare and rapine; and if the stones could cry out, they might unfold a tale of a somewhat harrowing description.

Memorials of military activity are everywhere in evidence, and speak eloquently of unsettled days when the strong arm ruled and quarrels were brought for decision to the arbitrament of the sword. The history of Monmouthshire has necessarily little literary unity; it is a mere scrap torn out of the page of the larger history of Wales, to which it naturally belongs. Its story, like that of the Principality, is a narrative of the dispossession of the weak by the strong.

The ancient Britons, as we popularly call them, were not the original inhabitants of Wales. They were themselves immigrants, who had partly ousted and partly commingled with a feebler folk. There are traces to this day of two distinct stocks in Wales, one fair and one dark. The dark-skinned strain still prevails in Monmouthshire, and represents the blood of the early Iberian aborigines. The new-comers were Celts and flocked over from Gaul in two distinct bands, the Goidels and the Brythons, who closely trod upon the heels of one another, and fought fiercely for the division of the spoil. In South Wales the tribe of the Silures had finally settled down in occupation of a territory practically coterminous with the present diocese of Llandaff. In religion they were Druids and by occupation warriors, who led a half-savage existence at the foot of the mountains and relieved the tedium of a pastoral life by raids on their neighbours' property. Encampments and cromlechs still exist to bear witness to their military habits and religious beliefs. It was not long however before the Romans cast eyes on the land which the Britons enjoyed. Ever since Julius Cæsar had crossed into Britain in B.C. 55, the emperors had desired to add "the

further west" as a new province to their dominions. Nearly a hundred years were allowed to lapse before they began in earnest to realize their ambitions. In A.D. 43 Aulus Plautius planted a Roman colony at Camalodunum (the modern Colchester), and thence, in A.D. 47-50, Ostorius Scapula advanced across Britain to the conquest of Wales. The Silures in the S. and the Ordovices in the N. in turn felt the force of his attacks. But it took some time for even the disciplined strength of the Roman legions to make any lasting impression on the hardy Celts. A land of bold hills and roaring torrents, with plenty of forests for cover, is naturally the last hope of a despairing nation; and in the Welsh fastnesses guerilla tactics were successfully pursued for years to obstruct the advance of the Roman arms. The most brilliant episodes in the British struggle for liberty were the achievements of Caradoc, the celebrated Caractacus, son of "the radiant Cymbelene." He was the backbone of the resistance in the west, and for some time kept the legions at bay. He was, however, at last completely overwhelmed in a great battle, the site of which can only be conjectured. Among the places which claim to be the scene of his overthrow are Caer Caradoc, a hill between Knighton and Clun in Shropshire; Coxall Knoll, on the Teme in Herefordshire, and Cefn Carnedd, near Llanidloes. The British chieftain himself escaped from the battle, but was subsequently betrayed into the hands of his conquerors, and carried to Rome to grace the emperor's triumph. His astonishment, when he was conducted through the streets of the stately capital, that the master of so fair a city should find anything to covet in the wild hills of "poor little Wales" is one of the stock

stories of the time. His manly bearing, his bravery, and perhaps his candour won the admiration of the Emperor Claudius, who generously gave him his liberty, and, as Welsh tradition loves to relate, restored him to the position of a tributary king in Britain, where he is supposed to have died in peace, and to have been buried at Dinham in the red soil of Gwent. In spite of this victory the progress of the Roman arms was slow. It was not until the reign of Vespasian (who had himself seen service in Britain), in the year A.D. 78, that Julius Frontinus really conquered S. Wales; and it remained for his successor Agricola to consolidate his work and to push the Roman frontier westwards to Carmarthen and Carnarvon. The Roman hold upon Wales, when once really established, was firm as long as the legions remained in Britain. The genius of these masters of the world was shown not only in conquest but in administration. Under the fostering care of the Roman colonists, arts and manufactures flourished, a regular system of communication was established, and Britain, from being an isolated island of barbarians, became an integral portion of the civilized world. Gwent in particular benefited by the change. Important settlements sprang up at Caerwent (*Venta Silurum*), Caerleon (*Isca Silurum*), Monmouth (*Blestium*), Usk (*Burrium*), and Abergavenny (*Gobannium*), and indications of Roman activity and enterprise have been discovered in other parts of the county. For three centuries their beneficent rule continued, and the withdrawal of the legions in A.D. 408 was an unmitigated calamity. The departing armies took with them as mercenaries the flower of the British youth, and left their elders but half educated in the arts of civilization and self-

government. The ideal of political unity remained, but the tribal spirit was still strong in Wales; and on the withdrawal of the strong arm, the country broke up into a number of petty principalities and rapidly reverted to its original anarchy. There is reason to think that both Caerleon and Caerwent shared the fate of many other towns, and suffered destruction by fire at the hands of the insurgent barbarians, or perhaps of invading Picts.

A new foe, however, appeared on the scene, which made some sort of political cohesion inevitable. The Saxon and the Angle had descended on the S. and E. coasts of Britain, and began spreading themselves westwards, pushing the Celts before them as they went. Before the close of the 6th cent. the valleys of the Severn and the Dee had both been invaded. A fitful struggle for independence was maintained with varying success along the frontiers; and afterwards, in Welsh song, this expiring effort for freedom was with pardonable exaggeration immortalised as the golden age of British chivalry. The mythical Arthur is credited with having established at Caerleon a dominion almost rivalling in magnificence the splendours of ancient Rome. But if he ever existed, the scene of his exploits is to be looked for on the other side of the Bristol Channel. It is probable, however, that the Saxons never penetrated very far into Wales. On the consolidation of their power the Welsh had for their nearest neighbour the weakest, for the time being, of the Saxon kingdoms, that of Mercia, which was constantly at feud with its stronger rivals. Though this did not secure them immunity from invasion, it probably accounts for the fair measure of success which from

time to time attended their efforts to repel the invader. Gwent seems to have been occasionally the scene of these border skirmishes. According to Welsh tradition the Saxons were routed in a pitched battle at Llantillio Crossenny in 556 (p. 167). A few years earlier Teudric the ex-king of Glamorgan had been recalled from the retirement in which he had intended to finish his days, in order to drive back the foreigner from the banks of the Wye, and was mortally wounded in a successful engagement near Tintern (p. 182). But with the growing power of Mercia the fortunes of war changed. In 743, the Welsh experienced a severe reverse in the neighbourhood of Devauden, at the hands of Ethelbald of Mercia and Cuthred of Wessex, who for the moment were acting in concert; and the victory probably enabled them to push the frontier a little further westwards and to fortify Monmouth and Chepstow. Some suppose that the tide of conquest may even have reached as far as the Usk, and that Caerleon is to be numbered amongst the Saxon burghs. But if they came as far as this, they came little further. Even Offa, the ablest of the Mercian kings, though strong enough to wrest entirely from the hands of the Welsh the district immediately west of the Severn, constructed his "dyke" only from the mouth of the Wye to the Dee as the extreme limits of his dominion (p. 67).

But the Saxons were not the only marauders from whom the unfortunate Celts suffered. The Danes made their appearance in Wales no less than in England and harried the sea-board. Both in the 9th cent. (during the reign of Alfred) and early in the following century they made descents

on the N. shore of the Bristol Channel, and raided the coast towns. On one occasion they succeeded in capturing, near Archenfield, Cyfeilianc, the Bishop of Llandaff, who had to be ransomed by the king. On their conquest of England the Danes became still more troublesome to Wales. Rhodri, the Welsh Alfred, was driven into exile, and returned only to fall in battle against the Mercians. A temporary rally, however, enabled his successor to clear the Northmen from the upper reaches of the Usk, but national disintegration prevented the permanent dispersal of the invaders. In despair the men of Gwent sought the protection of Wessex, but this expedient failed them when a Danish king sat on the English throne. In 1034 Cnut overran Gwent with a powerful army. The foremost figure in Welsh history at this time was Gruffydd-ap-Llewelyn, who seems to have temporarily revived the dream of national unity. Though hampered by the rivalry of his namesake, Gruffydd-ap-Rhydderch, of S. Wales, he won a series of victories which seemed to promise to Wales almost the restoration of its ancient borders. And even the jealousy of the two Welsh chieftains did little to modify their mutual hostility to the English. In 1049 Gruffydd-ap-Rhydderch, who three years previously had suffered a severe reverse at the hands of Harold's brother Swegen, had sufficiently recovered from the blow to undertake a little aggressive movement on his own account. Co-operating with a party of Danish freebooters from Ireland, who had sailed up the Bristol Channel and landed at the mouth of the Usk, he crossed the Wye, raided Gloucestershire, and making a sudden attack on the army of Ealdred,

Bishop of Worcester, drove his men from the field. But this was only a spasmodic effort at retaliation. Again Welsh dissensions triumphed, and the vision of Welsh freedom faded. By 1063 the Welsh incursions along the English frontier had become such a nuisance that Earl Harold, whose power was practically supreme along the western borders, determined to put a complete stop to them. Though it was the depth of winter, the time least suited for a Welsh campaign, in order to strike a signal blow at the influence of Gruffydd-ap-Llewelyn in the N., he made a forced march to Rhuddlan, burnt the Welsh leader's palace and destroyed his ships. But bold though the stroke was it failed in its immediate object, for Gruffydd himself escaped by sea. The next spring Harold decided on a more systematic conquest of the Principality. He organized a concerted movement simultaneously on the N. and S., and finding his heavy armed troops unsuitable for paralysing the guerilla tactics of the Welshmen, furnished them with lighter weapons; and so ably did he plan his operations that Gruffydd soon found himself checkmated; and his people, disgusted with their leader's policy of "masterly inactivity," deposed and murdered him, and Harold came back from his campaign with Gruffydd's head as his guerdon. The Welshman's dominions were at once parcelled out between two puppet princelings. Though the organized resistance of the Welsh was for the moment at an end, the national spirit was by no means entirely broken by these disasters: something of their old audacity still remained. Geraldus relates that with the view of impressing the imaginative minds of the Welsh tribesmen with the

thoroughness of their subjugation Harold ordered the sites of all his victories throughout the country to be placarded with stones bearing the unpalatable legend, "Here Harold conquered." But as if to show him how little they thought of these flaming advertisements of his triumph, they proceeded to demolish a much more important memorial of his success. For the purpose of pleasing the king and of relieving his own cares of state with a little occasional sport, the Earl had built and elaborately furnished a hunting box at Portskewett on the confines of Wentwood (p. 213). Here he had proposed fêting his monarch, but the building was hardly finished when Caradoc, the son of Gruffydd-ap-Rhydderch, on St Bartholomew's Day 1065, swooped down from Glamorganshire upon the scene of projected festivity, massacred the workmen, utterly demolished the building, and retired with all the stores and provisions which had been prepared for the king's entertainment.

The landing of William of Normandy afforded the Welsh a temporary respite from the enmity of the English. Harold had no time to spare to punish the Welsh marauders for their insolence. But the respite was of short duration. Harold's overthrow at Senlac hardly led to the permanent bettering of their condition. If the Saxons chastized them with whips, the Conqueror scourged them with scorpions. A chain of great earldoms was established on the Welsh frontier to form a sort of ring fence to the king's dominions; and a swarm of needy and turbulent adventurers, drawn thither by the promise of a free hand and the hope of unlimited plunder, were turned loose on the Marches to harry the natives with fire and

A MAP SHOWING THE SITES OF THE MONMOUTHSHIRE CASTLES

sword. They speedily entrenched themselves behind stone fortresses in suitable situations, from which they carried on a system of licensed brigandage. Fitzosborne, and afterwards the Clares, established themselves at Chepstow, and extended their conquests into Pembrokeshire. Fitzhamon of Gloucester seized Newport and swept the Welsh beyond the borders of Glamorganshire. Fitz Walter fortified Caldicot, and Hameline de Baladun blocked the passage into Breconshire by occupying the precarious outpost of Abergavenny. Castles were built at Monmouth, Usk, and on the banks of the Monnow. The hands of these men, great and small, lay heavy on the Welsh tribesmen. "They slew them like sheep," says a Welsh chronicler, "and flayed them with nails of iron." The treachery and barbarity of William de Braose, De Baladun's successor at Abergavenny (p. 92), well illustrates the spirit of the times, and the methods of the Lords Marchers. The Welsh were not slow to seize any opportunity of reprisal; and the massacre of Richard de Clare and his suite at the pass of Llangruny in 1135 (p. 170) was an instance of their resolve to strike down their tormentors whenever a chance came in their way. Within the limits of the marches, the Norman lords exercised an almost independent jurisdiction; the king's writ was a dead letter in the neighbourhood of their strongholds. It was their mutual jealousy which formed the strongest check upon the growth of their power. The Crown regarded their quarrels with complacency. An incident connected with Monmouthshire, though of a later date, exhibits very strikingly this attitude of cynical indifference. In

1251 a patent was issued appointing John of Monmouth custodian of a castle at Penrhos; and the very next year a formal pardon was granted to William de Cantelupe, Lord of Abergavenny, for demolishing the fortress erected by John of Monmouth!

The first real chance for the liberation of Wales came with the quarrel between the Crown and the English baronage, in the reign of John. With the hour came the man. This was Llewelyn-ap-Iowerth, not inappropriately surnamed the Great. Though he was the king's son-in-law, Llewelyn, for purposes of his own, gave the barons strenuous support throughout the struggle, and was rewarded by the special recognition of his claims in Magna Charta. His policy was to open the cleavage between the king and his subjects still wider and to seize every opportunity which these dissensions gave him of shaking off the weakening hold of the Crown over Wales. The chief obstacle to his plans was the statecraft of William Marshall, who amongst other possessions held the lordship of Chepstow. But it was as much as that statesman could manage to keep England from going to pieces. It was only the timely death of John which enabled him once more to draw the country together, and Llewelyn's hopes of independence waned with the reunion. They speedily revived however when the anti-national policy of Henry III. once more estranged the English nobility. In 1232 Hubert de Burgh, the Justiciary, was imprisoned, and in the following year Richard Marshall, the regent's son, was disgraced and threw himself for safety into his stronghold of Chepstow. Here he was eventually joined by De Burgh, and the two offended nobles made common cause with Llewelyn,

whom the king had just repulsed from the walls of Grosmont. Together, the Welsh leader and the rebel barons once more laid siege to the fortress, and having surprised the royal troops in their entrenchments inflicted on them a humiliating reverse. Having thus "singed the king's beard," Llewelyn retired, and wearied with the seeming hopelessness of the strife, employed himself henceforth in the consolidation rather than in the extension of his dominions. Stormy days for the Welsh followed the death of Llewelyn, and it was not until the revolt of De Montfort in 1263 convulsed England with the throes of civil war that Wales found the political conditions of the time favourable for a renewed effort after freedom. Following the example of his grandfather and namesake, the younger Llewelyn gave all the aid he could to the English national party, in the hope that the triumph of the barons would lead to the disintegration of the English dominions.

During the civil war which followed, the part of Monmouthshire between the Wye and the Usk became the theatre of much fighting between De Montfort's party and the Royalists. More than once in the course of the strife the Monmouthshire castles changed hands, and it was in Monmouthshire that De Montfort's complications began, which led to his final overthrow on the fatal field of Evesham. The Northern Marchers—Mortimer, Clifford, and Leybourne—who had little to gain by good government, had throughout the struggle found it to their interest to support the Crown, or at any rate to oppose De Montfort, and they now opened communications with Prince Edward, who was a captive at Ludlow. Gilbert de Clare, Earl of

Gloucester, and lord of Newport and Usk, one of De Montfort's chief allies, a clever but fickle-minded man, in a fit of jealousy turned his back upon his leader, and went over to the confederacy. Edward was allowed to escape, and De Montfort, who was at Hereford, found not only a new adversary in De Clare, but another unexpected and still more formidable antagonist in the liberated prince. After a futile attack on Monmouth, the Earl seized Usk and Newport, but was driven out of both, and an attempt to remove his troops to Bristol by water was frustrated by the vigilance of De Clare, who destroyed his transports. Completely baffled, De Montfort beat a hasty retreat across the county, with De Clare and the prince at his heels. Failing to effect, as he had hoped, a junction with his son, he turned upon his pursuers at Evesham, only to find himself outnumbered and outgeneralled; and fighting "like a giant, the impregnable tower of the liberties of England," went down in the fray.

The English civil war had been accompanied by a remarkable revival of Welsh national feeling. The hour of Welsh emancipation seemed to have struck. But the overthrow of De Montfort's cause at Evesham in 1265 scattered Llewelyn's fondly cherished hopes; and, after a brave but ineffectual attempt to carry on the struggle single-handed, he was eventually penned up in his retreat at Snowdon, and compelled to surrender. His death in an obscure skirmish in Breconshire put an end for a time to all possibilities of Welsh freedom.

When the standard of revolt was again raised, it was by Owen Glendower (or Glyndwr), in the reign of Henry IV. The annals of Monmouthshire furnish some chapters in the Welsh pretender's

struggle for sovereignty. Glendower, though not without political ideals and a certain capacity for statesmanship, was really little better than an adroit adventurer. To avenge an act of private injustice he flew to arms, and discerned in the civil disturbances of the time a road to fortune. The extravagance of his pretensions, the mystery of his movements, and the good luck which generally attended him acquired for him amongst the imaginative Welshmen the reputation of a magician. His hold upon the N. was already considerable, and his opportune defeat of Grey of Ruthin and Mortimer at Pilleth in Radnorshire secured for him the hesitating allegiance of the S. His victory stood him in good stead. Flushed by success, he pushed rapidly southwards through the pass of Crickhowell, and captured Abergavenny. For the moment his hold upon Wales seemed complete; but the unlooked-for defeat of his temporary allies, Hotspur and Mortimer (the latter had joined hands with his captor) at the Battle of Shrewsbury foiled his designs. But his spirit was far from broken. After some delay he managed to collect a body of free lances, took up a position of some strength at Craig-y-Dorth, near Monmouth, and chased a body of the royal troops, which had been despatched to eject him, to the very gates of the county town. For a time the whole of the neighbourhood was at his mercy, and he roved about the county, pillaging as he went. But in 1405 Prince Henry, who throughout seems to have had charge of the operations against him, put an end to his depredations by dispersing his troops at Pwll Melyn near Usk. Two months later the prince followed up his success by again routing him at Grosmont. Glendower's

prestige was completely destroyed by these reverses, and he fled for security to his native mountains. As became his uncanny reputation, his fate is wrapped in mystery. A local tradition asserts that he found his way back to Grosmont, and for years lurked in the neighbourhood as a wanderer.

In the Wars of the Roses the sympathies of the county were divided. On the one hand, Usk Castle belonged to Richard, Duke of York; and the powerful local family of the Herberts were all zealous Yorkists. On the other, the Monmouthshire "Trilateral" (Skenfrith, Grosmont, and White Castle, see p. 67), and the fortress of Monmouth itself, were the property of the house of Lancaster, and Abergavenny was one of the many possessions of Warwick, the "King Maker." But Monmouthshire was too remote from the heart of the country to hear more than the echoes of the great conflict which had such momentous issues for England. The county no doubt furnished its contingent to the combatants, and one Monmouthshire man, Sir Richard Herbert of Coldbrook (p. 77), after the battle of Banbury, paid for his devotion to the White Rose by the loss of his head. But indirectly the locality profited by the results of the strife. The four Lancastrian castles were at once dismantled, and the others fell gradually into disuse and eventually into decay by the ruin of their owners. The irregular jurisdiction of the Lords Marchers, in whose territories the king's writ did not run, practically ceased, and in the reign of Henry VIII. an end was put to the whole system by the formal incorporation of their possessions in the realm of England in 1553. The county of Monmouth was formed by grouping together six

lordships — Abergavenny, Monmouth, Striguil (Chepstow), Usk, Caerleon, and Wentllwch (Wentloog). What remained of the "red land of Gwent," on the other side of the Wye, was thrown into Gloucestershire. The arrangement had no racial or geographical justification, and was in some respects practically inconvenient, for it left Monmouthshire ecclesiastically part of Wales, whilst making it politically a portion of England. The gain, however, on the whole was great; the county secured both greater political importance and a more regular administration of justice. People soon learnt to adapt themselves to the altered condition of things; and so completely had the old order given place to the new that in the reign of Elizabeth a commission appointed to inquire into the state of the locality reported that some of the most notorious strongholds in the neighbourhood had been "ruinous time out of mind." The only castles which are said to have remained habitable were Chepstow, Raglan, Usk, Llangibby, Pencoed, Penhow, and Monmouth.

Though Monmouthshire's more turbulent days came to an end with the disappearance of the Lords Marchers, it contributed at least one more stirring chapter to the national annals. This was its participation in the story of the Great Rebellion. The incidents in connection with it are perhaps more picturesque than politically important. Charles had a few firm friends amongst the Monmouthshire gentry, but found little support in the county generally. Prominent amongst his adherents was the aged Marquis of Worcester. On the outbreak of hostilities the old man devoted himself with great assiduity to the king's service. He spent a large

fortune in fortifying his castle at Raglan, and in equipping a force for the defence of his master. But he apparently hoped little from what he saw of the king's handling of the situation. When Sir Trevor Williams and some other neighbouring landowners, who had given abundant proof of their disaffection, were released from custody, the marquis shook his head at the circumstance, and sharply took the king to task for his leniency. "Your majesty," he said, "may gain the kingdom of heaven by such means, but you will not retain the kingdom of England." Chepstow was also put into a state of defence, and Monmouth likewise was garrisoned for the king. But the resistance of both the latter places was short, and did little to stem the tide of Parliamentary success elsewhere. Raglan held out longer, but after a stubborn defence the garrison was driven out in 1646 by Fairfax's artillery. Roving bands of Puritan soldiery scoured the country and did a good deal of damage amongst neighbouring churches. On one occasion Charles himself had a narrow escape from capture whilst crossing the Bristol Channel, and owed his security to the loyalty of some Portskewett boatmen. With the exception of these isolated instances of personal devotion, Monmouthshire showed little inclination to support the falling cause of the Crown, and gave small trouble to the Parliamentary commanders.

After the grim rule of the Commonwealth, the Restoration was hailed throughout Wales with enthusiasm as a return to a gayer and freer existence, and in Monmouthshire at least the rule of the later Stuarts was popular to the last. During the Revolution of 1688 Jacobite sentiments found expression in some parts of the county, and a riot at Abergavenny

on the accession of William III. was punished by the withdrawal of the town's charter.

The county's final effort to achieve historical notoriety was in connection with the Chartist rising in 1839. The incident was, however, little more than a local riot. The extreme Radicals, who had a large following amongst the Monmouthshire pitmen, thinking, with too much reason, that the enthusiasm of the Melbourne Ministry for reform was exhausted by the Reform Bill of 1832, determined to force the hands of the Government by a little vigorous agitation. They embodied their demands in a Charter, the chief of them being universal suffrage, payment of members, annual Parliaments, and voting by ballot. But the pace of the more sober members of the party was not fast or furious enough for the hot-headed miners and iron-workers from the Monmouthshire hills. They persuaded themselves that the political kingdom of heaven could only be taken by violence. In 1839, under the leadership of John Frost, a local magistrate, a tumultuous mob of colliers, armed with any weapon of offence that came first to their hands, made a night attack upon Newport (p. 199). The place was gallantly defended by the mayor and a handful of soldiers who had barricaded themselves within the walls of an hotel. A few rifle shots dispersed the rioters; and John Frost and the other ringleaders of this ill-starred attempt to promote democratic reforms paid for their temerity by transportation (p. 72).

X. Religious History

The ecclesiastical, like the secular, history of the county is not only obscure and fragmentary,

but largely personal. The names of the earlier makers of Church history survive in the place-names, but the traditions which are associated with them are wildly legendary. Political heroes in many cases, doubtless, became transformed in the popular imagination into saints, and churches sprang up on the sites of national victories. No one knows how Christianity first reached Britain, though there are many legends relating to its introduction. Probably it was brought by no organized mission, but came by a "silent process of filtration." The different parts of the Roman dominions were so closely linked together by military and commercial communications that the new religious ideas found a ready-made channel for their propagation. The soldier and the trader carried the gospel to Britain as they had previously carried it to Rome. Tradition gives it, of course, a more specific origin. One story is that Bran (whose name is commemorated in Cwmbran), the reputed father of Caractacus, having come under the influence of St Paul's preaching when a hostage at Rome, returned to his native land as the first apostle of the new religion. Another fable relates that Lucius, a British king, appealed to Eleutherius, Bishop of Rome, for evangelists, and as a tribute to the success of their labours, established the bishopric of Caerleon. A still wilder legend states that St Paul himself preached to the Welsh on Mynyddislwyn mountain. Be the facts as they may, Christianity is said to have been so firmly established in Wales in the fourth century that even Monmouthshire furnished its share of confessors during the Diocletian persecutions, and Julius and Aaron are asserted to have died for their faith at

Caerleon. So deeply did the Church take root that when toleration was finally proclaimed by Constantine, the British Church was deemed of sufficient importance to be asked to send representatives to the Council of Arles in 314. Amongst the delegates was Adelphius, who is claimed as Bishop of Caerleon. St David (commemorated in three parishes), the most famous occupant of this primitive see, brought the ecclesiastical importance of Monmouthshire to an end by abruptly transferring his episcopal stool to Pembrokeshire, in consequence, it was said, of the "frequency" of the townspeople. A great many of the early British saints whose names still live in rural districts were anchorites, whose austerity gave a peculiar sanctity to the place of their retirement or death. Amongst the more celebrated were Cadoc (whose name is attached to four parishes), Gwynlliew (or Gundleus), Odoceus, and Teudric. Some were no doubt missionaries, like St Melo. Others were influential bishops, like St Teilo of Llandaff (commemorated in two parishes). A few, like St Julian, were reputed martyrs. Others again seem to have had no personal connection with the places called by their names, but were Welshmen whose piety or patriotism had endeared them to their countrymen at large.

After the Conquest, ecclesiastical as well as political influences were employed to break the spirit of the people. Foreigners were forced into every see, and the free and somewhat eccentric character of the native Christianity was replaced by a more rigid system of organization. The chief religious agencies of the day were the monasteries. In Monmouthshire religious houses were founded at Llanthony (Augus-

tinian) in 1108, Bassaleg (Benedictine) in 1110, Goldcliff (Augustinian) in 1113, Abergavenny (Benedictine) in 1120, Tintern (Cistercian) in 1131, Monmouth (Benedictine) before 1135, Malpas (Cluniac) before 1135, Chepstow (Benedictine) before 1168, Llantarnam (Cistercian) in 1179, Usk (Benedictine nuns) before 1174, Llangua (Benedictine) in 1183, Par Grâce Dieu (Cistercian) in 1226, St Kynemark (Benedictine) before 1270, and Magor (Cistercian). The work of the monks was supplemented by that of the friars, who made their first appearance in Wales about 1224. There is, however, nothing to show that any of these agencies really influenced to any great extent the religious life of the common people. The monks were probably regarded by the natives as foreign garrisons in spiritual guise, and their austerities appealed little to the free-living, freedom-loving Celt. The more sociable friar, though welcomed at first, was at the last loved even less than the monk. Few large parish churches sprang up in imitation of monastic models or under monastic influence, and the rural districts were probably ill supplied with resident clergy. Ecclesiastically, the county formed part of the diocese of Llandaff, and the bishops had a residence at Mathern in the S.E. corner of the county. The Welsh Church, as a whole, shared the political aspirations of the people, and made spasmodic but ineffectual attempts to assert its independence. One curious sidelight is thrown on the early efforts of English ecclesiastics to bring the Welsh Church into more exact line with English ideas. In 1188 Archbishop Baldwin, accompanied by Geraldus Cambrensis (himself half a Welshman) as his

archdeacon, made an official tour of the Welsh dioceses, nominally for the purpose of preaching a Crusade, but virtually to proclaim the predominance of the See of Canterbury. During the course of his visitation he descended into Monmouthshire by the secluded valley of the Honddu (p. 145), traversed the county by way of Abergavenny, Usk, and Caerleon, preaching as he went, and finally crossed the plain of Wentloog into Glamorganshire. His success in his immediate object was but partial. At Usk, the Bishop of Llandaff took the cross, and a few soldiers elsewhere enrolled themselves under his banner; but the mass of the people remained stolidly indifferent to his eloquence. The prelate himself grew tired of his peregrinations long before his journey was completed. One day, throwing himself exhausted on the ground after a difficult climb over a mountain pass, he exclaimed: "The nightingale is wiser than I, for it never enters Wales." A more effectual method of Anglicising the Welsh Church than these occasional archiepiscopal tours was soon adopted. English bishops were intruded into nearly all the Welsh sees. But the policy was fatal to the religious enthusiasm of the people, for it soon alienated the peasantry from the Church altogether. The spirit of Welsh religion died with the extinction of the national hopes. Worldliness took possession of the monasteries, the friars degenerated into mere mendicants, and the masses sank into lazy indifference. By the end of the fourteenth century, song had replaced worship, and at every village or homestead the bard was a more welcome visitor than the friar. In the border counties the reforming zeal of the Lollards caused a temporary flutter amongst

orthodox Churchmen, but little popular impression was made by the movement. The religious life of the Principality had sunk to too low an ebb to be even sensibly affected by the Reformation. Though the Bible was translated into Welsh by Bishop Morgan in 1588, it did not seize upon the imagination of the people until the Methodist revival at the end of the eighteenth century, when Wales experienced its great religious awakening. Then the Reformation began to bear fruit, and the "people of Wales and Monmouthshire," it has been said, "became the people of a book, and that book was the Bible." Long before the coming of the Methodists, however, spasmodic efforts had been made to rekindle the lost religious life of Wales; but owing to the political causes with which they were associated they proved more or less abortive. The Jesuits amongst others had been particularly active. Their motive was in part, perhaps, political; at least it was ostensibly as political malcontents that they were persecuted. In 1595 Robert Jones came to Raglan and set on foot a vigorous propaganda; but his labours were by no means confined to the rural districts of Monmouthshire. He was soon commander-in-chief of the Jesuit campaign throughout England. But the nerves of the nation were shaken by the exposure of "Papist plots," and many of the Jesuit leaders were hung, and amongst the local martyrs, David Lewis perished at Usk. The Protestant Nonconformists too had their "confessors." The perfervid Penry preached a very different religion from the Jesuits, but he was equally ready to go to the scaffold for his opinions. He pelted Whitgift and the High Commission with a volley

of scurrilous pamphlets, and in 1593 was sent to his death as a traitor. But the first Welsh Dissent of any importance was not the spontaneous outgrowth of Welsh religious feeling, but the political creation of the English state. Cromwell despatched Harrison into S. Wales armed with an Act for the "Better Propagation of the Gospel." It was a "Gospel writ in steel." Vavasor Powell and Walter Cradock, the "Parliamentary Apostles" of the new Evangel, were accompanied by a troop of horse and proclaimed it at the point of the sword, and it was scarcely likely that such missionaries would prove more acceptable to the people at large than the clergy they expelled. It has been said that the "churches" they gathered consisted almost wholly of women. But though Independency was the prevailing complexion of the Gospel according to Cromwell, other creeds found their way into Wales in the wake of the Puritan soldiery. The Baptists, at the present time the strongest sect in Monmouthshire, were introduced, it is said, into the county by some of Cromwell's own Ironsides, and established a place of worship at Blaenau Gwent. The less aggressive community of the Quakers was also well represented in Monmouthshire. As early as 1667 they set up a meeting-house under the patronage of the Hanbury family at Pontymoyle, and subsequently seem to have had assemblies at Shire Newton, Abergavenny, and Monmouth. But it was the "trumpet voice" of Howel Harris of Trevecca which really awoke the religious heart of Wales, and turned the Principality into a nation of Nonconformists. He traversed the country from one end to the other, and his rugged eloquence awoke an almost frenzied

response in the half-educated, superstitious people to whom he proclaimed his message. "Hosts of preachers of daring imagination and dramatic oratory echoed his voice," and adventitious circumstances helped to spread the excitement. The success of the Methodist movement in Monmouthshire, at least, was no doubt due largely to the fact it was practically contemporaneous with the rapid industrial development of the western half of the county. A mining population prefer a fervid religion, and the people of those districts are to-day predominantly the spiritual children of the great Methodist revival.

XI. Antiquities

Monmouthshire has always occupied an uncomfortable position as a debatable land, and its antiquities bear eloquent testimony to the troubled character of its history. They are chiefly military. The tide of conquest constantly rolled up to the Welsh frontier, and then generally receded; and though it eventually gained ground westwards, it never came in with a sufficiently full flood to obliterate all traces of its original occupants.

The antiquities are most conveniently grouped as British, Roman, Saxon, and Mediæval.

British.—Celtic monuments linger as persistently in the county as Celtic place-names. They are rude memorials of an unorganized social life, and consist chiefly of earthworks, which are exceedingly numerous and cover the crest of nearly every prominent hill. It is always difficult to assign with any certainty a fortification of this sort to any particular period. The question can only be

decided by excavation. A strong position naturally commended itself with equal force to the various warring races, and what was found useful by the Briton offered similar advantages to the Roman, so that no doubt an entrenchment originally made by the natives was refortified by their conquerors, especially where, as in many cases in Monmouthshire, the occupation would afford a welcome defence to their military roads. Amongst the most interesting encampments in the county are Gaer Fawr near Newchurch, Coed Bunydd overlooking Clytha, Cwrt-y-Gaer near Wolves Newton, and Gaer Hill in the neighbourhood of Newport. With the exception of Gaer Fawr and Cwrt-y-Gaer, which have walls of masonry, they are mostly earthworks, and many of them were possibly merely stockaded enclosures for the temporary protection of cattle, rather than regularly fortified places. As one would naturally expect in an age of rude warfare when the military organization was on tribal lines, they seem to lack any general strategic significance, and were chosen for their inaccessibility as places of refuge in the last resort. Some are furnished with *tumuli* (*e.g.* Twyn Barlwm, the Beacon Mountain, Llanhilleth, and Mynyddislwyn), which were possibly beacon stations for establishing communications in times of general peril.

The memorials of the religious life of the aborigines are scanty. The most interesting survivals are a cromlech at Newchurch, the remains of a stone circle on Grey Hill, and a group of three upright stones at Trelleck. The encampments on Twyn Barlwm and at Panteg are also supposed by some to have had a religious origin or to have been places of assemblage for the bards.

Roman.—When the Romans came, they came expecting to stay; and when they finally retired, they left behind them some striking evidences of their efforts not only to conquer but to civilize. There were five of their settlements in Monmouthshire. They were *Isca Silurum* (Caerleon), *Venta Silurum* (Caerwent), *Gobannium* (Abergavenny), *Burrium*, and *Blestium*. Of the last two, Usk was probably one, but the site of the other is a matter of speculation. Probably it was in the neighbourhood of Monmouth. Some signs of Roman occupation have been discovered also at Kemeys, Chepstow, Trelleck, and near Tintern. The walls and villas of Caerleon and Caerwent prove them to have been places of no ordinary importance. All these permanent settlements were connected by roads which make the proverbial "bee-line" to their destinations. A great high-road, the *Via Julia*, from Bath to South Wales, entered Monmouthshire at Portskewett; and the camp at Sudbrook was probably constructed to protect the passage of the Severn. The road seems to have proceeded through Caerwent to Caerleon, and skirting Newport on the N., it made for the borders of Glamorgan by way of Bassaleg and St Mellons. Another road seems to have connected Mamhilad with Llanhilleth, and a third possibly pushed northwards from Abergavenny to Hereford. Many of the ancient camps along these routes (*e.g.* Gaer Hill near Bassaleg) were no doubt refortified by the Romans; and the legions seem to have constructed camps of their own at Kemeys, Pillbach, and Penrhos, near Caerleon.

Saxon.—The Saxons apparently never pressed much further westwards than the banks of the Wye.

Offa's dyke, on the E. side of the river near Tintern, was their attempt to create a scientific frontier between them and the conquered race. Monmouth is supposed to have been roughly fortified by them, and some believe that the so-called "castle" at Caerleon and the *tumulus* at Trelleck were Saxon burghs.

MEDIÆVAL.—These, of course, are the most numerous antiquities in the county. This group may, for the sake of convenience, be further subdivided into (*a*) Military, (*b*) Ecclesiastical, and (*c*) Domestic.

(*a*) *Military.*—The Normans set themselves in earnest to break the back of the Welsh resistance, and they set about their task in a characteristically adventurous spirit. The conquest proceeded in a piecemeal rather than in a systematic fashion. The country was turned over for pacification to the Lords Marchers, who were allowed a pretty free hand to deal with the situation in their own way, securing as their reward whatever they were able to take and hold. A chain of fortresses was established on the banks of the Monnow and Wye, from which the "trilateral" (Grosmont, Skenfrith, and White Castle) projected like a wedge into the heart of the county. As the Normans pushed their way westwards a second line of outposts followed the banks of the Usk, and between these lines of fortifications there sprang up a crowd of minor castles, the houses of their underlords and retainers, who acted as a kind of police. In all, twenty-five castles are said to have existed within the confines of the county. The forest of Wentwood alone had six (Dinham, Llanvair, Troggy, Pencoed, Penhow, and Llanvaches). Some of these numerous fortresses were fortified mansions, and some pro-

bably mere blockhouses for the temporary accommodation of garrisons. Those on the largest scale, and at the present time in the best state of preservation, are Raglan, Chepstow, Grosmont, Skenfrith, White Castle, Abergavenny, Usk, Caldicot, Pencoed, and Newport. Few remain as left by their Norman founders. Some (especially Raglan) have very late and elaborate additions. Some, *e.g.* Dingestow, Llanvaches, Penrhos, Castleton, Newcastle, and Dinham, have quite disappeared. Of Monmouth only a few walls survive.

(*b*) *Ecclesiastical.*—The chequered fortunes of the county, which make it so rich in military memorials, render it proportionately poor in ecclesiastical edifices. Though numerous enough in quantity, they are very indifferent in quality. "The fruits of peace are found in them that make peace"; and it was hardly worth while to build elaborate structures on an insecure tenure. Many of the churches show evident signs of the troublous days in which they were reared. Some of the towers are quasi-fortified erections, as if the builders either anticipated their standing an occasional siege, or were incapable of imitating anything except military models. Some of the more elaborate monastic churches were possibly exacted by the Church as compensation for depredations made upon its property in its times of helplessness. Most of the rural parish churches are mere chapelries, erected possibly by the monasteries, or are the grudging provision which the great landlords made for the spiritual wants of a district that they had depopulated. If the usual classification of churches into (i.) *Monastic* and (ii.) *Parochial* be followed, the most worthy of notice are the following:—

(i.) *Monastic.*—Tintern (Cistercian), Llanthony (Augustinian), Chepstow (Benedictine), Magor (Cistercian), Abergavenny (Benedictine), Usk (a Benedictine nunnery).

(ii.) *Parochial.*—St Woollos, Peterstone, Caerleon, Grosmont, Trelleck, Skenfrith.

On the other hand, if the chief ecclesiastical buildings in the county be classified according to their architectural styles, they may be arranged as follows:—

(i.) *Norman.*—Chepstow, St Woollos (Newport), Usk, St Thomas (Monmouth).

(ii.) *Trans-Norman.*—Llanthony.

(iii.) *Early English.*—Grosmont, Llantilio Crossenny, Mathern.

(iv.) *Decorated.*—Tintern, Trelleck, St Mellons, Llantilio Pertholey.

(v.) *Perpendicular.* — Christchurch, Caerleon, Peterstone.

There is comparatively little ecclesiastical woodwork in the county. Some good stalls will be found at Abergavenny, and some fine screen work is exhibited at Llangwm, Usk, and Bettws-y-Newydd.

Of domestic woodwork there are more examples. Some of the best are found in the residences mentioned below.

(*c*) *Domestic.*—The county is fairly rich in old houses. Most of the larger residences are either entirely modern, or have been rebuilt or altered on modern lines, but a great many old manor-houses still survive as farmsteads, and are worthy of inspection. Among the most notable examples of Domestic architecture are Tre-owen, Moynes Court, Mathern Palace, Troy House, Tregare,

Crick, Monmouth Castle House, Tre-Ifor, Machen Plas, Llanvihangel Crucorny Court, Llangattock Court, Cil Llwch, and Bedwellty Plas. Portions of older houses are incorporated in more modern buildings at Tredegar House, Coldbrook, Wonastow Court, St Pierre, Itton, and St Julian's.

XII. Biography

Notwithstanding Fluellen's confident assertion that "there is goot men porn at Monmouth," the reputation of Monmouthshire rests far more on the beauty of its scenery than on the renown of its sons. Even for so small a county the muster-roll of its celebrities is singularly short. It can count few names of first-rate distinction in Art, Science, Literature, or Politics; and though some famous warriors have shone in its story, few have sprung from its soil. Some picturesque but half-legendary figures have their names still preserved in certain localities. Amongst those who have been more or less connected with the shire, either by birth or residence, the following are the most conspicuous:—

Allgood, Thomas, a native of Northampton, who settled in Pontypool in the reign of Charles II., and commenced there the manufacture of japanned ware. He was a man of considerable inventive genius, and devised a lacquer which in many respects has never been excelled. It was brought to great perfection by his son Edward, but the secret of its manufacture died with the family.

Ap-Thomas, Sir William, (d. 1446), son of Thomas-ap-Gwilym-ap-Jenkyn, married Gladys, daughter of Sir David Gam and widow of Sir Roger Vaughan. He is buried at Abergavenny.

David, Saint or *Dewi*, the patron saint of Wales (d. 601). His attendance at two Welsh synods and the date of his death are the only solid facts known about him. Legend has, however, very extensively, but not very consistently, embroidered his story. He is reputed to have been educated by Irish monks, and on his ordination to have retired either to the Isle of Wight or to Whitland as an ascetic. After an attempt to evangelize the Britons, he is said to have founded monasteries at Glastonbury, Leominster, Bath, and elsewhere. He is credited with having stamped out the Pelagian heresy from Wales, and to have produced such an impression on the mind of Dubricius by his controversial skill that the latter forthwith resigned the See of Caerleon in his favour. Finding, however, the "frequency" of the townspeople too disturbing to his devotions, David removed his bishop's stool to Menevia, in Pembrokeshire, which subsequently retained his name, St David's. To make his life square with his manifold activities, his chroniclers have assigned him patriarchal length of days.

David (or *Dafydd*)-*ap*-*Gwilym* (14th cent.), a native of Glamorgan, and one of the most famous of the Welsh mediæval bards, sometimes called the "Welsh Ovid." He is said to have studied in Italy, and to have subsequently taken up his residence for some considerable time at the court of his uncle, Ivor Hael, at Maesaleg (p. 78), as tutor to his daughter. It is said that a violent flirtation with his pupil, however, put an end to his sojourn in Gwent, and he retired to Anglesey. Here his gallantries again got him into trouble, and he was imprisoned; but the men of Glamorgan rose to his rescue, paid his fine, and released him. His poems,

many of which were composed amidst Monmouthshire scenery, are chiefly love songs, and satires on the clergy and monks.

Dubricius or *Dyfrig*, a grandson of Pebiau, a S. Wales king, and reputed founder of the See of Llandaff. He is generally supposed to have established a flourishing school at Henllan-on-Wye. The legends connected with his name are more extensive than trustworthy. He is credited in Welsh story with having raised the archiepiscopal See of Caerleon to a position of commanding influence in the W., and with having crowned King Arthur. When an old man, he is said to have resigned his office into the more capable hands of St David, and to have died in retirement in A.D. 612.

Frost, *John* (d. 1877), a native of Newport, where in 1811 he set up business as a tailor. He soon took to politics, and became one of the leading advocates of the "People's Charter." In 1822 he was imprisoned for libel, but subsequently attained to the mayoralty. His advancement in life did not, however, abate his democratic ardour, and in 1839 he was removed from the Commission of the Peace for using seditious language. Despairing of securing reform by constitutional means, he determined to appeal to force, and on November 4th led a body of Monmouthshire miners in an attack on Newport. A fight took place in front of the Westgate Hotel (p. 199); twenty Chartists lost their lives in the scuffle, the mob was dispersed, and Frost himself was captured. He was sentenced to be hung, drawn, and quartered; but, on technical grounds, the sentence was subsequently mitigated to one of transportation. Frost was exiled to Tasmania; but, after fifteen years' penal servitude, he obtained a

full pardon, and returning to England, sank into obscurity at Bristol. He lectured occasionally on the "Horrors of Convict Life," and published some "Letters on Transportation."

Gam, Sir David, or David-ap-Llewelyn, nicknamed Gam, or "Crooked" (d. 1415). He was apparently a man of more spirit than beauty. He is described as short of stature, red-haired, and possessed of a squint. His father was a man of property in Breconshire. He took service under Henry IV., to whom he remained faithful throughout the Welsh Revolt. It has been alleged that his zeal for the king's cause led him on one occasion to make an attempt on the life of Owen Glendower at Machynlleth, but recent authorities discredit the story. He possessed large estates in S. Wales, and had a residence at Llantilio Crossenny (p. 169). In 1415 he followed Henry V. to France. The story goes that on the eve of the battle of Agincourt, on being questioned as to the number of the French troops, he replied that "there were enough to be killed, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away." He was mortally wounded in the battle (it is said) whilst defending the person of his royal master, who knighted him on the field as he lay dying. It has been suggested that he was the original of Shakespeare's Fluellen.

Geoffrey of Monmouth, said to have been born in the priory of Monmouth early in the 12th cent. He became Archdeacon of Monmouth, and in 1152 was promoted to the bishopric of St Asaph. Geoffrey's title to fame rests, however, not on his ecclesiastical eminence, but upon his contributions to literature. He wrote a treatise on the "Blessed Sacrament," and other theological works, but

obtained notoriety chiefly by his romantic history of the British Kings, which he declared he had translated from a Celtic original, discovered in Brittany. The work was completed in 1147 in twelve books, and dedicated to Robert, Earl of Gloucester. Though Geoffrey was roundly charged with palming off on the learned public a lying fable in the guise of sober history, his book became vastly popular, and was the quarry out of which subsequent romancers dug their material for the Epics of Arthur. Geoffrey is said to have been sarcastically nicknamed "Arturus" after his hero, "whose finger he had made thicker than Alexander's loins."

Godwin, Francis (1562-1633), the son of a former Bishop of Bath and Wells, who rapidly rose to eminence in the Church. In 1601 he was made Bishop of Llandaff, and in 1617 was translated to Hereford. Whilst Bishop of Llandaff he resided at Mathern, built Moynes Court (p. 184), and published a Catalogue and "Lives of the Bishops of England." He also wrote some Latin Annals, dealing with the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Mary. After his death there appeared posthumously "The Man in the Moon," a scientific rhapsody, from which Wilkins is said to have borrowed some of his speculations.

Gundleus or *Gwynlliew*, known subsequently as St Woollos. He was the eldest son of a king of the Demetæ, and father of SS. Cadoc and Kenna. On the death of his father he abjured his rights, and divided the kingdom amongst six brothers; but such was his influence that he still virtually remained sovereign. Growing tired of the world, he withdrew to the neighbourhood of Newport,

secluded himself as a hermit, and practised the most rigorous austerities. "His clothing was sackcloth, his food bread mingled with ashes, and water." He died at the end of the 6th cent., and was afterwards "glorified by miracles."

Hanbury, Capel, one of the earliest pioneers of the iron trade in S. Wales. He was the son of a London goldsmith or banker. He settled in Worcestershire, but in 1588 purchased land at Pontypool, and commenced the manufacture of iron-ware.

Hanbury, Major (1664-1734), great-grandson of Capel. He was educated as a lawyer, but took over, and considerably developed, the iron industry at Pontypool by the introduction of the art of rolling plates. From 1701 to 1705 he represented Gloucester in the Whig interest, and afterwards Monmouthshire (1720-34). He was one of Marlborough's executors.

Hanbury-Williams, Sir Charles (1709-59), son of Major Hanbury of Pontypool. He obtained the estate of Coldbrook (p. 99), and assumed the name of Williams. In 1733 he was elected M.P. for Monmouthshire, and attained some celebrity in London society as a wit and man of fashion. He is said to have been one of the boon companions of Horace Walpole and Lord Holland, and to have made a number of political and personal enemies by his lampoons. In 1746 he was knighted and sent as ambassador to Dresden, but in 1751 was despatched on a political mission to St Petersburg to negotiate a triple alliance between Great Britain, Austria, and Russia. Though he succeeded in his object, a change in the political situation caused his efforts to be coldly received at home, and the dis-

appointment turned his head. He died in retirement at Coldbrook in 1759, quite insane.

Henry V. (1387-1422), eldest son of Henry, Duke of Lancaster (Henry IV.) by Mary de Bohun. He was born at Monmouth Castle ("Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, Captain Gower," *Henry V.*, Act iv. Sc. 7), and is said to have passed his infancy at a place called Courtfield, in the neighbourhood of the county town. Besides giving him birth, Monmouthshire witnessed some of his earliest exploits in the field. In 1403 he represented his father on the Welsh border, and after the battle of Shrewsbury, where he displayed conspicuous gallantry though only in his teens, and where he was wounded in the face, he was reappointed lieutenant of Wales and put in charge of the operations against Glendower. His fortune was at first equivocal, but he eventually succeeded in defeating the Welsh leader at Pwll Melyn, near Usk, in 1405. During his father's illness he practically governed in his stead; but his father resented a proposal that he should abdicate in the prince's favour, and the latter was removed from all active participation in the government until his succession to the throne in 1413. The story of his subsequent career as king, and of his brilliant victory at Agincourt, is too well known to need retelling. His reign was abruptly cut short by his sudden death in 1422.

Herbert, Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury (1583-1648), a descendant of Sir W. Herbert of Coldbrook, and elder brother of George Herbert, the poet. He was born at Montgomery Castle, and is said to have been a delicate but precocious child. Whilst still at Oxford he married a

daughter of Sir W. Herbert of St Julian's, and thus became possessed of the estate (p. 112). He was knighted by James I., and in 1608, in consequence of domestic unhappiness, went abroad, and saw some fighting in the Netherlands. In 1619, at the instigation of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, he was appointed ambassador to France, but was recalled for having boldly repelled the insults of the Constable de Loignes "with the spirit of a gentleman." In 1629 he was raised to the English peerage. During the Great Rebellion, though a royalist, he prudently changed sides on "seeing the weakness of the king's party," but took no very active share in the struggle. He died in London. His chief literary work was "De Veritate," a philosophical defence of Deism. He also compiled a "History of the Reign of Henry VIII.," and left behind him an autobiography.

Herbert, Sir Richard, of Coldbrook (d. 1469), brother to the Earl of Pembroke, and like him an active adherent of the House of York. He was a man of great stature, and is said to have performed prodigies of valour at the battle of Banbury. He was, however, captured and executed after the engagement. He is buried at Abergavenny (p. 95).

Herbert, Sir William, 1st Earl of Pembroke. He was the son of Sir William-ap-Thomas, and took the name of Herbert out of compliment to an ancestor, Herbert Fitz Henry, chamberlain of Henry I. He was a zealous Yorkist, and did good service for the party against Jasper Tudor in Wales. On the attainder of the latter, the forfeited title of Earl of Pembroke was conferred upon Herbert. He took part in the battle of Banbury, and being captured, was executed at Northampton

along with his brother (for whose life he earnestly pleaded), 1469.

Ivor Hael, surnamed the "Generous," a Welsh chieftain of the 14th cent. He maintained a sort of semi-regal state at his court at Bassaleg, was a warm friend of the bards, and a liberal patron of Arts and Letters. He found a kind of poet-laureate in his nephew Dafydd-ap-Gwilym, who resided with him. He died in 1361.

Kemeys, Sir Nicholas, a connection of a well-known Monmouthshire family, whose property he inherited. He represented Monmouth in the Parliament of 1628, and on the outbreak of hostilities took up arms for the king, and made himself famous by his spirited defence of Chepstow Castle. He fell fighting, sword in hand, when the fortress succumbed to the attacks of Colonel Ewer. He is said to have been as remarkable for his stature as he was for his courage.

Kent, John, or Sion Cent, called also John of Kentchurch (*circa* 1400). He sprang from humble parentage in Pembrokeshire, and worked as a farm servant at Caerphilly. He was subsequently sent to Oxford, took orders, and became parish priest at Kentchurch. His curious learning secured for him the local reputation of a wizard. "As clever as the devil or John of Kent," once passed as a proverb in the neighbourhood (p. 140). Though there is no proof that he was a Lollard, he evinced some sympathy with Oldcastle, and mercilessly satirized the clergy and friars. He won considerable fame in his day as a Welsh bard; and an extant poem lamenting the condition of the Welsh people is generally supposed to be his work. He is also said to have translated St John's Gospel into

Welsh, and to have composed some theological treatises.

Landor, Walter Savage (1775-1864). The name of this remarkable man of letters is casually connected with the county through his quixotic attempt to transform the wilds of Llanthony into a terrestrial paradise. He was the son of a Warwick doctor, and a man of means. After a somewhat roving youth and several desultory literary and political efforts, he suddenly married and determined to settle down. His "lordly and imaginative mind" was momentarily captivated by the charms of Llanthony. He purchased the estate in 1809, and spent an immense sum of money in an attempt to develop it by all sorts of wild and impracticable schemes. Whilst the paradise was being evolved, he lived chiefly at Bath, but paid flying visits to the Abbey, making what shift he could in the habitable portion of the ruins. Amongst other ambitious projects he actually proposed to rebuild the Abbey at his own expense. The bishop of the diocese does not seem to have taken the suggestion seriously, and made no reply to his offer. "God alone is great enough for me to ask anything twice," Landor wrote to him in a rage, and the matter accordingly dropped. During this period of his life he produced his two tragedies, "Count Julian" and "Ferranti and Giulio," and in addition wrote his "Memoirs of Mr Fox," and did some work on his Latin poem "Idyllia." Disputes with his neighbours and financial embarrassments (caused by his utter disregard of all business principles) brought his schemes to an end, and in 1814 he left the neighbourhood in disgust and retired to the Continent.

Louis of Caerleon, a medical and theological writer of the 15th cent.

Marten, Henry (1602-80), one of the regicides. His connection with the county was long and enforced. He was immured in Chepstow Castle for twenty years, died there, and was buried in Chepstow Church. He was the son of an Admiralty judge, and was born in Oxford. Though a man of good talents, he was of dissolute character. In 1640 he was returned to Parliament for Berkshire, and distinguished himself by his extreme opinions. He became a vigorous pamphleteer, and a leader of the "Levellers." He assisted Cromwell in "purging" Parliament, and in 1649 was appointed one of the judges to try the king, and in that capacity attached his name to the king's death-warrant. He is said to have been lavishly rewarded for his services in the popular cause, but to have soon embarrassed himself with his extravagances. On the dissolution of the Long Parliament he lost both his influence and perquisites, and sank into obscurity. At the Restoration he surrendered on the royal proclamation, and after a spirited defence was sentenced to death. He pleaded that he had never obeyed a royal proclamation before, and hoped that he "should not be hanged for taking the king's word now." On appeal his sentence was commuted to one of perpetual imprisonment. He was committed to Chepstow Castle, and eventually died there (p. 123).

Morgan, Thomas (1543-1606), attained some notoriety in the 16th cent. as a Popish conspirator. He is said to have sprung from a "right worshipful family in Monmouthshire," and is supposed to have been a native of Llantarnam.

After occupying successively positions of importance in the households of the Bishop of Exeter and the Archbishop of York, he took service under Mary, Queen of Scots, whose confidence he won, and succeeded in retaining until her death. He became secretary to Lord Shrewsbury, and was soon involved in most of the political plots of the day. He is said to have joined Parry in his attempt to assassinate Elizabeth, but on the discovery of the conspiracy escaped to France, where he was imprisoned. Though £10,000 were offered for his delivery, all attempts to obtain his extradition failed; and to the end of his life he was in constant communication with the leaders of most of the intrigues which disturbed the reign of the English sovereign. His sincerity as a papist appears to be above suspicion.

Morgan, Charles Octavius (1803-1888), a younger brother of the 1st Baron Tredegar, who resided most of his life at Newport, and attained considerable reputation as a local antiquary.

Somerset, Edward (1601-1667), 6th Earl and 2nd Marquis of Worcester and titular Earl of Glamorgan. He was eldest son of the heroic defender of Raglan, and himself an ardent royalist and papist. In 1643 he defeated Waller at Highnam, and in the next year was despatched by Charles I. on a secret mission to Ireland with a view of conciliating the Romanists and raising a force for the king's defence; the negotiations, however, came to nothing and the mission was disavowed. On the collapse of the royal cause, he followed Charles II. into exile; but returning secretly to England was captured and imprisoned. At the Restoration he recovered his liberty and

estates. Though a failure as a politician, he won considerable fame by his mechanical ingenuity; and is supposed by some to have first discovered the possibilities of the steam-engine. Some of his ideas are said to have been offered to Cromwell as the price of his release. In 1663 he published "A Century of Inventions"—a list of 100 projects, "most of them impossibilities." His body lies in Raglan Church.

Thomas, William, "Islwyn" (1832-1878), a native of Ynysddu, who entered the Methodist ministry and became pastor of Mynyddislwyn. He subsequently attained considerable distinction as a bard. He is generally allowed to have been the finest Welsh poet of the century. In 1854 he published "Barddoneaeth," which was followed in 1867 by "Caniadau." Both of these works are miscellaneous collections of poems, many of them of very high merit.

Williams, Sir Roger (1540-1595), of Penrhos, a conspicuous figure amongst the Welsh soldiers of fortune. He was a typical Welshman, and might have sat for Shakespeare's portrait of Fluellen. Though most of his fighting was done on the other side, he is said to have served his military apprenticeship under Alva. Between 1572 and 1577 he was knocking about in the Low Countries, but seems to have been unable to secure employment in England. His only chance came during the excitement caused by the despatch of the Armada, when he was selected to command the cavalry in the event of a landing. As his services were never required, he went off to fight for Henry of Navarre. He is said to have ended his life by a surfeit, and to have been accorded an imposing military funeral.

He published a "Discourse on War," of some practical value. In it he states the chief conditions of military success to be "a good chief, a good purse, and good justice."

Williams, Sir Trevor, the owner of Llangibby Castle in the 17th cent. He is chiefly notable for the uneasiness which he caused to Cromwell. Like other county gentlemen he had at first sympathised with the Parliamentary opposition to the king's absolutism; but alarmed at the extreme measures adopted by Cromwell he went over to the Crown. Cromwell on his departure into Wales thought it imprudent to leave in his rear a house "so well stored with arms" in the hands of a man "full of craft and subtiltye," and gave cautious orders for Williams' arrest. Contrary to his expectations it was accomplished without difficulty. Williams afterwards escaped, and retired in safety to France, from whence he returned at the Restoration. He subsequently sat as M.P. for Monmouthshire, and died in 1692.

XIII. Literary Associations

Monmouthshire hardly atones for its want of distinction in history by its prominence in literature. As would naturally be expected of a county so Welsh in its traditions, associations, and proclivities, its influence has been felt more in Welsh than in English letters. The bards were enthusiastic lovers of nature, and Monmouthshire scenes have doubtless inspired many a Welsh song. Dafydd ap Gwilym long sojourned in Gwent; and Islwyn spent all his life within the borders of the county. These two are no inconsiderable names in Welsh poetry. To

English writers Monmouthshire has been made known chiefly through the beauties of the Wye. Wordsworth's Ode on Tintern is familiar to every one: it is, however, singularly destitute of local colour. Gray and Southey visited the Wye, and have put on record their admiration of its charms. Tennyson's recollections of the Wye Valley find a reflection in the well-known lines of "In Memoriam." The same poet also stayed a while at Caerleon. Shakespeare, too, knew the Wye, at least by repute; and in *Henry V.* he makes Fluellen boast of his hero's connection with Monmouth. The annals of the county ought to have furnished a favourable opportunity for the ballad writer; but no Welsh Scott has so far arisen to turn the wild legends and tales of mediæval Wales to account in a volume of "Border Minstrelsy." Monmouthshire, again, finds no place in fiction. In the strenuous industrial life of to-day there is little room for light comedy, though an historical novelist equally with the ballad writer might have produced some stirring romances about the turbulent days of the robber barons, Glendower's raids, or Llewelyn's struggle for Welsh freedom. If Monmouthshire has had but a scanty influence on literature, it is not because it cannot furnish themes.

XIV. Place-Names

In Wales, as in England, the names of localities reflect the history of the country and furnish evidence of the successive invasions which it has sustained; but the fact that in it the place-names are of much more uniform origin than those that are found across

the border shows that it has suffered less than its neighbour from the intrusion of foreign settlers. English place-names come from very various languages. Thus Celtic words, derived from the early British inhabitants, survive in the numerous *Avons*, *Esks* (*Axe*, *Exe*), *Pens* and *Combes*, as well as in *Blencathra*, *Maes Knoll*, *Long Mynd*, etc.; the many *-casters* (or *-chesters*) and *colns* (or *cols*)—*e.g.* *Lancaster*, *Dorchester*, *Lincoln*, *Colchester*, etc.—as well as names like *Pontefract* and *Stratton*, are Latin, and are due to the Roman occupation; the names ending in *-ford*, *-holt*, *-dean* (or *-dene*), *-bridge*, are English, and witness to the Anglo-Saxon conquest; whilst the names of *Derby*, *Whitby*, and the like are Scandinavian, and were introduced by the Danes. But Welsh place-names (save for a few exceptions in Gower and Pembroke) are predominantly either Latin or Celtic. Those of Latin derivation are chiefly the *ponts* and *ystrads* which occur here and there throughout the Principality, representing the Latin *pons* and *strata*. But the great majority of names are Celtic. Unlike the names of Roman origin, which are confined to the products of Roman civilization, they describe the natural features of the country. Most of the rivers, mountains, rocks, valleys, and woods bear Celtic appellations. And Monmouthshire in its nomenclature, as in many other respects, is mainly Welsh in character. A glance through the Alphabetical List of places will show how large a proportion Welsh names bear to the rest. A few English names occur in the neighbourhood of the Wye, among them being *Chepstow*, *Redbrook*, *Mitchel Troy*, *Rockfield*, *Wolves Newton*, etc.; and elsewhere *Rogerston* and *Peterston*. Three names are, or ap-

pear to be, of French origin—*Grosmont*, *Fleur de Lys*, and *Par Grâce Dieu*. But the bulk of the place-names are of Welsh derivation, and even some of the English names may be suspected to be mere translations of Welsh ones (*e.g. Blackwood*, *Newbridge*). In many of the Welsh words certain common elements recur with great frequency, *e.g. aber*, *caer*, *llan*, etc. The significance of these is given in the appended glossary. Some of them have more than one form, since their initial letters undergo "mutation" where the words in question enter into particular combinations. As a help to pronunciation the English equivalents of certain Welsh letters are also supplied.

GLOSSARY

Aber, "mouth," "confluence"
Afon (*Avon*), "river"
Allt, see *Gallt*
Bach (*fach* or *vach*), "little"
Bedw (*fedw*, *vedw*), "birch"
Blaen (pl. *Blaenau*), "head (of a valley)"
Cae (*gae*), "field"
Caer (*gaer*), "camp"
Cam (*gam*), "crooked"
Cefn (*gefn*), "ridge"
Ceiliog (*geiliog*), "cock"
Cil (*gil*), "retreat"
Clawdd (*glawdd*), "dyke"
Coed (*goed*), "wood"
Craig (*graig*), "rock"
Croes (*groes*), "cross"
Cwm (*gwm*), "valley"
Derw, "oaks"
Dû (*ddû*), "black"
Fach, see *Bach*
Fair (*vair*), see *Mair*
Fedw, see *Bedw*
Ffraed, (St) Bride, Bridget
Gae, see *Cae*
Gaer, see *Caer*
Gallt, "hill," "slope"
Gam, see *Cam*
Gefn, see *Cefn*
Gil, see *Cil*
Glawdd, see *Clawdd*
Goed, see *Coed*
Graig, see *Craig*
Groes, see *Croes*
Gwaun, "meadowland"
Gwern, "swamp"
Gwyn, "white"
Hen, "old"
Hir, "long"
Isaf (*Isa*), "lower," "lowest"
Llan, lit. "sacred clearing"; equiv. to "church"
Llwyd, "gray"
Llwyn, "bush"

GLOSSARY

Maen (*faen*), "boulder," "stone"
Mair (*fair*, *vair*), (St) Mary
Maes (*faes*), "meadow"
Mawr (*fawr*), "great"
Mihangel (*fihangel*, *vihangel*), "the angel Michael"
Mynydd (*fynydd*), "mountain"
Nant, "brook"
Newydd, "new"
Pant, "hollow"
Pen, "top," "summit"
Pont, "bridge"
Porth, "haven"
Rhos, "moor"
Sant, "saint"
Tal, "side," "end"
Tor, "projection"
Tref (*tre*), "town," "hamlet"
Uchaf (*ucha*), "upper," "uppermost"
Waun, see *Gwaun*
Wern, see *Gwern*
Wyn, see *Gwyn*
Y, *yr*, "the"
Ynys, "island"

APPROXIMATE PRONUNCIATION OF CERTAIN WELSH LETTERS

ae pronounced like *ai* in *aisle*
au ,, ,, *ai* ,, ,,
oe ,, ,, *oi* ,, *foil*
e ,, ,, *a* ,, *fate* / *e* ,, *hen*
y ,, ,, *u* ,, *pun* / *i* ,, *pin*
w ,, ,, *w* ,, *we* / *oo* ,, *moon*
c ,, ,, *k* ,, *cat*
ch ,, German *ch* ,, *nach*
dd pronounced like *th* ,, *thee*
f ,, ,, *v* ,, *vine*
ff ,, ,, *f* ,, *fine*
g ,, ,, *g* ,, *get*
ll ,, ,, *hl* or *thl*

DESCRIPTION OF PLACES IN MONMOUTHSHIRE, ARRANGED ALPHABETICALLY.

N.B.—The following architectural abbreviations are adopted:—

Norm., *i.e.*, Norman (1066-1190).
Trans., *i.e.*, Transitional (1145-1190).
E.E., *i.e.*, Early English (1190-1280).
Dec., *i.e.*, Decorated (1280-1377).
Perp., *i.e.*, Perpendicular (1377-1547).

Aberbargoed, a colliery village of recent creation in the Rhymney Valley, 20 m. N.W. from Newport, with a station on the Brecon and Merthyr line. It is still in the process of making, and owes its existence chiefly to the proximity of a new pit belonging to the Powell Dyffryn Company, one of the largest colliery concerns in South Wales. The pit is one of the most extensive and best equipped mines in the county. It employs over 2000 hands, and "pulls" upwards of 2000 tons of coal daily.

Aberbeeg, a village at the confluence of the two Ebbw rivers, 15 m. N.W. from Newport, with a station on the "Monmouthshire" section of the G.W.R., which acts as a junction for the Ebbw Vale and Nantyglo branches. It is a cramped sort

of place, planted at the bottom of a deepish cañon, formed by the abrupt convergence of the two valleys. The railway station blocks the neck of the defile, and the village has to come in where it can. The gorge in its unspoilt state must have been quite romantic.

Abercarn, a populous colliery village in the Ebbw Valley, 10 m. N.W. from Newport, with a station on the G.W. "Western Valleys" line. Though the valley just above Abercarn is prettily wooded, the village itself is unattractive, and has a very melancholy interest attaching to it. The coal worked in this portion of the valley is exceedingly "fiery"; and in 1878 the neighbourhood was the scene of one of the greatest colliery disasters in the annals of Monmouthshire. 268 men lost their lives by a violent explosion in one of the mines. This holds the record for loss of life. The pit, where the lamentable occurrence took place, stands by the roadside just below the canal bank. *Cwmcarn*, a kind of supplement to Abercarn, is half-a-mile lower down the valley, and is a village of similar type.

ABERGAVENNY (sometimes shortened into *Aber-ga'ny*—"the mouth of the Gavenny"), a market town on the Usk of 7795 inhabitants. It is well supplied with stations. The G.W.R. line to Hereford, and the Merthyr section of the L.N.W. have each separate stations in different parts of the town; and a Junction just outside the town connects the two systems. Abergavenny forms with Monmouth and Chepstow the triad of tourist centres for which the county is famous; but its beauties are quite different from those of its rivals. Though equally possessed of a river of no little

picturesqueness, it is the grand circle of mountains standing around the town which gives to Abergavenny its charm. If the Wye is the English Rhine, here are the English, or at least the Monmouthshire, Alps. Nowhere in the West of England are hills more impressively grouped. The town, though not particularly engaging, is not unprepossessing; and it makes a praiseworthy effort to live up to its situation. It hits happily the mean between a crabbed old-fashionedness and a too ostentatious modernity; though its attempts to blend the past and the present are not perhaps uniformly successful. The main street, already inconveniently congested, is now over-shadowed by a large market hall and clock tower. A much happier improvement is the Bailey Park, on the Hereford road, which, if laid out with a taste worthy of its fine situation, ought to prove a great addition to the town's attractions, which, with the wonderful natural endowments of the neighbourhood, are already considerable. The throng of tourists which frequent it in the summer, and the weekly inundation of "wild Welsh" which it experiences during the rest of the year are a sufficient testimony to its popularity among sightseers.

Abergavenny has a long history. It gets its name from a little rill—the Gavenny—which here tumbles into the Usk. It became a Roman station (Roman remains have been found just outside the town) and the original British name was Latinized as *Gobannium*. Its mediæval history is the truculent story of the iron rule of the robber barons. The Pass of Bwlch was locally known as the "Gate of Wales"; and he who held Abergavenny held the

key which could close the door to Welsh invaders. The proverb "He who crosses the pass of Bwlch never returns," though nowadays suggesting only a Welshman's commercial partiality for "Merry England," had then a grim interpretation. As became a place of such strategical value the town, besides having a castle, was strongly fortified. The walls are said to have enclosed 20 acres, and to have been defended by four gates. Fragments of the walls can still be traced; but the gates have quite disappeared. But the history of the town, though long, is not as romantic as its situation. Owen Glendower attacked the place in 1404, after his victory over Lord Grey of Ruthin (p. 53), and is said to have reduced it to ashes. Charles I. paid Abergavenny several flying visits, and at the outbreak of hostilities, it was garrisoned for the king; but beyond being ransacked by Fairfax's soldiers, it appears to have played no part in the Civil War. Commercially the town throve, and in addition to its reputation as a market centre, it attained some distinction for its manufacture of flannel, deriving its raw material from the sheep-runs on the neighbouring hills. But its political proclivities and antiquated trade customs seem to have led to its commercial undoing. The district was strongly Jacobite in sympathy, and a riot on the occasion of the accession of William III. resulted in the withdrawal of the town's charter and the destruction of its market. Obsolete methods of packing are said to have caused the removal of the flannel industry to Newtown in Montgomeryshire. For a time the enterprising townsfolk strove to find commercial salvation in the manufacture of wigs. But again they were unfor-

tunate. Changes of fashion brought about the abandonment of the business; and on the construction of turnpike roads, pushing bagmen from the Midlands robbed the town of the last remnants of its former commercial importance. The development of the neighbouring mining districts has however led to a mercantile revival; and in addition to doing a brisk local business, the place now prospers by the vigorous exploitation of its natural beauties.

The antiquities of Abergavenny chiefly consist of its ruined castle and dismantled priory. The history of both goes back to early days. The *Castle* stands in a fine position at the S.W. corner of the town on a knoll overlooking the river. It was founded by Hammeline de Baladun or Balun shortly after the Conquest, and passed by marriage into the family of De Braose. It was no doubt always more of a fortress than a nobleman's residence. A story which lingered long in Welsh memories illustrates the wild rule of its Norman lords. In 1176 William de Braose was surprised and captured by Sitsylt ap Dyfnwald, a chieftain of Upper Gwent. De Braose regained both his castle and his liberty by ransom; and to celebrate his return to freedom he invited the Welsh leader and 70 of his clansmen to a banquet. When the feast was at its height, a signal was given by the host, and a band of armed retainers rushed into the hall and butchered the unsuspecting guests. De Braose is said to have completed the extermination of his enemies by immediately marching to Sitsylt's stronghold and massacring the inmates. The sons of the murdered chieftain did not allow their vengeance any prolonged slumber. One day a young

clansman appeared at the castle gate, and pointing to an angle of the wall said defiantly to the seneschal, "To-night we enter the castle here." All night long the garrison watched the ramparts, but the silence was unbroken. As soon, however, as the soldiers with the coming dawn repaired to their beds, the enemy swarmed over the wall, and so terrific was their onslaught that a passing traveller declared that the Welsh arrows were to be seen piercing a door four inches thick. De Braose himself escaped, but it was only a respite. Having offended King John he died in prison, and nemesis pursued his issue. His grandson, William de Braose, having been suspected by Llewelyn of an intrigue with his wife, was invited by him to take part in the Easter festivities. Having incautiously put his head into the lion's den, he was at once seized and murdered. As in the case of most of the other Monmouthshire castles, marriage settlements constantly changed the succession of the lordship of Abergavenny. The Cantelupes, the Hastings, the Beauchamps, and finally the Nevilles all held possession in turn. Warwick, the King Maker, and the ill-fated Duke of Clarence both appear for a while as lords of Abergavenny.

Nowadays the castle is a battered and shapeless ruin which is remarkable for nothing but the grandeur of its situation. It is supposed to have consisted originally of two courts; but a gatehouse, the shell of two towers, the foundations of the original Norman keep, and portions of the connecting walls are all that remain of this once formidable stronghold. A rustic balcony has incongruously replaced the crumbling battlements; and by a freakish fancy this grim feudal fortress has been transformed

into a kind of tea garden (admission 2d.), where the band plays on an evening. A public walk surrounds the outer fortifications, from which the spectator may gather an excellent idea of the military possibilities of the situation.

The *Church* (St Mary's) at the S.E. end of the town, like the castle with which it was connected in origin, has suffered severely both from the destroyer and the restorer. It was originally the church of an alien Benedictine Priory, founded by Hammeline de Balun about 1087, in connection with the monastery of St Vincent in Mans. The names of De Braose and De Cantelupe appear in the roll of benefactors, and the estates were considerable. After the dissolution the property was acquired by the Gunter family, by whom it was subsequently conveyed to the Milbornes of Wonastow. Charles I. seems to have stayed at the Priory on one of his visits to Abergavenny. During the Civil War, the church was severely handled by Fairfax's troopers, who passed through the town on their way to Raglan. Comparatively little of the original structure now survives. It is a large cruciform building with a central battlemented tower, a choir, and N. and S. transepts which open into contiguous chapels forming choir aisles. The nave and its adjoining N. aisle are entirely modern. The original tower arches remain, but they are quite plain, and, except for a small ball-flower ornamentation round the capitals, look like Norm. work. The windows of the choir are Perp. for the most part. The choir retains its ancient carved and canopied stalls, one of which bears on the bench end the name of a former Prior "Wynchester." Beneath the seats will be

SEPULCHRAL MONUMENTS, ABERGAVENNY CHURCH

found some very fair *Misereres* or *Miséricordes*. But the chief interest of the church centres in the two side chapels, which are enriched with a series of monuments most remarkable for the illustrations they afford of the costumes of a number of consecutive periods. The ill-assorted fragments of alabaster sculpture roughly mortared into the panelling of the tombs are portions of an elaborate reredos which once stood behind the high altar in the centre of the present chancel. The monuments in the S. or Herbert chapel are:—(1) in the centre of the chapel, alabaster figures of Sir W. ap Thomas (1446) in plate armour and his wife Gladys, daughter of Sir David Gam, of Agincourt fame (1454); (2) to the W., resting on trestles, a rare and particularly graceful wooden effigy of Geo. de Cantelupe (1273), or, as Col. Bradney suggests, of John de Hastings (1313); (3) on the N. side, alabaster figure of Sir R. Herbert of Coldbrooke (his wife rests beside him), a man of great stature and a staunch Yorkist, who, after performing prodigies of valour, was taken prisoner at the battle of Banbury (1469) and in company with his brother the Earl of Pembroke promptly beheaded (p. 77); (4) a stone figure of Laurence de Hastings, Lord of Abergavenny (1318-1348); (5) at the N.E. corner Judge Powell of the Brecon circuit (died 1635), and his wife (the latter a great grand-daughter of Sir R. Herbert of Coldbrook); (6) at the other (N.W.) end of the chapel, figures, in relief, of a man and wife kneeling at a desk in the costume of the 17th cent.; (7) on the S. side of the chapel in a canopied recess, effigy of Sir R. Herbert of Ewias, son of the Earl of Pembroke

(1510); (8) stone effigy of Sir W. de Hastings (1349) in plate armour. The fragments of sculpture on some of these tombs should be noticed, especially the representations of (*a*) the Annunciation, below the tomb of Ap Thomas, and (*b*) the Assumption of the Virgin, built into the recess above the figure of the knight of Ewias. A huge wooden figure of the patriarch Jesse, out of whose "roote" originally sprang a genealogical tree bearing the Messiah, now lies beneath the E. window of this chapel. The tree has disappeared, and the "roote" is only placed here for convenience. The structure, which was apparently of 15th-cent. work, was doubtless broken up for firewood at the Reformation; and it is difficult to say what part of the church it originally adorned. In addition to the monuments there are in this chapel four small and not very interesting mural brasses: (1) on E. wall an inscription to Margaret Roberts (1637), ornamented with the figure of a woman and a babe in a cradle; (2) over the tomb of Judge Powell, a Latin inscription setting forth the dignities of the deceased justice, and concluding with a quaint conceit about a judge awaiting judgment; (3) on the E. wall of the transept pier, a Latin inscription to Richard Baker (1551); (4) a laudatory epitaph to William and Elizabeth Jones (1756), cheerfully embellished with a scythe and hour-glass, and a skull and cross-bones. This chapel contains a piscina. In the N. or Lewis chapel is another and almost as remarkable series of monuments:—(1) the effigy of a woman bearing on her breast a shield blazoned with three *fleurs-de-lys*, which is supposed by some to be Eva de Cantelupe, baroness of Abergavenny

(1257), but is thought by others to be Christina, wife of Adam Herbert (1307); (2) effigy of Eva de Braose (1246), mother of Eva de Cantelupe; (3) tomb of Dr David Lewis (1584), an Elizabethan judge of the Admiralty, and first Principal of Jesus College, Oxford. Immediately behind the last tomb is an aumbry. The visitor, before leaving the church, should notice the old Norm. font at the W. end of the nave. In the churchyard is the stump of a cross, removed hither for preservation from its original position in the market place. Its traditional name, the "bull-baiting stone," and some indications which it shows of a former ring, suggest possibly that bull-baiting was once a fashionable local sport.

Adjoining the S. side of the church is the *Priory*. The present building appears to have been constructed out of the materials of the old monastery, but retains few relics of the earlier house. The meadow in front contains a well which was once credited with healing virtues. The Church of St Mary was not the only church which Abergavenny formerly possessed. In addition to the Monastic Church there was a *Parish Church*. A tower (not the original structure) in St John's St. marks its site. There are but few remains of the actual fabric. The revenues of the church were appropriated in the reign of Henry VIII. for the foundation of a Grammar School, and the building turned over to the schoolmaster. The original stone altar slab—found built into the wall of a neighbouring inn—has been removed to Holy Trinity Church, in Baker Street. The school is now housed in some spacious new premises at the other end of the town; and the

old church has become a Freemasons' lodge. The old-time atmosphere lingers longer in this quarter of Abergavenny than elsewhere. Round about the old church will be found one or two antique-looking houses, which give the locality a pleasant air of quaintness, but none of them merits detailed examination.

Though Abergavenny has something to interest the antiquarian, it has still more to delight the scenery-lover. Everywhere the prospects are fascinating, and yield to the pedestrian, in particular, a rich and varied harvest of entertainment. The neighbourhood abounds in beautiful walks. But in search for the picturesque, one has not to go very far. It lies at the door. The "show sights" of the town are two. One is the view of the environs from the Bailey Park. The town will be seen to lie in the centre of a hilly amphitheatre, which is open only towards the S. On the N. is the graceful Sugar Loaf (1955 ft.), resting upon the backs of its three supporters, the Deri, the Rholben, and Llanwenarth Breast; on the N.E. is the Scyrryd Fawr, or Great Skyrrid (1596 ft.); on the E. the Scyrryd Fach, or Little Skyrrid (886 ft.); and on the W. towers the massive bulk of the Blorenge (1833 ft.). The second is the view from the Castle grounds up the Vale of Crickhowell—a charming panorama of river, meadow, and mountain. There are many pleasant strolls in the immediate vicinity of the town; and the ascents of the Great and Little Skyrrid, of the Sugar Loaf, and of the Blorenge, will well repay the climber. A visit should also be paid to the valley of the Clydach.

For more distant excursions, the following are the most popular objectives:—(1) Llanthonny

Abbey, (2) White Castle and Skenfrith, which may be done together; (3) Grosmont Church and Castle; (4) Usk; (5) Crickhowell. In some of these cases an alternative route is available for return. On the immediate outskirts of the town are two seats of interest: (1) on the Brecon road, Neville Court (the Marquis of Abergavenny), a modern mansion of no great magnificence; (2) on the Usk road, Coldbrook, a seat of the Herberts from the time of Henry VI. Part of the house is ancient.

Abersychan.—A large and populous manufacturing village in the valley of the Afon Llwyd, 2 m. N.W. from Pontypool, with a station on the G.W. line to Blaenavon. It may be reached also from Talywain station on the L. & N.W. line to Brynmawr. It is a congested sort of place, clustered on the hillside, and of unprepossessing appearance. There are some large mines and works in the neighbourhood, which furnish a considerable amount of employment. The church, situated at Talywain, is modern. The river valley, just above the village, still preserves some traces of its former picturesqueness.

Abertillery.—A large industrial village, in the Ebbw Fach valley, 18 m. N.N.W. from Newport, with a station on the G.W.R. line to Nantyglo; population, 6000. It gets its name from the Tillery brook, which here joins the Ebbw Fach. It is a struggling overgrown place, with long tiers of miners' cottages rising up the hill-side in monotonous succession. But a praiseworthy attempt has been made to redeem its artistic disadvantages, by transforming the floor of the valley below into a kind of public park. Tin-plate works

and collieries are the commercial features of the locality. The contiguous village of Cwmtillery, 1 m. to the N., is lumped together with Abertillery for the purposes of local government. A total population of about 22,000 is embraced within the urban district.

Alteryn.—A district 2 m. W. from Newport, through which flows the now abandoned Crumlin Canal. Owing to the unequal nature of the ground the canal has had to be stepped by the insertion of a number of locks—fourteen in all: and the locality is in consequence popularly known as the "Fourteen Locks." The canal bank is a favourite walk with Newport people (p. 205), as the neighbourhood is extremely pretty, and commands a fine view of the W. Monmouthshire hills, Twyn Barlwm and Mynydd Machen standing out conspicuously in the foreground. So picturesque is the surrounding scenery, that the district has been named by local admirers "Little Switzerland."

Avon Llwyd ("Grey River"), also known as the *Torfaen*, or Stone-breaker, a river rising in the N. of the county amongst the highlands between the Blorenge and Coity Mountain. Though here and there it still preserves traces of the happier characteristics of the mountain torrent, it is now little better than an open drain, which carries away the effluent of the works and collieries along its banks. Its valley forms the so-called Eastern Valleys, and contains about a fourth of the total population of Monmouthshire. After flowing through Pontypool, the stream leaves the hills and flows across a plain, to empty itself into the Usk at Caerleon. The district through which it runs is crowded with iron-works, and the colour of its

THE CANAL, ALTERYN, NEAR NEWPORT

waters bears ample testimony to the nature of the occupations carried on beside them.

Bassaleg (formerly Maesaleg), a village 3 m. W. from Newport. There are two railway stations, one on the G.W. line to the "Western Valleys," the other on the Brecon and Merthyr route to Rhymney. The village is prettily situated on the banks of the Ebbw, which is here spanned by a bridge. Though on the fringe of the industrial zone, the proximity of Tredegar Park has enabled Bassaleg to preserve something of its pristine rusticity. A flavour of romance also attaches to it as the home in mediæval days of Ivor the Generous (p. 78), at whose hospitable board the wandering Welsh minstrel was always assured of a ready welcome. Many of the songs of Dafydd-ap-Gwilym, the bard (p. 71), were written here whilst he resided at Ivor's court, alternately teaching letters and making love to the daughter. Bassaleg has more sober associations also. It once possessed a priory of Benedictine monks, a cell of the great Abbey of Glastonbury, to which the church was given by Robert de Haye between 1101 and 1120. The monks are said by Coxe to have been soon recalled to Glastonbury. Of the priory buildings some fragmentary ruins are said to have once existed in the midst of a wood (called *Coed-y-Mynachty*) on the banks of the Rhymney, 1 m. W. of the village, but no trace of them can now be found. The establishment appears to have been unsuccessful, for the church was "let to farm" and the priory dismantled before the Dissolution. The church is a bulky building, with a battlemented tower, perched on a slight elevation overhanging the river. The nave and adjoining S. aisle have

been rebuilt, and are obviously out of line with the chancel, an eccentricity met with occasionally in mediæval churches, but which does not occur elsewhere in Monmouthshire. Skirting the village, and stretching down the Wentloog level as far as the G.W. railway line, is Tredegar Park, the ancestral demesne of the great county family of Morgan, the present head of which, Viscount Tredegar, is a Balaclava hero. The house is some distance away on the other side of the Newport and Cardiff road. It is a red-brick mansion of undistinguished appearance, designed by Inigo Jones, though not built until after his death. The "guest hall" of the ancient mansion (described by Leland as "a fair place of stone"), whose site it now occupies, constitutes the servants' hall of the present building. The Ebbw meanders picturesquely and pleasantly through the park, which is also crossed by the railway which carries to the Newport docks the minerals from the Monmouthshire coalfields. Overhanging this railway line, and within the confines of the park, is *Gaer Hill*, upon the summit of which is a good British encampment with treble lines of rampart and fosse. The interior is an irregular parallelogram, and the outer entrances are skilfully protected by the inner lines of defence. Being near the Roman road to S. Wales, it was probably also occupied and re-fortified by the Romans as a wayside military station. Another earthwork, *Craig-y-Saesson*, is on a neighbouring eminence 1 m. to the W. *Rogerstone* is a hamlet 1½ m. N., where there is a small modern church. It was formerly the site of a fortified manor-house, *Rogerstone Castle*, one of the many ancient homes of the Morgans. Between Rogerstone and Risca is a wayside "public," the

TREDEGAR HOUSE

"Welsh Oak," where the Chartist rioters called for refreshment during their nocturnal march upon Newport in 1839. Not content with sampling the character of the "cellar," they waggishly marked their disapproval of the entertainment which the house afforded by turning on all the taps and flooding the place. *Tydee* is a manufacturing village close by, with a station on the G.W.R. "Western Valleys" line. It has extensive screw and wire-nail works, brought here from the Midlands. *Fox Hill Wood*, overlooking Tydee, is a "sylvan retreat" of some attractions, and in much favour with picnic parties from the adjoining districts.

Beacon Mountain, a bulky hill in the N.W. of the county, between the Ebbw Fawr and the Ebbw Fach, crowned by a tump, which was probably the site of some ancient signalling station.

Bedwas, a village on the Rhymney river, 11 m. W. from Newport, with a station on the Brecon and Merthyr Railway. A highway bridge connects the county with Glamorganshire, and gives the traveller access to Caerphilly, which will be seen on the other side of the valley. In addition, a lengthy viaduct of girder work, supported on stone piers, has recently been erected across the vale to carry the Barry Railway into Monmouthshire, and to enable the Welsh ports to tap the Monmouthshire minerals. Bedwas has a fringe of collieries surrounding it, but they are not obtrusively prominent. The church (St Barrog) stands in close proximity to the station, on a hill-side above the village. It is an uninteresting structure, with a saddle-back tower, but shows some signs of antiquity. It has a good Norm. font, ornamented with cable moulding; and what looks like the octagonal basin

of a later font, ornamented with some ball-flower work, lies upside down in the churchyard.

Bedwellty, a parish in the western part of the county, 16 m. N.W. from Newport (nearest stats. Argoed on the L. & N.W. Sirhowy branch, and Aberbargoed on the B. & M., 1 m.). Anciently the parish was of vast extent, and included within its boundaries Ebbw Vale, Rhymney, and Tredegar. The church (St Sinnan)—now a prolific mother of churches—sits in solitary state on the top of the hill, high above the daughter parishes. It is a queer old building, with a W. battlemented tower, and two aisles of such equal size that it is difficult to say which is the nave. Apparently some churchwardens of a bygone generation thought the honours so equally divided that they demolished the original chancel and made another, comprehensive enough to embrace the two. The one outstanding architectural feature of the church is a low and massive E.E. arcade, with cylindrical columns, which runs down the centre of the building. At the N. side of the sanctuary is a fine old vestments chest, carved with the Five Wounds and other emblems of the Passion, but now rather the worse for wear. In the churchyard is the stump of a cross and an eighteenth century lych-gate. 1 m. to the S. is *Plas Bedwellty*, a former seat of the Morgans, but now a farm. Another branch of the family were housed at *Penllyn*, by the side of the Maesycwmmer road.

Bertholey, a mansion (J. Cory), picturesquely situated amongst the woods which cover the N.W. flank of the Wentwood Hills, 9 m. N.E. of Newport. It was once a seat of the Kemeys family, and commands a good view of the Usk valley. In a field below the house is a

small ruined chapelry, which is now used as a cowshed.

Bettws, a small parish near Malpas, 2½ m. N.W. from Newport, lying to the W. of the Newport and Pontypool road. The name *Bettws*, which is of frequent occurrence, is supposed by some to be a corruption of the English *bede-house*, "house of prayer." The church, which stands on the top of a knoll, is a small building of some antiquity but no interest.

Bettws Newydd, a parish 4 m. N.N.W. from Usk, on the Abergavenny road, *viâ* Clytha. A few houses scattered by the roadside give it the semblance of a village. The church lies behind a large house on the right (as you leave Usk). It is a plain little building, with a belfry and a W. porch. But it has the unusual merit of possessing a very handsome rood screen, with its accompanying rood loft intact. The screen, though small, is elegantly designed, and should certainly be seen by those interested in mediæval woodwork. In the churchyard are some fine yews, and outside the gate a "lipping" or mounting stone. A long lane on the left of the main road puts the village in communication with the lower road to Abergavenny, which is here crossed by a good iron bridge recently erected to replace an old chain bridge.

Bishton, a parish, 1½ m. E. from Llanwern stat. The church (St Cadwallader's) is a small plain building with a battlemented W. tower. Within is a trefoiled hagioscope, and two small sculptured heads will be noticed projecting from the chancel arch. A string of cottages up a lane near the church forms the village.

Blackwood, a straggling village in the Sirhowy valley, 15 m. N.W. from Newport, with a station

on the Sirhowy branch of the L. & N.W.R. It is an unattractive place, occupied almost entirely by colliers, but the surrounding scenery is charming, as the valley opens out into a wide sunny vale, prettily wooded at the sides and floored with green pastures.

BLAENAVON, a town of 10,869 inhabitants, and situated, as the name indicates, near the source of the Avon Llwyd, 6 m. N. of Pontypool, with a terminal station on the G.W.R. "Eastern Valleys" section, and another at a higher level on the L. & N.W. branch from Abersychan to Brynmawr. It is a busy industrial district, perched at an altitude of 1100 ft. in an open valley at the S.W. end of the Blorenge, and on the very verge of the Monmouthshire coalfield. On the N. and W. the coal measures are superseded by the limestone and old red sandstone *strata*. Blaenavon is not a very attractive place, as the huge ironworks and attendant collieries and quarries, to which it owes its existence and prosperity, are in close proximity, and the whole neighbourhood is covered with workings and slag-heaps. The town itself consists of an irregular collection of small shops and workmen's cottages, but boasts a town hall and a large institute. The church was built by the Blaenavon Company in 1805, and bears a sort of trade mark in the shape of an iron doorstep and font. *Capel Newydd* is a small and ancient chapelry about a mile S.E., which has been transformed into a larger church. The neighbourhood, owing to its high and breezy situation, is naturally healthy.

BLAINA (properly *Blaenau*), a populous village on the Ebbw Fach, 20 m. N.N.W. from Newport and 4 m. N. from Aberbeeg junction, with a

THE BLORENGE MOUNTAIN

station on the G.W.R. branch to Nantyglo—population, including Nantyglo, 13,489. It is one of the few places in these valleys which had some sort of an existence before the industrial flood was let loose to people their solitudes. Anciently the parish was known as Aberstruth, or Blaenau Gwent, and included within its boundaries a large number of districts which are now occupied by flourishing colliery villages. The modern Blaina is a typical product of the industrial revolution. It is a mere jumble of miners' cottages, collieries, and iron works; but is locally regarded as a town on the strength of a row of shops and a public hall. A not unhandsome modern church, with a spire, occupies the site of the old parish church of Aberstruth in the centre of the village. Some important iron and tin-plate works and a large number of collieries provide the district with its means of livelihood.

Blorenge, The, a fine mountain in the N.W. of the county, projecting like a bastion from the N.E. corner of the West Monmouthshire tableland, of which it is the second highest point—1833 ft. It is seen to great advantage from Abergavenny, where its huge mass seems immediately to overhang the town. There is an impressive majesty in the way in which it here confronts the spectator; but from a more distant point of view it appears merely as a bulky termination to a long chain of hills almost as eminent. It is most easily ascended from Llanfoist, but may also be scaled by way of Blaenavon. Though it presents few difficulties, the climb is stiff; but the view from the summit is remarkably fine. The S.E. face is indented with a conspicuous depression, locally known as the Punch-bowl,

which was formerly the favourite resort of the workers from the neighbouring collieries and iron works when they desired to indulge in a sportsman-like exhibition of "the noble art."

Bryngwyn ("White Hill"), a parish 2 m. W.N.W. of Raglan. The church is an uninteresting building, with a small W. battlemented tower, which retains a pre-Reformation bell. The rood loft stairway and window remain in the nave, and in the vestry is the old church chest. A tree on the green in front of the church gate was planted to mark the accession of Queen Victoria. *Campwood*, near the Usk Road, is an oval encampment, surrounded by a single ditch, and standing on the top of a wooded hill.

CAERLEON, a small town on the Usk, 3 m. N.E. from Newport, with a station on the G.W. line to Hereford. Its earliest name is said to have been Caerwysc, "the camp on the Usk." How it came by its change of title is uncertain. Its present name has been supposed to mean "the camp of the legion." Its military associations seem to make the derivation plausible. A certain quaintness still pervades its narrow streets and imparts to it a savour of antiquity, but there is nothing in the present aspect of Caerleon to suggest its original importance. It is now little better than a sluggish village. Yet here was *Isca Silurum*, the ancient capital of S. Wales, the metropolis of "the other half" of Roman Britain, and, at a later date, one of the archiepiscopal Sees of the West. And besides these genuine historical claims, it won for itself a wide but fictitious renown as the scene of the mythical exploits of King Arthur. Tennyson, for the sake of local colour, settled down here for some

CAERLEON

months to write his "Idylls of the King." But whatever may be its interest for the historian, to the sightseer it will prove something of a disappointment. The contents of a small, but instructive, museum, a few crumbling remnants of the city wall, and some green embankments marking the site of an amphitheatre, are all the monuments that survive of the Roman occupation. There is no question, however, of its importance in Roman times. It is supposed to have been founded by Julius Frontinus (p. 41), and its position on the *Via Julia*—the highway from Bath to the West—would make it a military station of note. Of the four legions which took part in the invasion of Britain (the 2nd, the 9th, the 14th, and the 20th), the 2nd formed part of the force occupied in the conquest of the Silures, and had here its headquarters; and here it remained until the latter part of the third century. In the Danish wars the place was ravaged by fire and sword; but at the end of the tenth century it still retained sufficient magnificence to be considered worthy on two occasions to become the scene of a royal visit. King Edgar came here in 958 and again in 962.

There is little on the spot to enable the visitor to picture the outward appearance of this Roman military depôt. The area enclosed by the city walls seems to have been small, but the suburbs were extensive. The hillsides in the vicinity were covered with the villas of the well-to-do. The quarters of the soldiers were in a camp outside the town. The social life of the place is more easily reconstructed. A brief inspection of the museum will show how the residents furnished their homes and buried their dead, how the ladies dressed them-

selves and the soldiers amused themselves, how the slave toiled and the man of fashion played, how the timorous sought to propitiate the deities or to flatter the emperor, and how anxious the vain and wealthy were to hand down their names to posterity. The museum is a small and severe-looking "classical" building near the church (admission free—keys obtainable at the house opposite). The collection is slight, but good and well arranged. Amongst the more noteworthy contents are some tessellated pavements (one of which bears a unique maize pattern), a votive inscription, with effigies, to *Fortuna* and *Bonus Eventus*, an imperial effigy, a floriated tablet bearing the garlanded image of an emperor, a dedication tablet to the emperors Severus and Antoninus (Caracalla), and the Cæsar Geta, with the latter's name curiously erased, and a clay tablet on which an idle soldier has scrawled his name. There are a number of trinkets, coins, querns, cinerary urns, vases, fragments of pottery, a lachrymatory, and a beautifully enamelled *fibula* found at Usk. The clumsy pottery produced at home should be compared with the more elegant Samian ware imported from abroad. The whole exhibition is most instructive and entertaining, and is not too extensive to be wearisome. The amphitheatre, and the only remaining fragment of the city wall, will be found both together in a river-side field, near the entrance to the town (take the pathway through the first field on the left, after crossing the bridge). The amphitheatre, locally known as *King Arthur's Round Table*, is a small depression surrounded by an embankment. A neighbouring mead, traditionally called the *Bear House Field*, is grimly suggestive of the usual nature of a Roman

holiday. The old city wall separates the Round Table field from the grounds of an adjoining private residence. The masonry is much decayed, and its character somewhat impaired by a "Gothic" archway. Besides these Roman remains, Caerleon has two other antiquities worthy of note. Of these one is a huge conical mound, surmounted by a flagstaff, and known as the *Castle*. It is in private grounds, and is not accessible to the public, but its position may be observed from the bridge. Its origin is doubtful. The general opinion is that it is a Saxon burgh, but it is more probable that it was a Norman block-house—cp. the tumulus at Trelleck. The second consists of an ivy-covered round tower near the "Hanbury Arms," and the fragments of a similar fortification on the opposite bank of the river. They were originally intended to afford protection for the bridge which formerly spanned the stream at this point.

The ecclesiastical, like the civil, importance of Caerleon belonged to its very early days, and suffered a similar eclipse. In the Diocletian persecution the town is said to have had its confessors. Aaron and Julius (whose name is preserved in St Julian's) were reputed martyrs in whose honour local shrines were erected. At the Council of Arles, in 314 A.D., one of the British delegates is supposed by some to have been Archbishop of Caerleon; but it was under the rule of Dubricius in the sixth century that Caerleon attained its chief ecclesiastical splendour as the metropolitan see of Wales, and became known far and wide as a seat of British learning. Dubricius' successor, St David, brought this prosperity to an abrupt conclusion by transferring his bishop's stool to St David's.

The *Church* (St Cadoc) in the centre of the town is a spacious building, but to the antiquarian somewhat lacking in interest. With the exception of an E.E. embattled tower at the S.W. corner, it is Perp. throughout, and contains nothing remarkable except a rude Norman arcade built into the internal wall of the tower. From the discovery of a votive tablet in the churchyard (now in the museum) it is conjectured that the site was once occupied by a temple of Diana. In addition to the chapels of St Aaron and St Julius, which once existed in the immediate neighbourhood, a third sanctuary, dedicated to St Alban, stood at the E. of the town. There are three encampments in the neighbourhood: (1) in *St Julian's Wood*, by the side of the Newport Road; (2) at *Lodge Hill*, on the road to Malpas—a rather remarkable elliptical entrenchment, supposed by some to have been the quarters of the Second Legion; (3) *Penrhos*, a square camp to the N. of the town, overlooking the Afon Llwyd. Traces of Roman occupation have been found both at the last place and also at the neighbouring farmstead of *Bulmoor*, on the road to Kemeys Inferior. *St Julian's*, an old Elizabethan mansion by the river-side, on the road to Newport (near the tramway terminus), was once the home of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and is traditionally said to stand on the site of the shrine of the Martyr Julius. It has been largely rebuilt, and is now turned into a modern residence. The arms of the Herberts of St Julian's, whose heiress the poet married, remain over the doorway.

Caerwent (*i.e. caer Gwent*), a village on the Newport and Chepstow road, $5\frac{1}{2}$ m. S.W. from

Chepstow (nearest station Portskewett). Though possessing few attractions for the ordinary traveller, Caerwent is a place of quite unusual interest for the historical student, for it contains some of the best preserved remains of a Roman city in Britain. Though Roman relics kept turning up in large quantities from time to time, it was not until 1902 that excavations were systematically commenced. A careful examination of the neighbourhood is now being carried out, thanks largely to the generosity of Viscount Tredegar; and an iron museum has been erected to house the treasures brought to light. The city, which was known as *Venta Silurum*, appears to have sprung up on the site of a military encampment, for the existing walls enclose some earlier embankments. As the legions fought their way westwards and took possession of Caerleon, the military station at Caerwent became a residential town, and the villas of the gentry superseded the rough quarters of the soldiers. The city must have had an existence of considerable duration, as the spade of the excavator has laid bare, on the sites of some of the villas, as many as three successive foundations. It was surrounded by a rectangular wall, strengthened at intervals by bastions. The N. and S. walls were over 500 yds. long, the E. and W. about 390, and enclosed an area of 40 acres. The remains are best seen on the S. The town was traversed by two main streets, which intersected one another, and was entered by four gates. The E. and W. entrances were no doubt demolished on the construction of the Newport and Chepstow road, but the N. and S. gates still remain. It was evidently "no mean city," and was provided with all the appliances of

Roman civilization. The foundations of a large *basilica*, an elliptical amphitheatre, an interesting Roman temple (which may subsequently have been used as a Christian church), a small circular potter's kiln, and portions of a bathing establishment have been unearthed; and the site is crowded with the remains of the hypocausts of private residences. In addition to a number of private wells (one of which may still be seen near the ruins of the basilica) the city was furnished with a good public water supply, conveyed in wooden pipes connected by iron collars. A curious feature in connection with the existing well is that on the excavation of the Severn Tunnel, which drained the district of water for miles round, this well never ran dry, a circumstance which has been explained by the excellent "puddling" of the ancient ramparts. Many of these remains may be inspected *in situ*, where investigations are at the moment proceeding; but as the survey is completed, the ground is constantly being filled in and returned to the farmer, so that the dimensions and position of many of them can now only be ascertained by the visitor by consulting the official plan exhibited in the museum. This structure will be found at the top of the lane leading northwards from the church (admission 6d.). Its contents are too numerous and promiscuous to be here catalogued. The collection is worthy of a careful examination. It includes portions of columns, pavements, inscribed tablets, querns, fragments of pottery, tiles, human remains, iron and bronze articles, a horde of coins, and even hob-nailed sandals. Amongst the more recent finds is the seated figure of a goddess, carved in freestone,

which is supposed to represent a British deity. Nothing like it has hitherto been found in these islands. One object is of peculiar interest, as it establishes the identity of the city. This is an inscribed stone discovered on the village green, and apparently originally erected by the city council as a public memorial to one Paulinus, a former governor of the city. A suggestion has been hazarded that Caerwent was once a port, and that vessels were able to sail up the estuary of the Nedern river and lie alongside the city walls in a kind of pill. But the theory lacks corroboration.

Like Caerleon, Caerwent has Christian as well as Pagan associations. Tradition relates that it became eminent as the site of a monastic school, and efforts have been made to claim it as the birthplace of St Melo. The *church* near the village green is rather disappointing. Prof. Freeman suggested that it was probably once of much greater extent, and was constructed on the site, and out of the materials, of some dismantled temple. In the main it is Perp., but retains an E.E. chancel arch; and on the S. side of the modern chancel are some indications of a rude arcade, which presumably once separated it from a now demolished aisle. Notwithstanding the flatness of the arches, it is generally regarded as E.E. The best feature of the church is the fine two-storeyed N. porch (Perp.). The gateway and stoup should be noticed, as also a second stoup and Caroline pulpit within the church. The unbuttressed W. tower bears some likeness to the type of Somerset towers across the water. In the churchyard is a tombstone with an incised cross and inscription, and a heap of discarded masonry, possibly in part Roman.

Caldicot, a largish village, 6 m. S.W. from Chepstow (nearest stat. Severn Tunnel Junction, $1\frac{1}{4}$ m.), deriving its name from its original proximity to Wentwood—Cil-y-coed, "the cell of the wood." It stands on the fringe of the lowlands, a pleasant enough place in itself, but with nothing showy in the way of surroundings. Its antiquarian interest, however, is considerable, for it possesses both a good church and a remarkable castle. The *church* is a somewhat heterogeneous and unsymmetrical structure with many features of merit, but spoilt architecturally as a whole by its lop-sidedness. Though the builders have given it a central tower, they have abandoned the usual cruciform design by omitting the transepts, and by way of compensation have added a N. aisle. In style the building is a blend of Dec. and Perp. Its most admirable feature is a fine S. porch (Perp.). A disused doorway indicates that it was once provided with a parvise. Note here (1) consecration cross on jamb of inner doorway; (2) figure of the Virgin (to whom the church is dedicated) on the inside wall above the outer doorway; (3) defaced recumbent effigy built into S.E. corner of the wall; (4) corbels supporting rafters of roof. Inside the church itself should be observed: (1) the reticulated tracery and unusual contour of W. window; (2) the curiously designed Perp. window at the S.W. end of nave; (3) the small Dec. window in chancel; (4) the rood loft door on the N. The screen is modern. One of the external gables of the roof carries as a finial a particularly good cross. The *castle*, at the S.E. corner of the village, near the church, stands on rising ground overlooking the adjoining level. Apart from its surroundings, it is

one of the most picturesque of the Monmouthshire fortresses; and though recently modernized, it still presents a very striking appearance. It well repays inspection, as it is one of the finest extant examples of mediæval military masonry. Originally fortified by Milo FitzWalter (d. 1144), in the days of King Stephen, the stronghold in the fourteenth century passed into the hands of the powerful family of the De Bohuns, Earls of Hereford, who are probably responsible for its elaborate extension. From them it came by marriage to Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, who was done to death by Richard II. in 1397. As a memorial of his contribution to the fabric he has left his name stamped on the jamb of the postern gatehouse. Though the castle is said to have been dismantled as a fortress by Edward IV., it was from here that Henry Stafford, the second Duke of Buckingham, in a fit of indignation, marched against Richard III., but was prevented from joining issue with the royal forces by an unusually high tide in the Severn. In the reign of Henry VIII. the castle was formally annexed to the Duchy of Lancaster, and now is private property. The fortress faces S.W., and on this side it presents an imposing frontage. The entrance gateway, flanked by two formidable-looking machicolated towers, has been repaired and made habitable by the owner. An adjoining stretch of masonry is pierced by the traceried lights of the original banqueting hall, but the chamber has gone. This fine front forms one side of a large and irregularly-shaped courtyard, and is linked up on either side to the postern gatehouse in the rear by lofty curtain walls, relieved at intervals with drum towers. Standing on a mound at the N.E. corner,

and built into the connecting fortifications, is the original Norman keep, the work of FitzWalter. The remainder of the castle (with the exception of the front and postern gatehouses, which were probably added in the reign of Richard II.) is generally assigned to the time of Edward II. The defaced sculptured corbels (believed originally to have been portraits) which supported the vaulting ribs of the main entrance, and the groined staircase should be noticed. The general arrangements of the castle will also repay study, as there is here presented an admirable example of a feudal fortress of the best type. The builders found themselves unembarrassed by any limitations of site, and left here an embodiment of the military and domestic ideas of the age. The owner, though anxious to keep the tripper at a distance, courteously opens his doors to the *bona fide* antiquarian.

Caldicot and Wentloog Levels.—A low-lying alluvial plain, bordering the Bristol Channel, and constituting the seaboard of the county. It has been formed by the deposit washed down from the hills by the rivers, or left by the receding sea. The district is from 2 to 3 m. wide, and about 22 m. long. The estuary of the Usk divides the Caldicot from the Wentloog level. It is a dull and uninviting tract of country, traversed by innumerable ditches of stagnant water, called "rhines," but withal fairly sprinkled with small villages and farmsteads. As the surface of the fields is little above high-water mark, it has been frequently visited by inundations, the most notable one being the great flood of 1606, of which memorial tablets are to be found in many of the local churches. A conspicuous feature of the neighbourhood is the

elaborate care taken to prevent a recurrence of these catastrophes by the erection of strong sea-walls. A high bank of earth everywhere fences the Channel, and the foreshore is further protected in many places by massive structures of masonry, the interstices of which are from time to time filled in with cement—a process locally termed "grouting." The district contains one or two noteworthy churches, viz., Caldicot, Magor, and Redwick on the E. side of the Usk, and Peterstone on the W. Both levels also had their castles, each of which was at one time an elaborate fortification. Caldicot is still one of the finest castles in the county. The other, *Green Castle*, or Castell Glas, which stood on the banks of the Ebbw river, 2 m. S.W. from Newport, is now demolished. Traces of its foundations are discernible near Greenfield farm, a little to the S. of the Newport and Cardiff road, near Ebbw bridge. The stronghold belonged originally to the Dukes of Lancaster, and is said to have been a place of some strength and pretensions. At Goldcliff, on the Caldicot level (where there was once a Priory), and at St Bride's, on the Wentloog level, Newport people occasionally find an afternoon's diversion by imagining themselves at the sea-side.

CHEPSTOW, a market town of 3067 inhabitants, near the mouth of the Wye, with a station on the G.W. main line from Gloucester to S. Wales, which is also a junction for the Wye Valley branch. The railway track is carried over from the Gloucestershire side of the river by a fantastic-looking iron bridge, built by Brunel in 1852. It is a sort of suspension bridge slung by a series of linked rods from some tubular girders, and stiffened by vertical

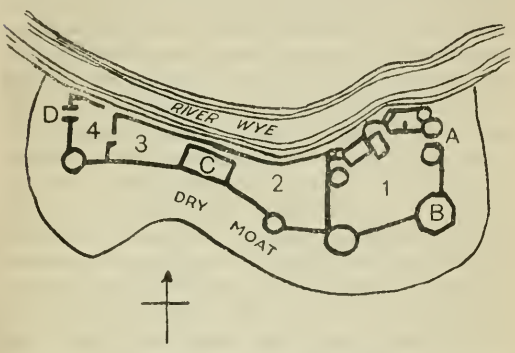
struts. The town is an unpretentious little place, with narrow and inconveniently declivitous streets. But what it lacks in attractiveness it makes up for in interest. Quite apart from its justly famous surroundings, Chepstow itself has plenty to show the sightseer. It is one of the few walled towns in England, it has a magnificent castle, and a church of more than common antiquarian value; and it can claim the distinction of registering some of the highest tides in the kingdom, for sometimes as much as 50 ft. can be measured between high and low water.

The town has a long, but not very illustrious, history. Its old British name of *Castell Gwent* has long since died out, but its Saxon title of Cheapstow ("the place of merchandise," cp. *Cheapside*), as appealing to a nation of shopkeepers, has even survived its later Norman appellation of Striguil—a fact which may be due to its having attained to some commercial importance before the coming of the Normans. What use the Romans made of the site is doubtful, but the existence of a course of Roman bricks in the castle wall indicates that there must have been in the neighbourhood a Roman settlement. It was the existence of its Norman castle which gave Chepstow its place in history. The town itself appears to have had no separate story. To-day its reputation is made by its scenery, though it still enjoys a little quiet commercial prosperity. It subsists chiefly on a small coasting trade and the activity of some iron-works and a shipbuilding yard.

The chief antiquities of Chepstow are the walls, the castle, and the church. The *Walls* still encompass the town almost in their entirety, and may be

THE WYE, NEAR CHEPSTOW

examined in detail either from a piece of waste land near the river (take the first turning to the left after leaving the station) or from the public park near the castle. The old west gateway, bearing above its portal some weather-worn quarterings, stands at the top of the main street, as an additional memorial of the ancient fortifications. But the



1. 1st Court. A. Main Entrance.
2. 2nd ,, B. Henry Marten's Tower.
3. 3rd ,, C. Keep.
4. 4th ,, D. Postern.

Sketch Plan of Chepstow Castle.

interest of the walls is quite secondary to that of the *Castle*. The latter is perched on a narrow platform of rock overhanging the river to the N. of the town, and is separated from the town-wall by a deep dingle. For the stern picturesqueness of its situation it has no rival in the county. The entrance will be found at the lower end of the town (admission 6d.). It is a fine example of a feudal fortress of the more spacious type, and exhibits the gradual

elaboration of mediæval military architecture. The ruin as it now stands represents an Edwardian reconstruction of the original Norman stronghold, with a few later additions. Its builders evidently had some regard for their comfort, as well as for the necessities of warfare. Its founder was William Fitz-Osborne, Earl of Hereford, one of Duke William's right-hand men in the Conquest, who died in 1070. His son, Roger de Breteuil, forfeited his inheritance by an act of rebellion, and on his imprisonment his estates were conferred on Richard de Clare, the father of the famous Strongbow, conqueror of Ireland. Roger's fate is a warning to those who sport with the anger of kings. When Roger was in custody, the king, softened by the occurrence of the Easter festivities, sent to his prisoner his royal robes, as a gracious indication that, though out of sight, he was not altogether out of mind. The captive, in a fit of ill-judged spleen, contemptuously kicked the bundle into the fire. "He seems a very proud man, this Roger," remarked the king mildly, on being told of the insult; then suddenly losing his temper, he roared out in a fury, "By the brightness of God, he shall never come out of prison as long as I live." The stern monarch was as good as his word, and Roger died a captive. By various intermarriages the castle passed into the possession first of William Marshal, the famous Earl of Pembroke (p. 50); then of Hugh Bigod, Earl of Norfolk; and finally came into the hands of the Somerset family, through their connections the Herberts of Raglan. It was to Chepstow Castle that Richard Marshall retired on his disgrace at Court in the reign of Henry III., and from it he issued in conjunction with Hubert

de Burgh to make common cause with Llewelyn in his attack on Grosmont (p. 50). In the Great Rebellion the castle was garrisoned for the king, but, for some unaccountable reason, fell an easy prey to the Parliamentary forces under Col. Morgan. It was, however, again secured for the Royalists by Sir Nicholas Kemeys; and though more slenderly manned than before, it made a much stouter defence, and for a while baffled even the efforts of Cromwell himself. Having more important matters to attend to, the Parliamentary leader left the conduct of the siege in the hands of Col. Ewer, who finally carried the castle by an assault in which all the defenders perished. The garrison made a shrewd effort to escape by the water-gate, but were foiled by the vigilance of a Puritan soldier, who swam the river and cut loose the boat. The castle and the adjoining chase of Wentwood were granted by Parliament to Cromwell as a reward for his services; but on the Restoration the property reverted to its former owner, the Marquis of Worcester. By way of reprisal, when the king came to his own again, Henry Marten, the regicide, was immured in the fortress for the rest of his days; and here he died, an old man, in 1680. The natural strength of the position is quite as remarkable as the skill with which it has been fortified. The castle stands on a narrow and isolated platform of rock, rising from the bed of the river like a precipice. The fortifications follow the contour of the cliff, a circumstance which renders the ground plan of the fortress exceedingly irregular.

The arrangement consists of a series of four consecutive courts, which slope upwards from E. to W., the keep standing at the top. The main

entrance is at the E., the lowest and widest end of the ledge of rock. It consists of a gatehouse flanked by two small circular towers. Another and larger cylindrical tower defends the S.E. corner of this frontage. Note (1) portcullis groove in gateway, and the old iron-plated door; (2) figures on the battlements of the S.W. tower and the projecting oratory window. The gateway gives entrance to the first and largest court. Here, on the right, are the state apartments, with large Dec. windows, and the offices. Beneath them is a groined and vaulted store cellar, communicating with the river. Overlooking this water-gate is a projecting side-window, from which may be caught a very impressive view of the keep perched on the cliff above. On the left of the court is the large S.E. round tower, the scene of Henry Marten's long imprisonment. The regicide's captivity could hardly have been of a very rigorous character. He was permitted to enjoy the companionship of his wife, and the services of two domestics; and he was apparently occasionally allowed out of bounds, for he was a frequent visitor at St Pierre. Nor did his confinement break his spirit, for he declared himself to the last an unrepentant republican, and quite unwilling to put the king's head on again. Though an ardent leveller, he is said to have been a man of genial disposition, and much liked for his "good company." The royalists were apparently not the only people who thought the round tower a suitable place in which to lock up their political opponents, for the same "comfortable suite of apartments" which were occupied by Marten had previously been tenanted by Jeremy Taylor, who compulsorily passed some quiet hours of meditation

CHEPSTOW CASTLE

within these walls. The tower staircase should be climbed, and the little oratory on the top storey inspected (note the piscina and the rather unusual ornamentation round the E. window). In the centre of the court grows a wide-spreading walnut tree, and at the far end is a fireplace, possibly intended for the comfort of the men-at-arms (cp. *Usk*). At the entrance to the second court is the kitchen, distinguishable by its wide chimney. In the third court is the castle keep, by far the most interesting portion of the ruins. It is a long and lofty rectangular structure of Norman masonry. Its position for defensive purposes is admirably chosen, for a narrow pathway alone parts it from the edge of the cliff. In Edwardian times it appears to have been transformed into an elegant banqueting hall; and though now it is completely gutted, the original arrangements are fairly discernible. It must either have been furnished with galleries or divided into different storeys by wooden floors; and at the W. end there was a "solar," with a sleeping chamber above. The basement was possibly used as a guard-room.

The fine Dec. window on the right, the rude Norman arcades on the left, and the responds of the elaborately sculptured central archway should be noticed.

Beyond the enclosing courtyard is a fourth court, which forms a kind of barbican. It terminates in a postern-gatehouse on the W.; and on the S. will be observed a small sally-port.

After the ruins have been carefully examined, a walk should be taken up the pleasant dingle which forms the defence of the castle on the S., and separates it from the town wall. It has now been

turned into a kind of public park, which gives access to the upper part of the town. The row of Roman bricks in the exterior wall of the keep should be noticed; and a climb should be taken to the knoll at the W. end of the castle, for it commands a fine view of the river and a glimpse of the distant Wyndcliff.

The *Parish Church*, which lies at the lower end of the town, between the castle and the station, was once a building of cathedral-like dimensions. It was originally the minster of an alien priory of Benedictines from Cormeilles in Normandy, founded by the lords of Chepstow—probably either Fitz-Osborne or Richard de Clare — before 1168. Time and fanaticism have dealt hardly with it, and many of its most striking features have been destroyed; and by way of compensation for these dilapidations several incongruous "improvements" have been added. Nothing is left of the earlier fabric but the skeleton of the nave and the W. front, which is now the most interesting portion of the building. This exhibits a rich circular-headed recessed doorway, plentifully ornamented by zig-zag mouldings, and supported by sculptured columns. Above it is a good Norm. triplet. The effect of this fine front is spoilt by the ridiculous tower which surmounts it. The interior, which consists of a series of round-headed arches springing from rectangular piers of masonry, and carrying a Norman triforium and clerestory, must in the original form have possessed from its massiveness a certain grim dignity, though the workmanship is too rude to be beautiful. It has, however, been shorn of its earlier glory by the removal of its aisles and choir. The base of a massive clustered column suggests

that the church once had a central tower. The modern chancel is fairly effective, but the transepts are poor. Note should be taken of (1) the fine Perp. font at the W. end; (2) the Norman responds in a recess near the N. doorway and on the opposite side of the aisle; (3) the Dec. doorway built into the N. wall of the sanctuary. There are two noteworthy monuments, one beneath an arch in the N. aisle to the second Earl of Worcester and his wife (1549), and the other—a singular memorial of conjugal felicity—at the end of the S. transept, to Margaret Clayton and her two husbands (1620). Near the N. doorway is a broken slab, part of the gravestone of Henry Marten the regicide, bearing a eulogistic epitaph in the form of an acrostic of his own composition.

In addition to the Priory Church within the town, Chepstow once possessed another monastic house outside the walls. This was the Priory of St Kynemark at Crossway Green on the road to Piercefield. A few fragments of the original masonry are embodied in the wall of a stable which now occupies the site. Coxe mentions the remains of no less than four small subsidiary chapels as existing within the town in his day, but put to secular uses. There is said to be a curious well in a garden near the bridge, which ebbs and flows with the tide, but in the contrary direction. When the tide is in, the well is out and *vice versa*. The number of pleasant excursions from Chepstow is legion. The Wyndcliff and Tintern (*par excellence*), Piercefield, Mathern, Shire Newton, Caerwent, Mounton, Runston, and Caldicot are all in the neighbourhood, and afford pleasant and not too fatiguing outings.

Christchurch, a parish on the crest of a hill 3 m. N.E. from Newport. The elevated position of the church makes it a landmark for miles round; and the churchyard commands an exceptionally fine panorama of the surrounding country. On the S. the eye ranges over the low-lying Caldicot level and the Severn Sea beyond; Portishead, Clevedon, and even Weston, are plainly discernible on the other side of the water. On the N. the spectator looks down upon Caerleon and the valley of the Usk, with its background of "huge hill tops." The church, one of the finest in the county, is well worth inspection. It probably owes its exceptional magnificence to its close connection with the Priory of Goldcliff, to which the advowson was presented by Robert de Chandos its founder in A.D. 1113. It is a noble building (Perp. in the main) of five bays, with a plain but lofty E.E. tower, covered with a low pyramidal roof, at the S.W. end (note the lancet with fragments of miniature tracery on the N. face). Externally should be noted also the E.E. lancets at the N. and S. sides of the sanctuary, and the bases of the original E.E. triplet at the E. end, now replaced by a large Perp. window of five lights. Within, on the chancel floor, is a large tombstone with incised figures of John Colmer and Isabel his wife (1376). This slab was once credited with possessing healing virtues for those who lay upon it on the vigil of Corpus Christi. Note also (1) the indication of the rood loft, and the carved panels of perhaps the original loft now worked up into a low chancel screen, (2) the way in which the chancel arch is brought forward in front of the piers of the aisle, to avoid the necessity for squints, (3) the

piscina in the sanctuary, and the more elaborate one in the S. aisle or chapel, (4) the circular stoup inside the doorway, (5) the good Norm. inner doorway to S. porch (cp. Whitson), (6) the richly carved pedestals of different design at the W. end, possibly originally made to flank the altar. At the churchyard gate is an old house, evidently of ecclesiastical origin. Possibly it was the ancient vicarage. Two m. to the N.E., and about the same distance from Caerleon, amongst the outbuildings of St Alban's House is the ruined chapel of St Julian's (p. 112). The little of it that remains is not, however, much in evidence.

Clytha, a mansion and park belonging to the Herbert family, 5 m. N. of Usk at the parting of the roads from Abergavenny to Usk and Monmouth. The latter road ascends a hill through a deep cutting picturesquely festooned with creepers. The park, which stretches on each side of the road, forms a pretty undulating landscape, whose natural attractions some former owner of the estate has sought to enhance by some architectural erections of doubtful merit. Crowning a knoll on one side of the road is an embattled structure, locally known as Clytha Castle; and on the other side of the road is a Gothic gateway spanning the drive to Clytha House (W. R. J. Herbert). Behind the castle, and overhanging the Usk road, is a striking-looking conical hill, topped with a clump of fir trees. This is *Coed-y-Bunydd*. On the summit of the hill, which commands an admirable view, is an excellent specimen of a so-called British encampment. It is circular in shape, and defended on the more accessible side by a triple row of fortifications originally composed in part of masonry, with an

outstanding tumulus commanding the entrance. A single rampart seems to have been regarded as a sufficient protection for the steeper face of the hill. It is possible that excavations may prove it to be of Norman origin.

Coedkernew, a parish on the Wentloog Level, 4½ m. S.S.W. from Newport (nearest station Marshfield, 1½ m.). The church is a small modern edifice. There is no village.

Coity Mountain, a bulky and somewhat characterless hill dividing the valleys of the Afon Llwyd and Ebbw Fach. It is a mere swell amongst the many hilly ridges of W. Monmouthshire. It is remarkable for nothing but its altitude, but in this respect ranks second in the county—1905 ft. The summit commands a fine view of the distant channel.

Crumlin, a small village in the Ebbw Valley, 12 m. N.W. from Newport, possessing two stations; one—the high level—is on the G. W. branch from Pontypool to Aberdare, the other—the low level—is on the G. W. "Western Valleys" section. The village itself is a poor little place, lying at the bottom of a deep and thickly wooded ravine, and spoiling one of the most notable bits of landscape in the district. But the fame of Crumlin is neither made by its scenery nor marred by its village, but rests upon the extraordinary viaduct which here crosses the valley. There are probably few iron railway bridges in England so remarkable for its dimensions and elegance. It is a structure of quite unusual grace, and looks in the distance as light as gossamer. The viaduct was constructed in 1857 to carry the "West Midland" railway line across the Ebbw gorge. It is made of iron lattice-

CRUMLIN VIADUCT

work, and took $3\frac{1}{2}$ years to build. Two thousand five hundred tons of Monmouthshire iron, made at Blaenavon, were used, and 200 men employed in its construction, with the loss of only one life. The total cost was £62,000. It consists of some lattice girders carried on a series of light, but firmly braced, iron trestles, and supported midway by a projecting spur of rock. It is slightly curved in shape, and measures a third of a mile in length and 200 ft. in height. When remarkable engineering feats were of less frequent occurrence, it attained world-wide celebrity, and even now it is reckoned one of the "sights" of the county. *Crumlin Hall*, a "Swiss châlet," was originally erected for the accommodation of Mr T. W. Kennard, the designer of the bridge, who was thus enabled to be on the spot to watch the progress of the work.

Cwm, a mining village in the Ebbw Fawr Valley, 18 m. N.W. from Newport, with a station on the G.W.R. "Western Valleys" line. It is one of the many new places which have sprung up in consequence of colliery enterprise, and may be regarded as an adjunct to Ebbw Vale. It is nothing but a large collection of modern cottages, all exactly alike.

Cwm-Avon, a village 5 m. N.W. of Pontypool, in the valley of the Afon Llwyd, with a station on the G.W. "Eastern Valleys" branch. It is occupied chiefly by colliers from the neighbouring pits.

Cwmbran, a large manufacturing district, 4 m. N. of Newport, with a station on the G.W. line to Pontypool. The place is said to derive its name from Bran, the father of Caractacus, one of the first British converts to Christianity, who is tradition-

ally said to be buried here. It is now a grimy place, abounding in factories, furnaces, and rolling mills.

Cwmcarvan, a small village on high ground 4½ m. S.S.W. from Monmouth (nearest station Dingestow, 2 m.). The church is an aisleless building, with a battlemented W. tower, but is of no particular interest. *Craig-y-dorth*, a conical tree-clad eminence between here and Monmouth, was the scene of Glendower's chief exploit in Monmouthshire. After the battle of Shrewsbury (1403), he entrenched himself on this hill, and repulsed the royal forces, which had been sent to dislodge him, with such success that they fled precipitately to Monmouth, with the Welsh chieftain in full cry after them. In reference to this and Owen's previous successes Shakespeare makes him say:—

"Three times hath Henry Bolinbroke made head
Against my power; thrice from the banks of Wye
And sandy-bottomed Severn, have I sent
Him bootless home; and weather-beaten back."
—*Hen. IV.* Pt. 1, Act iii. Sc. 1.

Cwmyoy, a village in the Honddu Valley, 7 m. N. from Abergavenny (nearest station Llanvihangel, 2½ m.). It is a remote little place, consisting of a church and a few small farms and cottages scattered over the lower slopes of Hatterall Hill. The church, which stands on the hillside beneath an overhanging bluff, has suffered severely from the effects of a landslip, and has been thrown out of line in consequence. It is a small building, with a battlemented W. tower, of more antiquity than interest. It has been restored, but was originally E.E. It retains its rood-loft stair and some 17th-cent. oak communion rails. It is chiefly known to

the modern pilgrim as a kind of milestone on the way to Llanthony, which lies some 5 m. higher up the same valley. Along with Llanthony and Oldcastle, it was in the diocese of Hereford until 1844.

Dingestow, a parish 3 m. W.S.W. from Monmouth, with a station on the G.W. line to Pontypool. The church is comely, but of no architectural interest. It retains a small rood-loft window. In a projecting transept is a large marble monument to a member of the Bosanquet family. In a field to the W. of the church (known as Castle Field) on a mound overlooking the Trothy there once existed a castle. But no trace of it now remains and its history is obscure. A grim story about it is, however, still preserved in Welsh tradition. It is said to have owed its existence to William de Braose, the truculent Lord of Abergavenny (p. 92), and his accomplice in crime, Ranulf Poer, Sheriff of Hereford. As the couple were superintending the erection of the fortress, some of the baron's many Welsh enemies stormed the half-finished wall. Ranulf was all but decapitated on the spot, a neighbouring priest having only just time to shrive him before the breath was out of his body. De Braose himself escaped by the skin of his teeth. He was being dragged out of the ditch into which he had fallen to be similarly despatched, when an unexpected rally of his own men-at-arma dispersed his captors. *Dingestow Court* (S. R. Bosanquet), to the S.W. of the church, dates from 1623, but the present "Elizabethan" front is modern.

Devauden (originally *Ddefawdon*), a hamlet 5 m. N.W. from Chepstow (nearest station Tintern, $3\frac{1}{2}$ m.). It stands amongst the hills which form the W. boundary of the Wye Valley. It is a

retired, but pleasant, little spot, occasionally visited for the fine landscapes obtainable in the vicinity. It has moreover a few historical associations. The Romans possibly had some connection with the place, for a few coins of the reign of Antoninus have been unearthed on the village green. Somewhere in the immediate neighbourhood the British sustained a severe defeat by the combined forces of Ethelbald of Mercia and Cuthred of Wessex in 743 (p. 43). The church is modern.

Dinham, a hamlet in the S.E. of the county, standing on the hillside above Caerwent, 2 m. E. of Llanvair Discoed (in which parish it is now merged). Dinham has not only long since lost its former importance but gives very little evidence of ever having possessed any. Yet here was once a castle, a church, and the private mansion of a bishop. The castle, the vestige of which must be looked for on a steep mound above the road from Crick, was once one of the many strongholds in Wentwood built for the pacification of Gwent. It is supposed to have been erected before 1128 by the De Walleys, who are known to have been in early possession of the demesne. A neighbouring farm is the former mansion of Bishop Blethyn of Llandaff (1575-91), who lived here in the days of Elizabeth. The church is now represented by the barn, the font is converted into a pump trough, and a gravestone, locally nicknamed the "Bishop's stone," is built into the garden wall. But Dinham is also celebrated by Caruth, a local Welsh bard of repute, as the burial-place of the renowned Caradoc (Caractacus), who, after adorning a Roman triumph, is said to have been permitted to return to his native shores and to have ended his days in peace here.

DIXTON CHURCH

The story, however, may be dismissed as a poet's fancy.

Dixton, a parish on the banks of the Wye, 1 m. N.E. from Monmouth, on the eastern verge of the county. It has a very picturesque church, whose whitewashed walls and modest little broach spire, standing by the river's brim, almost near enough to be reflected in its waters, fill a place in many a local picture. The nave is long and narrow, but so featureless as to give very little indication of its date. It is probably Dec. The tower contains a pre-Reformation bell. A ferry conveys the worshippers from the remoter parts of the parish across the river for service. *Newton Court* (J. T. Griffin) stands amongst the trees on a neighbouring hillside. *Wyesham*, a residential suburb of Monmouth, on the opposite side of the river, is in Dixton parish.

Ebbw, The, one of the three rivers which drain the highlands of W. Monmouthshire, and whose valleys constitute the great Monmouthshire coal-field. It is formed by the union of two mountain streams—the Ebbw Fawr and the Ebbw Fach—which descend through two converging valleys, and flow together at Aberbeeg. The torrent has cut through the heart of the hills a deep and somewhat gloomy gorge, now no longer solitary but filled with workmen's cottages and thick with the reek of collieries and iron furnaces. Though the scenery is too sombre to be really romantic, it must once have possessed a wild picturesqueness, and even now possesses some traces of its original charm. Wherever the valley is "undeveloped," there occur spots of real beauty. But they are never long allowed to retain their native simplicity. Fresh pits are always being sunk, and mushroom towns

speedily spring up in their train. The Ebbw Fawr is the larger of the two streams which form the combined river, and is perhaps the prettier watercourse. The enclosing mountain wall is less wild and precipitous, and the valley is floored with a strip of pasture. The two valleys narrow considerably at their junction and at Aberbeeg the hillsides almost meet overhead. At Cross Keys the Ebbw River receives a further accession to its volume in the Sirhowy, which drains a neighbouring valley; and the united streams flow in a south-westerly direction through Tredegar Park to fall into the estuary of the Usk below Newport.

EBBW VALE, a town (with a population, within the urban district, of 17,401) situated at the top of the Ebbw Fawr Valley, 20 m. N.W. from Newport, with a terminal station on the G.W.R. "Western Valleys" line. It may also be reached from Beaufort Station on the L. & N.W. branch from Abergavenny. The place flourishes chiefly on the prosperity of the Ebbw Vale ironworks—a vast concern which employs practically the whole of the working population. The furnaces and attendant collieries are everywhere in evidence in the neighbourhood. The town happily has the advantage of standing sufficiently high for the mountain breezes to disperse the smoke over the surrounding moors, but otherwise it is more prosperous than picturesque. It consists of a single shopping street and a plentiful collection of workmen's cottages. There are four blast furnaces in operation, and the output of iron is enormous, averaging upwards of 2000 tons of "pigs" weekly; and the collieries are some of the largest in the district. *Victoria* and *Cwm* are

THE EBBW RIVER

two villages lower down the valley, also ministering to this gigantic undertaking. They have each a station on the same line of railway.

Gilwern, a station on the Abergavenny and Brynmawr branch of the L. & N.W. railway, 4 m. W. from Abergavenny. It stands on the very verge of the county at the entrance of the Clydach Valley. Some very fine views of the Vale of Crickhowell and the contiguous dales may be caught in the neighbourhood. The village of Gilwern is in the Principality.

Goldcliff, a parish on the Caldicot Level verging on the Bristol Channel, 6 m. S.E. from Newport (nearest station Llanwern). It derives its name from a low stretch of cliff overlooking the sea, the lower rocks of which are said to be veined with some glittering mineral resembling gold. The cliff was once occupied by a Benedictine priory, founded in 1113 by Robert de Chandos. But the history of the monastery was unfortunate. The monks were dispossessed by the Welsh in 1442, its revenues were confiscated at the Reformation, and finally the greater part of the house fell into the sea. In dry weather some portions of its foundations are still said to be traceable in the sward, and remains of a former plantation are visible at low tide. Except for the insecurity of their house, the monks were in other respects fortunate in their choice of a site, for in lieu of a trout stream the beach must have furnished their table with an excellent supply of salmon. Huge hauls are still made in the vicinity, the catch being frequently as many as 100 a day. The neighbouring townsfolk of Newport on fine days occasionally resort to the beach for a breath of sea air. The church is 1½ m. away, by the side of

the Newport road. It is a poor little Dec. building, with an ugly modern tower. Within the chancel, however, is a brass tablet pathetically describing the inundation of the great flood which swept the surrounding marshes in 1606, and ended in the destruction of twenty-two people and the loss of £5000 worth of goods. The district is now carefully protected from a similar catastrophe by the erection of strong sea-walls, which appear to have been necessary from quite early times. In the Caerleon Museum is a waterworn stone with an imperfect inscription, which was in recent years washed up on the shore. It is generally supposed to be a record of the fact that a certain cohort of legionaries had contributed to the building of the necessary retaining walls.

Golden Hill, a conspicuous and shapely eminence forming a spur to the N.W. face of the Wentwood range. It overlooks the Vale of Usk, and is a striking object in the landscape as viewed from the neighbourhood of Llangibby.

Govilon, a village 2½ m. W. from Abergavenny with a station on the L. & N.W. line from Abergavenny to Brynmawr. The village itself contains nothing of interest but an incomplete modern church. But the parish of *Llanwenarth Ultra*, of which it forms the kernel, is an extensive district stretching far up the shoulders of the Blorenge and commanding many fine views. The hamlet of *Pwlldu*, 1400 ft. above sea-level, in particular has some striking hill scenery. The limestone quarries which supply the Blaenavon iron furnaces with the necessary flux for smelting are in the neighbourhood.

Goytrey (Coed-tre), a parish 4½ m. N.W. from Usk (nearest station Nantyderry, 1½ m.). There is no village. The church was rebuilt by Wyatt in

1846. Goytrey Hall, now a farm, is a 15th cent. house, once the seat of the Jenkinses, a family of some local importance, but now extinct, who traced their descent from Gwaethfod, a notable British chieftain.

Graig, The, a north-westerly spur of the Sugar Loaf.

Graig, The (or more properly *Craig Saerfyrddin*), a hill 1064 ft. high in the N.E. corner of the county, equidistant from Abergavenny and Monmouth (8 m.), and lying between Skenfrith and Grosmont. It is a rounded mass of old red sandstone, owing its conspicuousness chiefly to its comparative isolation. Its smooth and meadow-clad flanks form a striking contrast to the rugged contour of its neighbour the Skyrrid. It is easily ascended, and the view from the top is extensive; and in consequence of the proximity of the hill to the Herefordshire border, the foreground is less "local" than some of the more popular summits.

Grey Hill (or *Mynydd Llwyd*), a hill in the S. of the county, on the outskirts of Wentwood overlooking the Caldicot Level. Along with a twin peak, it stands out very prominently from the wooded sides of the adjacent hills. The smooth flanks and conical summits of the two sister eminences give them a distinctive and noticeable place in the landscape. In the lap between them, like a mirror lies glistening the Llanvaches reservoir. On the summit of Grey Hill are the scanty remains of a stone circle, and a fine view rewards any one who takes the trouble to climb its heathery slopes.

Griffith's Town, a village 6 m. N. of Newport (nearest station Pontnewydd), one of the most populous of the collection of industrial villages

which lie between Newport and Pontypool. It may be said to form an outlying portion of Greater Pontypool.

Grosmont, a village in the extreme N. of the county, situated on the borders of Herefordshire and lying at the foot of the Graig, 11 m. N.E. from Abergavenny (nearest station Pontrilas, 3 m.). It is a pleasant little place, offering to the tourist the combined attractions of a picturesque situation, a fine church, and a ruined castle. It was a borough up to 1860, and a tradition alleges that it was once a place of considerable importance. Coxe mentions in his day the existence of abandoned causeways "stretching into the country," which gave further colour to the theory, but no trace of these can now be found. In less matter-of-fact days than the present Grosmont attained some local notoriety through its association with the escapades of John of Kent, a wizard of renown, who, like Faust, owed his occult powers to an unholy compact with the prince of darkness. Whilst still a country yokel he could hold the crows, which he was sent to scare, spellbound in a roofless barn whenever he desired to pay a surreptitious visit to Grosmont fair. The bridge across the river at Kentchurch was the work of one of his familiar spirits; and he could be seen o' nights riding in orthodox wizard's fashion through the air on the steeds which he had spirited from the Kentchurch stables. But his crowning exploit was the cleverness with which he outwitted the devil over the original bargain. The terms were that, whether buried within the church or outside, his soul was to be forfeit. To evade the penalty he directed the neighbours to bury him beneath the

church wall, where his body remains to this day. Some mystery hangs about the identity of this uncanny individual. Some suppose that he was Owen Glendower himself, who had connections in the neighbourhood and whose end has never been satisfactorily explained (p. 54). Others say that he was one John of Gwent, a Franciscan friar who hailed from Chepstow, and afterwards attained distinction as a Professor of Divinity at Oxford. It is more probable that he was John Kent, the parish priest of Kentchurch, whose premature acquaintance with scientific lore and supposed heterodox opinions acquired for him an equivocal reputation as a necromancer (p. 78).

It is, however, to its *Castle* that Grosmont really owed whatever importance it once possessed. Along with the neighbouring fortresses of Skenfrith and White Castle, it formed the famous Monmouthshire "trilateral"—a triangular series of fortifications originally belonging to the lords of Abergavenny, and built as outposts for the protection of the W. frontier against the Welsh. Though not the most advanced of the border stations, the three castles had considerable importance as a military base, and were for that reason always placed by the crown in trustworthy hands. The custodian could keep a watchful eye not only on the Welsh but upon the proceedings of the Lords Marchers. The combined fortresses were granted by King John successively to Hubert de Burgh, William de Braose, and John of Monmouth, but in Henry III.'s reign Hubert recovered them. Another rupture, however, occurred between him and his king. The Welsh prince Llewelyn was at this time giving trouble on the border, and

was besieging Grosmont. Hubert joined him, and one November morning they succeeded in surprising the royal forces asleep in their tents, and driving them half-naked before them, carried off a number of horses and a considerable quantity of stores. After the final disgrace of Hubert de Burgh, the three castles passed to the crown, and were conferred by Henry III. upon his son, Edmund Crouchback. In the reign of Henry IV., who acquired the lordship of the castles in the right of his mother, the castles were formally annexed to the Duchy of Lancaster. Their fortunes fell with those of the Red Rose, and the three fortifications were ordered by Edward IV. to be made untenable; and in the reign of Elizabeth they were reported as "ruinous, time out of mind." The ruins, which are in a great state of dilapidation, stand on a slight eminence at the S.E. end of the village (call for the key at a house near the church). A pretty landscape unfolds itself at the foot of the castle green. At the bottom of a thickly wooded glade glides the silvery Monnow. Where it is undefended by the ravine, the fortress is surrounded by a deep moat. In plan it is a rough square. A gateway opens into a small courtyard, on the E. side of which, overhanging the river, is a rectangular keep, and on the W. a curtain wall and two projecting drum towers. Though of modest dimensions the castle appears to have been far superior to its neighbours as a place of residence. None of the masonry is earlier than the time of Henry III. The keep evidently joined the great hall, which seems to have been a handsome apartment lighted by five large windows. It is now a mere wreck; the tracery has dis-

appeared, and a very elegant chimney-shaft at the N. end of the courtyard is the only standing memorial of the taste of the designer.

The *Church* lies on a slope at the W. side of the village street, and is of quite unusual size and architectural merit. Its general appearance lends some countenance to the traditional importance of the place. It is a cruciform building, with a central octagonal tower and spire, and is furnished with aisles and transepts, which, however, appear never to have been fully completed. Probably the dismantling of the castle put an end alike to the prosperity of the town and the ambition of the architect. The chancel (E.E.) is a restoration, but is claimed (with the exception of the E. window) to be a faithful reproduction of the original fabric. It contains on the S. a singularly beautiful piscina, and the projecting corbels for the support of the Lenten veil should be observed. Adjoining the chancel on the S., but forming a separate chamber, is an E.E. chapel, said to have been built by Eleanor of Provence, wife of Henry III., from the designs of a French architect. Note should be taken of (1) the windows, (2) the original altar slab on the floor, (3) the unique character of the doorway connecting it with the church. The piscina belonging to the chapel has been removed into the N. transept. The nave remains in its unfinished condition, and is separated from the chancel by a hideous glass screen which has, however, the merit of preserving the vista. The massive cylindrical columns of the arcade add considerably to the impressiveness of the interior as viewed from the W. end. A structural peculiarity, for which it is hard to find any architectural justi-

fication, will be noticed in the overlapping of the nave and transepts. Observe in the nave (1) the rough walling—perhaps the villagers' well-intentioned, but unskilled efforts to complete the fabric, (2) the incised slab on one of the S. window-sills bearing the figure of a cross and an ornamental staff, the badge of some official, (3) the gigantic unfinished effigy of a knight in the S. transept, (4) the curious square recess in the W. wall of the church, and (5) the 14th cent. reticulated tracery in the window above. Beneath the chancel screen is a Norm. font, with cable moulding, and in the churchyard are the remains of a cross. The village possesses a not unpicturesque market hall (built 1832), in the basement of which will be noticed the sculptured base of the original market cross. *Campstone Hill* is an eminence within the parish, once crowned with a now almost obliterated encampment. *Campstone House*, a farm lying a little down the slope of the hill, was once a seat of the Pritchards. Here Charles I. is said to have once passed a night or eaten a dinner during his uneasy wanderings across the county. The old Abergavenny road, which runs right over the neighbouring hills to Llanvihangel Crucorney, commands some extensive views over both Monmouthshire and Herefordshire, but is steep and rough in places.

Gwernesney, a parish 2½ m. E.N.E. from Usk, on the Usk and Chepstow road, said to derive its name from the profusion of alder trees which once covered the district. This characteristic has disappeared, and there is now little about the place that is noteworthy. The church is a small aisleless building standing on the top of a tump near the road

side. It contains nothing that need delay the tourist. If it is visited, there should be noted (1) the triangular dripstone above W. doorway (cp. *Llangwm*), (2) corbels on W. front and S.W. corner, (3) stoup in porch, (4) small aumbry, (5) small screen, retaining its original rood beam.

Henllys, or *Hentlis* ("Old Court"), a parish at the foot of Twym Barlwm, 4½ m. N.W. from Newport. The church, which lies in a somewhat remote situation, is of little merit or interest. It is a small building with a battlemented W. tower.

Honddu, The (thought to be a metathesis for *Hodnu*), a mountain torrent in the N.W. corner of the county, rising in the heart of the Black Mountains, and flowing S.E. to join the Monnow just below Pandy station. The valley which it waters lies between the Black Mountains and a range of low hills which stretch behind the Sugar Loaf. It is a remote and solitary region, occupied by a few scattered farmsteads and an occasional hamlet. The landscape is bare and sullen, and though somewhat lacking in variety, it has a bold picturesqueness. Just above the village of Cwmyoy, the monotony of the scene is momentarily relieved by the broken and rugged breast of Hatterall Hill, though the "effect" is (so to speak) of accidental production, for it is the result of a landslide. The upper portion of the Honddu Valley broadens out into the Vale of Ewias, at the mouth of which stands the ruins of Llanthony Abbey. Here the scenery is softer and of a more pastoral character.

Ifton, a parish on the Caldicot Level, 1½ m. N.E. from Severn Junction Station. The church has been demolished, and the parish is now attached to Roggiett. There is no village.

Itton (anciently known as *Hodytton*), a parish in the hilly district to the N.W. of Chepstow, from which it is distant 3 m. *Itton Court*, which stands in a thickly wooded park, is a mansion whose real antiquity is disguised by modern "improvements." The demesne was held in the 13th cent. by the De Bendevilles, but subsequently passed into the possession of the Herberts. The house was originally a fortified outpost of Chepstow Castle, and still retains a 14th-cent. tower. The church, which stands close at hand in the grounds, has been similarly modernized, and presents few features of interest. In the churchyard is the base and shaft of a cross. *Howick*, a neighbouring hamlet, was once a separate parish, but has now lost both its church and its revenues. The old manor-house was formerly a residence of the Walters family, but is now a farm.

Kemeys Commander, a parish on the Usk, 3½ m. N.N.W. from Usk, on the lower Abergavenny road. Its grandiloquent title is said to be derived from its former connection with a commandery of Knights Templars. An insignificant-looking church, and a few adjoining cottages, will be found down a short lane to the W. The church possesses a timbered W. porch, a small Perp. screen, a stone altar, and some indications of its former rood loft.

Kemeys Inferior, a parish on the Usk, 7 m. N.E. from Newport (nearest station Caerleon, 4 m.). A small church and a few farms lie in a secluded valley through which flows the Usk. The old manor-house, now a farm, was once a seat of a collateral branch of the Kemeys family. It still preserves some signs of its original dignity. The courtyard was entered by a Gothic gateway; and

over the door of the house is still an effigy brandishing in its hands an hour-glass and a scroll bearing the Kemeys quarterings, and the date 1693. On the hill above is a "summer-house," locally nicknamed *Kemeys Folly*, from which the builder boasted he could observe, or (as an unsympathetic relative put it) be observed by, eleven counties. The view it commands is certainly extensive. Between here and Caerleon are the farmsteads of *Great and Little Bulmoor*, near which have been unearthed several Roman antiquities now in Caerleon Museum: and in the neighbourhood is a Roman rectangular camp, which was probably intended to protect the Roman road which ran beneath it on the L. bank of the river Usk.

Kilgwrrog, a parish 7½ m. N.W. from Chepstow. The church is a small building obscurely situated in some fields on the N.W. shoulder of the Newchurch ridge of hills. It contains little to tempt the traveller out of his track. The cross in the churchyard, however, should be noticed.

Kymin, The (*Cae Maen*, "the stony field"), a rounded hill 700 ft. high, 1 m. S.E. from Monmouth, and overlooking the town. A walk to the summit should certainly be taken by the visitor to Monmouth. To preserve it for the public, the property has recently been acquired by the National Trust. The hill has a peculiar appearance from being cultivated almost to the top and dotted all over with cottages. The top is crowned with a round tower, near to which is a summer-house, grandiloquently styled a "naval temple." It was built in 1801 to commemorate "the naval heroes who made the name of England famous in the French wars"; and it is adorned with rough

medallions bearing the names of various British admirals. Nelson is said to have visited the spot. Some fine views of Monmouth and the neighbourhood are obtainable from the hill-side and the top. The Buckstone (p. 193) may be visited by following a track which leaves the ascent on the L., shortly after a green plateau is passed, or by taking a path on the L. after the summit has been gained.

Llanarth, a parish 6 m. S.E. from Abergavenny (nearest station Raglan or Pempergwm, 4 m.). The church here has traditionally a very old title to its endowments. The site and glebe are claimed to have been a donation to the see of Llandaff by King Offa in the 8th cent. — a very singular circumstance, if a fact, which would prove either that the Saxon "sphere of influence" extended further into Monmouthshire than is generally supposed, or that King Offa generously bestowed on the Welsh bishopric what did not belong to him. The present church, it is needless to say, exhibits no signs of such high antiquity. It is an aisleless building, with a battlemented W. tower without buttresses. It retains (1) a piscina in the chancel, (2) a rood-loft stair (now leading to the pulpit), (3) a small niche in S. wall of nave for a figure. An ancient cruciform finial, which once surmounted the chancel gable, is built into the wall above the chancel arch. In the churchyard is the remains of an old cross, which is said to bear on its base a runic inscription, but it is now too overgrown with creepers for the inscription to be discoverable.

Llanarth Court (Sir I. Herbert) is an imposing mansion, built in 1770 on the site of an old house anciently called Hendre Obaith ("the old home

LLANBADOC CHURCH

of hope"), and is surrounded by a large and well-timbered park of 240 acres. Some massive stone arches belonging to the older house still remain in the cellars.

Llanbadoc, a parish which gets its name from St Madoc, is ½ m. S. of Usk on the Newport road. There are some good examples of Silurian rocks overhanging the highroad near the village. The church is a small Dec. building, with a slender battlemented tower at the W. end. There is little about the church which calls for remark. The more noteworthy features are (1) ogee weather moulding to S. porch, (2) small piscina in chancel, (3) round-headed priest's door, now built up, (4) empty niches on each side of reredos, perhaps originally intended for the figures of St Madoc and St Dubricius.

Llandegveth ("the church of St Tegfedd"), a village 8 m. N.E. of Newport (nearest station Caerleon). It is not a very accessible sort of place, as it lies amongst some lumpy ground, and is approached by roads of a very indifferent quality. A little stream, the Soar, flows through the parish. The church, a small aisleless structure, has been rebuilt, but (it is claimed) on its former lines. The original windows and doorway have been retained.

Llandenny, a village 4 m. N.E. from Usk, with a station on the G.W.R. Monmouth branch. The ivy-clad tower of the church will be seen near the station, picturesquely projecting above a small cluster of cottages. It is a good example of the plain semi-fortified towers—intended more for use than ornament—so frequently to be met with in Monmouthshire. The church itself is a Dec.

aisleless building, showing one or two indications of its Norm. origin. Note (1) square-headed doorway, with rounded tympanum above, in S. porch, (2) Norm. lancet in N. wall. The interior retains its rood-loft stair and window; and on the N. wall are two square recesses divided by a slab, the purpose of which is unknown.

Llandevaud, a hamlet on the Newport and Chepstow road, 6 m. E.N.E. from Newport. The church is modern, but occupies the site of an ancient chapel, removed in 1843.

Llandogo, a village on the Wye, 7 m. S. of Monmouth (nearest station Bigsweir, 1 m.). The place acquired its name as the scene of the retirement of Odoceus, a British saint of some local repute as a worker of miracles (p. 59); but its present-day claims to attention are scenic rather than ecclesiastical. The river makes here a particularly graceful curve, and discloses a wooded amphitheatre, with white cottages freely sprinkled amongst the trees on the hill-side. The scene will probably linger in the minds of most visitors as one of the most delightful and characteristic pictures of this beautiful valley. The "salt sea-water" which

> "hushes half the babbling Wye,
> And makes a silence in the hills,"

flows up to the village; and a few lazy sloops will occasionally be seen lounging in the river almost as high up as Bigsweir Bridge. The church is modern, replacing an ancient chapelry which once stood at the entrance of the neighbouring glen. At *Cleddon*, half a mile up the Trelleck road (follow the first horse track that leaves the road on the

LLANDOGO

R.), a small rivulet which tumbles over the hill side as a tiny cataract (locally known as the *Cleddon Shoots*) occasionally attracts the attention of the scenery hunter, but it is hardly of sufficient volume to be called a waterfall. Indeed the stream is so fully embowered in leafage that the visitor has generally to content himself with the plash of the water in the pool below. But the glen is charming. A delightful view of the Wye is obtained by extending one's walk up the Trelleck road. Crowning the hill on the other side of the stream will be seen the church and castle of St Briavels. At *Whitebrook*, 2½ m. N., is a small chapel of ease and some disused paper mills.

Llanellen (St Helen's Church), a small village 2 m. S. of Abergavenny, on the Pontypool road, which here crosses the Usk by a stone bridge. The cottages have the same fondness for whitewash that is exhibited at Llanover. The pretty situation of the place on the banks of the stream, and its general appearance of rural simplicity make it a favourite objective for a summer evening's saunter from Abergavenny; and its convenient bridge offers the pedestrian a choice of routes for return. The church lies up a lane to the W., but is of little interest. It is a rather featureless building of the usual local type, but has the customary W. belfry replaced by a spirelet.

Llanfoist (Llanffwyst, "the church of Ffwyst," a 6th-cent. Anglesey saint), a small village at the foot of the Blorenge, 1 m. S.W. from Abergavenny, to which it forms a sort of transpontine suburb. Its surroundings are charming, but the village itself has few attractions. The church will have to be looked for behind a large brewery, by

which it is completely overshadowed. It is a small aisleless building of slight antiquarian interest. The only things to be noticed are a broken tombstone in the porch, bearing the effigy of a female in a ruff, and the base and shaft of a mutilated cross in the churchyard. The ascent of the Blorenge may be conveniently commenced from here.

Llanfrechfa, Lower, a parish 5 m. N. of Newport (nearest station Ponthir, on the G.W. line to Hereford, 1 m.). The church stands on the top of a low hill, and has a good Perp. W. tower. It has been carefully restored, but is otherwise unremarkable. Near it is *Llanfrechfa Grange* (F. J. Mitchell). At the hamlet of *Croesyceiliog* ("Cock's Cross"), 1 m. N., there is said to have once existed on a hillock in a neighbouring field a large sculptured figure of a cock in the act of crowing, a mediæval memento of St Peter's denial. This extraordinary monument is supposed to have been destroyed in 1646 by a band of Roundheads, who ransacked the neighbourhood on their way to Raglan.

Llanfrechfa, Upper, 1 m. to the W. (nearest station Pontnewydd, on the G.W.R. line to Pontypool), is one of the string of manufacturing villages which form the "Black Country" between Newport and Pontypool. Iron- and steel-works are the chief industries. The church is modern.

Llangattock-juxta-Usk, a parish preserving the name of St Cattwg or Cadoc, $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. S.S.E. from Abergavenny, on the road to Usk. Pempergwm station, on the G.W. line to Hereford, is close by. The church stands at the bottom of a lane near the river-side. It is an unassuming little building, with no distinction between the nave

and chancel. It contains, however, one or two features worthy of note. These are (1) two niches in the external wall at the E. end; (2) a massive sepulchral stone in the chancel (formerly in the churchyard), bearing in low relief an interlaced cross and a battle-axe, called the tomb of David the Warrior, supposed by some to be David ap Howell, who died in the 15th cent.; (3) a memorial slab on the chancel floor, with a figure in low relief, to a Herbert of the 16th cent.; (4) an incised tombstone of Herbert Jones, rector (1644); (5) a brass to Zerophenizia de Ruddyr, wife of Judge Powell, *d.* 1625. The church still possesses its rood-loft stair, an aumbry, and a Norm. tub-shaped font. In the churchyard is the stepped base of a cross. *Llangattock Court* is a fine old gabled residence.

Llangattock Lingoed, a small village 7 m. N.E. from Abergavenny (nearest station Llanvihangel, on the G.W. line to Hereford, 3 m.). The church is ancient, but uninteresting. There are several stone quarries in the neighbourhood.

Llangattock-Vibon-Avel, a parish 4 m. W.N.W. from Monmouth, on the old Abergavenny road. The church (reached by a long lane to the N. of the high road) stands in the grounds of the manor. It retains its original W. tower, but the rest of the fabric has been rebuilt in a rather costly style. In the vestry is a curious fragment of sculpture. Two m. N.W. of the church is *Llanfaenor*, a small hamlet with an ancient chapel, restored and modernized. To the S. of the main Abergavenny road is the *Hendre* (Lord Llangattock), a modern "Tudor" mansion standing in a pretty park. The house contains a fine collection of articles of "bigotry and virtue" (otherwise *bijouterie* and *vertu*). On the

outskirts of the park is an avenue of Scotch firs, said to have been planted to commemorate the union between England and Scotland.

Llangeview, a parish 1 m. E. of Usk on the road to Chepstow. The church is hidden at the bottom of a long lane to the right. It scarcely repays discovery, for it contains nothing worthy of remark but portions of its rood loft, which, unless its present appearance belies it, must have been a very rude loft. The parish possesses some almshouses, founded in 1625 by Roger Edwards for this and the contiguous parishes of Gwernesney and Llangwm.

Llangibby, a village $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. S. of Usk, on the road to Caerleon. The place is pleasantly situated in the vale of the Usk, and the view across the river is extremely pretty. The church (dedicated to St Cwbi, a native of Monmouthshire, traditionally said to have been a cousin of St David, who won some fame as a hermit and wonder-worker in the island of Anglesey) is an aisleless building with a battlemented W. tower, but is archæologically uninteresting. It has undergone several alterations, but retains an E.E. chancel arch, a small lancet-shaped niche on the S. side, and some indications of its rood-loft stairway, which are, however, considerably obscured by a Hanoverian pulpit and sounding-board. Bordering the L. side of the Usk road are the grounds of *Llangibby Castle* (Dr Harris), a somewhat formal mansion on the hillside above. It is said to have been the work of Inigo Jones. On the top of the thickly wooded hill behind the house are a few fragments of the ancient castle, one of the many local fortresses of the De Clares. It was subsequently held by the Earls of

Gloucester, and was commonly known in the district as Tregraeg Castle. During the Great Rebellion it was in the possession of Sir Trevor Williams, who, though originally a Parliamentarian, came to be regarded subsequently with considerable suspicion by his party as a "wobbler." Cromwell, apprehensive of his designs, and well informed as to the castle's possibilities for defence, with his customary precaution ordered his arrest (p. 83). The castle seems to have consisted of a large rectangular court, with an entrance gateway defended by circular towers. Some ruined walls are now the only indication of its former strength.

Llangovan (earlier, *Llangyvan*), a parish 4 m. E.S.E. from Raglan (nearest station, Dingestow, 3 m.), lying on a shoulder of the Trelleck hills. The church (reached by a lane on the L. from the contiguous village of Pen-y-clawdd, 2 m.) makes up for its insignificance by its archæological interest. It shows a blend of styles, and the architecture is rude and primitive, but the interior exhibits several features of note: (1) stoup at W. doorway, (2) sanctuary ring (a very rare thing) attached to S. door, (3) rough Norm. chancel arch, with original rood beam above, (4) rood-loft stairway, with small squint within (to be seeen only by climbing the steps), (5) lancets on N. and S. of nave, (6) low side window with stone panels at base, (7) curiously fashioned font, locally said to be a copy of a Saxon original. On the floor of the chancel are several 17th-cent. tombstones; and in the churchyard is an elaborately restored cross. *Court St Lawrence* (Mrs Earnshaw) is a modern residence in a dell to the W. of the church.

Llangstone, a parish on the Newport and

Chepstow road, 1½ m. N. from Llanwern station. Upon a knoll near the road is *Llangstone Court*, an old manor house, now converted into a farm. The church is on the other side of the hill. It is an unpretentious little building, with a bell turret. There is a square aumbry in the E. wall of the chancel, and a fragment of a stoup in the porch. At *Llanbedr* (1½ m. N.E.) are the remains of a chapel which now does duty as a barn.

Llangua (*i.e.* Llan Ciwa), a parish on the Monnow at the N. extremity of the county, 10 m. N.E. of Abergavenny (nearest station, Pontrilas, 2 m.). The village is a small collection of houses gathered together at the junction of the old and new Abergavenny roads. It was once the site of a small alien *Priory* of Black Monks, founded in 1183 as a cell of the Abbey of Lira in Normandy. No vestige of the monastery now remains, but the "Great House" is supposed to have been built out of the materials. The church (now in the diocese of Hereford) is a small building on the banks of the river by the road. It retains an old font and the base of a churchyard cross. "*Monmouth Cap*," now a farm, was in the old coaching days the last house where travellers for the N. stopped to drink a parting health to the county they were leaving behind.

Llangunnock, 3½ m. S.E. of Llandenny. There is nothing here but a farm-house and the remains of a small church.

Llangwm Isaf (Lower Llangwm), a parish 3½ m. W. from Usk, on the Usk and Chepstow road. The village consists of a public-house and a few cottages. The church, a neat little modern building, is up a lane.

Llangwm Uchaf (Upper Llangwm)—the original parish church—is ½ m. behind the sister church. It is a pleasant variant upon the small, featureless buildings so common in these parts. Though hardly larger than its neighbour, the church has a marked individuality (having the tower on the N., a rather unusual position) and is possessed of a remarkable screen, which retains its original rood-loft. Except for the conventional vine pattern running along the cornice, it exhibits few features in common with the usual Perp. screen; and borrows rather an oriental appearance from the minuteness and delicacy of its tracery, which almost resembles fretwork. The screen is of slight construction and is carved only on one side. Entrance is gained to the loft by a door in the tower, which is oddly built against the N. wall of the chancel. A small squint (cp. *Nash*), possibly pierced for convenience in ringing the sanctus bell, exists in the tower basement. The sanctuary contains a small piscina and a modern foliated aumbry. When the church was restored the fragment of a pillar (said by some to be Saxon), with interlaced ornamentation, was found in one of the walls.

Llanhennock (so called from St Henwg, the father of the bard Taliesin), a parish 2 m. N.N.E. from Caerleon. The church stands on a hill by the side of the old road from Caerleon to Usk. Its elevated position, and a battlemented W. tower, lends it a certain external dignity, but the interior exhibits little of interest. It has a piscina on the S. side, and in the churchyard are the remains of a cross.

Llanhilleth (a corruption of *Llan Illtyd*), a parish on the E. border of the Ebbw Valley, 15 m.

N.N.W. from Newport and 5 m. W. from Pontypool, with a station on the "Western Valleys" section of the G.W.R. It is one of the ancient parishes of the district, and the "old" church of St Illtyd (now rebuilt) stands on the hill-top above the valley. It is best reached by a stiff climb from Aberbeeg. It contains nothing of antiquarian interest but an old font and a church chest. On the W. of the church are the remains of a camp and a tumulus. Two other mounds once stood in close proximity. This collection of forts was long known by the natives as *Castell Taliorum*, which is supposed to be the equivalent to *Castra Italorum*. The name suggests the possibility of its having been a Roman station of some sort, since a Roman road runs from Mamhilad in a straight line through Trevethen in the direction of Llanhilleth. The modern village of Llanhilleth is a collection of collieries and pitmen's cottages in the valley below, near the station.

Llanishen, a parish 7½ m. S.W. of Monmouth, on the edge of the Trelleck hills (nearest station Llandenny, 4 m.). It has a modest church with a small spire, of ancient origin, but now completely modernised

Llanllowel, a parish on the Olway brook near its junction with the Usk, 1½ m. S.E. from Usk. By the side of the Portskewett road are a few cottages, and a small aisleless church, which retains a tiny rood-loft window in the S. wall, and in the porch a mutilated stoup. The parish once gave a title to Blethyn Broadspear, a British chieftain who called himself Lord of Beachley and Llanllowel.

Llanmartin, a parish in the S. of the county,

2½ m. N.W. from Magor station. There is nothing of interest in the village itself. The church has been rebuilt, and the only antiquity it contains is a recessed altar tomb on the N. wall of the chancel, supposed to be the sepulchre of Sir T. Morgan of Pencoed (*temp.* Henry VII.). *Pencoed Castle*, the largest and most interesting of the Wentwood castles, stands on the top of a wooded hill, 1 m. E. of the church (take the road leading directly eastwards for about a mile, and climb a field path on the L., after passing a dingle: the castle is much obscured by the trees, and will not be observed until reached). The ruins, which adjoin a large farm, consist of a court-yard, entered by a picturesque gatehouse, which is flanked by two pentagonal towers. At the rear of the court are the remains of a Tudor mansion, and in one corner is a circular tower. The farm embodies part of the mansion, and seems to have been constructed largely out of the materials of the castle. The W. gateway and drum tower are much earlier than the rest of the building. Little is known of the history of the fortress. Like the rest of its neighbours in Wentwood, it was the home of one of the under-lords of the great feudal barons. In the 13th cent. it belonged to Sir T. Moore; in the 15th cent. it had passed to one of the younger branches of the Morgans of Tredegar; and at the beginning of the 17th cent. it was in the possession of Sir W. Montague.

Llanover, a parish on the Abergavenny and Pontypool road, 4 m. S. of Abergavenny (nearest station Nantyderry, 2 m.). The parish, which obtains its name from Gofer—a priest of Anglesey in the 6th cent.—was once of vast extent, and

included within its boundaries what are now the towns of Pontypool and Blaenavon. A few white-washed cottages picturesquely grouped at the gates of Llanover Park form part of the village; another section will be found in the vicinity of the church at the other end of the park. *Llanover House* (Hon. Mrs Herbert) is an 18th-cent. "Tudor" mansion, built in the shape of an E by Hopper. The grounds contain a huge rhododendron bush 160 ft. in diameter. The *Court*, now a farm, is a 16th-cent. house. The *Church* (down a lane to the E., skirting the park) stands on a knoll by the banks of the Usk. It is an aisleless building, with a massive battlemented tower, and has its chancel floor below the level of the nave (cp. *Mamhilad*). The architect responsible for the erection of the rustic-looking S. porch (1750) apparently refrained from destroying the stoup at the church door. Within, note (1) the rood-loft stair, which now gives access to the pulpit, (2) the piscinæ in chancel and S. wall of nave, (3) the brass to the brothers Pritchard (1610), fixed to the Pritchard family pew. The parish possesses a venerable Congregational chapel, locally known as *Hanover Chapel*, a name, it is supposed, given out of compliment to the dynasty which first relaxed the disabilities of the Nonconformists.

Llansantffraed (the church of St Bride, or Bridget), a parish 5½ m. S.E. from Abergavenny, on the lower road to Monmouth. A drive through a lodge gate runs up to Llansantffraed Court. It is an undistinguished but comely looking modern residence, embodying some portions of an earlier mansion. Half way up the drive is the church, a small building without aisles or tower and entered

by a W. porch. Built into the E. wall on each side of the altar is a small *bas-relief ;* and a curious piece of carved woodwork, the original purpose of which it would be hard to guess, occupies a place of honour in the chancel. On the N. wall is a plain tablet, apparently erected (1624) by some thoughtful but impoverished member of a local family as an "eternal" memorial to his "sires."

Llansoy, a parish 5 m. E.S.E. of Raglan, on the Raglan and Chepstow road (nearest station Llandenny, 3 m.). The church is a small building, with a squat W. tower, which gives it a rather clumsy appearance. The porch has a defaced stoup, and within is a small window for lighting the rood-loft stairway. The churchyard contains a yew tree of considerable girth. A hill at the junction of the Usk and Raglan roads bears traces of an entrenchment.

Llantarnam or *Llanvihangel Llantarnam*, a parish on the Newport and Pontypool road, 4 m. N. from Newport, with a station on the G.W.R. line to Hereford. The locality once possessed a fairly rich Cistercian Abbey, founded in the latter part of the 12th cent. by Halvel ap Iorwerth, and dedicated to Saints Mary and Diuma. It is described by Leland as "standing in a wood, iii miles from Cairlleon." At the Dissolution the house had six monks. The site is now occupied by a mansion, *Llantarnam Abbey* (R. Cory). The house and park lie in a shallow vale through which runs the Afon Llwyd. The original gateway of the monastery is still preserved, and some portions of the domestic buildings are said to be incorporated in the stables. The church stands at the edge of the park by the road side. It is ancient, but contains nothing of interest. The chapel on the N. was the burial-

place of the Morgans of Cilsant, who became possessed of the property in the reign of Elizabeth. Their original home was at *Pentre Bach*, now a farm, 2 m. away.

Llanthewy Rytherch ("Roderick's Church of St David"), a small village 4 m. E.S.E. from Abergavenny. The church, which has a W. tower with a timbered belfry, a type frequently found in Monmouthshire, is devoid of interest. In the churchyard are some fine old yew trees much decayed, and the steps and shaft of a cross.

Llanthewy Skyrrid, a parish 3 m. N.E. from Abergavenny, on the Ross road, and lying, as the name indicates, at the foot of the Great Skyrrid. There is no village. The church must be sought behind a large rambling house, Llanthewy Court, which effectually screens it from casual observation. It scarcely repays the search, for, with the exception of the tower, it has been entirely rebuilt. In the churchyard, leaning against the tower, is a sepulchral slab bearing an incised cross and a chalice (cp. *Llanvair Cilgeden.*)

Llanthewy-vach, a parish 5 m. S.E. from Pontypool (nearest station, Pontypool Road, 4 m.). The dedication of its church—a modern building on the site of a former chapelry—and its proximity to Caerleon, have led to a belief in its original connection with the personal work of St David. Geologically the neighbourhood is interesting as exhibiting a transition from the Silurian to the Old Red sandstone formation. The rocks have been fairly prolific in fossils.

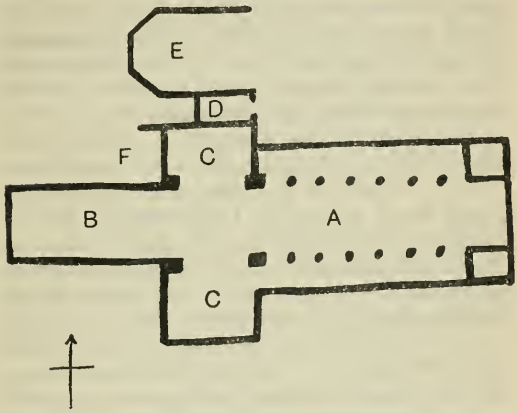
Llanthony, a ruined priory in the vale of Ewias, 12 m. N.N.W. from Abergavenny (nearest station, Llanvihangel, 6 m.). To proceed to it by road,

LLANTHONY PRIORY

take the Hereford highway as far as Llanvihangel Crucorney, and, after passing the church, turn down a lane on the L. and keep straight on, taking care not to cross the bridge that is soon reached. The traveller has before him a very rough journey, as, after the first mile or two, the road is execrable. Monmouthshire is fortunate in possessing at each end of the county an ecclesiastical ruin of more than local reputation. But visitors must not expect to find a second Tintern at Llanthony. It has neither the same easy accessibility nor the same romantic situation as its famous compeer. And the picture is as inferior as the frame. The building is far less elaborate in design, and the workmanship much more crude. Yet Llanthony has a very considerable interest of its own. Its aloofness, the severity of its architecture, and the bleakness of the landscape, all make their own appeal to the imagination. But the appeal is religious rather than æsthetic, and has its source in the solemnity which invests this sober building, seated amid such remote and sombre surroundings. The history of the house is hardly more sensational than its appearance. It is a story of disappointment and disillusion. St David in his search for retirement is traditionally supposed to have built for himself a lowly habitation on the banks of the "brawling Honddu"; and his connection with the spot was ever afterwards preserved in the official title of the larger house which subsequently sprang up on the site of his dwelling—*Llanddewi nant Honddu* ("the Church of David in the valley of the Honddu"). In the reign of William Rufus, one William, a retainer of Hugh de Lacy, Lord of Hereford, in the course of a hunting expedition was so struck

by the solemnity of the scene that he forthwith abandoned the sword, took up the cross, and devoted himself with the utmost zeal to the pursuit of the religious life. He found a companion to share his vigils in this solitary region in Ernesius, the chaplain of "good queen Maud," and together they built a small sanctuary, which some suppose still survives in the unpretending Norm. church which lies alongside the larger abbey. To mark his appreciation of the pious austerity of these anchorites, De Lacy built, between 1108 and 1136, a priory for Austin Canons, of which Ernesius in due course became the first superior. But the establishment was not a success. It made a promising start and attained sufficient celebrity to attract to itself one or two notable recruits, amongst whom was William of Gloucester, Constable of England, who ended his life here in the monastic habit. But after a brief career of splendour, the house fell upon evil days. The isolation of its situation, the rigour of the climate, and the inhospitable behaviour of the natives proved too much for the devotion of the monks. Making the civil disturbances of Stephen's reign an excuse for their disgust with the neighbourhood, the bulk of them migrated in a body to Gloucester, where, at the entreaties of their former prior, Robert de Betun, bishop of Hereford, Milo, Earl of Hereford, built them a new Llanthony in close proximity to the city. The fragments of a gateway and a few crumbling walls in the neighbourhood of the docks still mark the site. The new habitation proved much more to their liking; and notwithstanding the exertions of William of Wycombe, their fourth prior, who spared no pains to revive the importance

of the original abode, the monks steadily refused to return. "They had no mind to sing to the wolves," they declared, and when any one announced his intention of going back, they asked him derisively, "What had he done to be sent to prison?" Into such a state of abject poverty did the parent habitation fall that the few brethren who remained loyal



A. Nave. C. Transepts. E. Chapter House.
B. Choir. D. Sacristy. F. Chapel.

Sketch Plan of Llanthony Abbey.

complained that they had neither surplices nor breeches in which to attend service. In the reign of Edward IV. it was found advisable by the authorities to accept the situation; and a licence was granted for the fusion of the two establishments under one management. The library and some of the appointments were removed to the Gloucester house. At the Dissolution the abbey had five monks and an annual revenue of £99.

The ruins stand, "dark and venerable," on a grassy bottom where the narrow and rugged valley of the Honddu merges into the broader vale of Ewias. It is a site more in keeping with the traditions of the grave Cistercians than with the genial temper of the Augustinians, who loved the towns. The domestic buildings are practically gone, and the church itself is a mere wreck, rendered all the more unsightly by the encroachment of some neighbouring farms. It is a largish cruciform building, 252 ft. long, flanked at the W. end by the remains of two massive square towers, and carrying at the juncture of the nave and transepts the crumbling fragments of a central tower. The N. arcade of the nave, with its triforium, stands fairly complete. It consists of a series of pointed arches, resting on rectangular piers, and furnished beneath with some E.E. mouldings springing from sculptured corbels. The prevailing style of the building may be gathered from the character of this arcade and from the details of what remains of the W. front. It is throughout Trans. Norm., and round-headed windows are occasionally used as an alternative to the more usual lancets. Probably the building is not earlier than the time of William of Wycombe, who was prior about the close of the 12th cent. Professor Freeman maintained some portions to be as late as the 14th cent. The choir (which is unusually plain) and the transepts are in a state of collapse. A large circular arch in the E. wall of the S. transept seems to have led into a contiguous chapel. Built into the extemporised N. wall of the choir are an incised slab and the remnants of two other sepulchral monuments. The prior's lodging adjoined

the S.W. tower and is now transformed into a public-house. The basement still retains a vaulted room. At the opposite end of the nave and built against the S. transept wall is a groined and vaulted chamber, possibly the *sacrarium;* and next door are the remains of the Chapter House, now used as a stable. The barn at the W. approach to the priory grounds is, as indicated by its doorway, another fragment of monastic property—probably the *hospitium.*

On the whole it is a somewhat disappointing group of buildings, though the architecture is much in keeping with the severe and monotonous lines of the landscape. The ruins would gain vastly in dignity and impressiveness by the removal of the encroaching farmyards.

The Norm. chapel — still used for worship— which stands alongside of the priory is at least as old as the larger church. It is however unusually devoid of interest. The interior is plain almost to baldness. It has an exceptionally spacious chancel, entered from the nave by a plain round arch; and a small adjoining archway leads to the pulpit. There are no details calling for notice. Amongst the trees which clothe the hill-side to the N. of the abbey are the scanty remains of a villa which Walter Savage Landor built here when he acquired possession of the priory in 1809 (p. 79).

Four miles further up the valley is the hamlet of *Capel-y-Ffin,* where Father Ignatius (d. 1908) built a modern monastery. Visitors are shown the church, which contains a richly embellished altar.

Llantilio (or *Llandilo*) *Crossenny*, a parish 6 m. E. from Abergavenny and 8 m. W.N.W. from Monmouth, on the upper road between the two towns. There is no village. The locality is

the traditional site of an engagement in 556 between the Saxons and the Welsh, the latter being under the leadership of their Prince Ynyr. The prayers of St Teilo, bishop of Llandaff, turned the tide of battle in favour of the Welshman, hence the name, "The Church of Teilo,—The Cross of Ynyr." The church and court keep pleasant company together, a little to the S. of the high-road. The church, originally E.E. with Dec. and Perp. alterations, is of very considerable interest. It is a cruciform building, with a central tower crowned by a shingled broach spire, added probably in 1709 (note the useless water-spouts indicating an earlier flat roof). Traces of the original E.E. character of the building will be seen in the low tower arch and the lancets at the W. end of the aisles. Later builders practically remodelled it; a clerestory was added, and the N. transept transformed into a spacious chapel, extending to the E. end of the chancel. The low, tunnel-like entrance to the chancel, though artistically indefensible, gives a touch of character to the interior; and the round-headed rood-loft door, with descending steps cut in the thickness of the tower, is exceedingly quaint. The rood-loft itself (to which access was gained by the blocked doorway in the chancel) has disappeared, but a subsidiary rood beam will be found on the other side of the tower facing E. The chancel (Dec.) contains a fine cinquefoiled piscina, and on the floor some tombstones with figures in low relief. A low Dec. arcade, which appears to have sunk considerably, divides the chancel from the adjoining N. chapel — a particularly interesting bit of architecture. Note—(1) the Perp. window with band of

quatrefoils — a 15th-cent. insertion, (2) the figured image-brackets on each side of the altar— the one on the S. is said to be a portrait of Edward II., (3) the squint, and square piscina in the E. wall, (4) the discarded font-basin or stoup. Beneath the tower are some huge vertical timbers supporting the bell frame, and added probably with the bells in 1709. In the S. transept should be observed the long chest, and in the nave, the Norm. font at the W. end. In the churchyard is the base of a cross. The *Court* (Sir H. M. Jackson) is a large square modern mansion, in the grounds of which are the vestiges of the original court, once the home of the redoubtable Sir David Gam, who fell on the field of Agincourt, and was knighted by the king as he lay dying. The valorous knight had indeed no reason to be ashamed "to speak with his enemies in the gate," for it is said that his children could form a string reaching from the Court to the church gate. In the parish is *Powell's Free School*, founded in 1654. By the side of the Abergavenny road is *Cil Llwch*, an interesting specimen of a 16th-cent. Welsh squire's residence, once a seat of the Hughes, but now a farm. In the window of what was formerly a dining-room is some ancient glass representing St George and the dragon. The attics are said to contain a room called the chapel. A lane opposite Llantilio Church leads up to *White Castle* (p. 67), 1½ m. to the N., which is best reached by this route from Monmouth.

Llantilio Pertholey, a parish 2 m. N. of Abergavenny, on the Hereford road. The church, down a lane to the E., is a welcome exception to the many uninteresting churches in the neighbour-

hood. It is a Dec. building, with earlier portions, delightfully irregular in plan, and abounding in quaint corners. The details as well as the general arrangements of the structure are strikingly original. The tower springs from the W. end of a short N. aisle; and at the opposite end of the church there is quite a cluster of chapels. These are the most interesting features of the church. The Neville and Wernddu chapels at the N. and S. are divided from the rest of the building by some very flat wooden arches springing from stout timber supports handsomely carved. A singular little chantry, which retains its stone altar, is cunningly contrived as a sort of appendix to the sanctuary. The objects worthy of note in the church are (1) the ancient font (supposed by some to be pre-Norm.), (2) the small squint in the central chapel, (3) the flooring tiles affixed to the wall of the N. chapel, (4) the stoup in the porch. *Bettws Chapel* (2 m. to N.W.) is an ancient chapelry on the side of the Sugar Loaf, but has been somewhat spoilt by restoration. In the neighbourhood is *Pont Esgob* ("Bishop's bridge"), so named from Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, who "toured" through Wales in 1188 (p. 60). *Pen-y-clawdd* on the hill above is a 15th-cent. house, near which is an encampment, surrounded by a double moat.

The valley lying between the Sugar Loaf and *Bryn-aro* (the rounded eminence on the N.E.), and stretching from Llantilio to Pont Esgob, was at one time part of the extensive *Forest of Moyle*. In the 12th cent. this defile was the scene of a remarkable tragedy. Richard, Earl of Clare, who, in addition to other broad acres, claimed extensive possessions in Breconshire, was on his way from his

LLANTILIO PERTHOLEY CHURCH

castle of Usk to visit his Welsh domains. He was escorted by Brian de l'Isle, lord of Abergavenny, with an armed body of retainers, who purposed seeing him over the frontier. The Earl, however, feeling himself secure, dismissed the escort, and proceeded on his journey attended only by a small company of servants, and a couple of minstrels, who relieved the tedium of the march by their musical performances. Whilst passing a thick glade in the forest the party was surprised by a body of Welsh mountaineers who sprang from a thicket and massacred the Earl and his suite before they could recover from their consternation. In an old chest in Llantilio Pertholey Church there is said to be preserved an old deed which grants the right of pasturage in the Forest of Moyle to the parishioners.

Llantrissant ("The Church of the Three Saints"), a small village 3½ m. S. of Usk, on the E. bank of the river. The church has a heavy, but not unpicturesque, tower at the W. end of a wide and roomy nave. Within, it contains little of interest. There is a large trefoiled piscina in the sanctuary, and a small Dec. light on the N. side of the nave. The cross in the churchyard has been restored.

Llanvaches, a parish on the Newport and Chepstow road, 3 m. N. of Magor station. It gets its name from St Maches, a martyred maiden. Here was once the site of one of the six castles built for the protection of Wentwood. Every vestige of the building has now disappeared: its position was N. of the Church. In an orchard belonging to Talgarth Farm are some traces of an encampment. The neighbourhood, however, has been turned to fresh account. A large reservoir connected by an underground aqueduct with one at a higher level

near Newchurch, has recently been constructed at the foot of Grey Hill to augment the Newport water-supply. *Grey Hill* itself, at the N. of the parish, retains on its summit some traces of an ancient stone circle (p. 139). The church (St Dubricius), a rather poor building (probably E.E.) with a saddleback tower, is reached by a lane a little to the N. of the main road. It retains a small rood-loft window and a rough square piscina near the pulpit.

Llanvair Cilgeden or *Kilgidin*, a parish 5 m. S.E. from Abergavenny, on the lower Usk road, which here crosses the river on a stone bridge. By the roadside is *Pant-y-goitre* (A. D. Barrington), a modern mansion at the foot of a steep knoll. The church ($\frac{1}{2}$ a mile to the E. down a long lane) is a belfried building of the usual local type, but rather larger and more dignified. Round the interior walls runs a series of modern frescoes in *sgraffito* work (said to be the method of decoration used in the Roman catacombs), illustrating the *Benedicite*. The other features worthy of note are (1) a small Perp. screen, (2) a 16th-cent. font with a finely-carved cover (the original font is now at the rectory), (3) on N. side of the altar a tomb marked with an incised cross and chalice, probably the body stone of a priest (cp. *Llanthewey Skyrrid*), (4) E.E. piscina. Amongst the church plate is an Elizabethan Communion cup. The churchyard is nicely kept and retains the steps and stump of a cross.

Llanvair Discoed, a small village on a hillside, 2 m. N.W. from Caerwent, on the old Roman road to Usk. It is the site of one of the many castles erected for the defence of Wentwood.

Though the present structure is of later date, it is certainly of Norman origin. In 1270 there was a fortification here in possession of Sir James Pagan, which afterwards passed to the De Monthermers, and the Montacutes. In the 17th cent. it belonged to the Kemeys family, a distinguished member of which, Sir Nicholas Kemeys, perished at the siege of Chepstow. The property still remains in the hands of their descendants. The ruins, like those of its neighbour, Troggy Castle, are distinctly disappointing, only more so. They are in a woeful state of neglect. The courtyard is occupied by an untidy orchard, and the walls are so overgrown with trees and encumbered with rubbish as to render investigation almost impracticable. Amongst the débris will be discovered the shell of a round tower perched upon the edge of a small cliff, the fragment of a curtain wall, showing one or two gaping windows, and some miscellaneous heaps of masonry which are said to represent the keep. What the original dimensions of the castle were, it would now be difficult to say; but apparently it was of no great extent. A little lower down the road and lying at the foot of the castle is the church—an uninteresting little building. On the inside of the stone stile leading into the churchyard is engraven a fearful warning to Sabbath breakers—which unwittingly immortalizes the Sunday habits of a bygone generation of villagers:—

> "Whoever hear on Sonday
> Should practise playing at ball,
> It may be afore Monday
> The devil will have you all."

Below the church is the *Court House*, now a farm, which bears above its doorway a quaint motto

in Welsh: "It is better to write the name of the Most High on stone than with ink." In a corner of the farmyard is an old-fashioned pigeon-house.

Llanvapley (Llanfabli—the Church of St Mabli), a village 4 m. E. from Abergavenny, on the old Monmouth road. The church stands on a bank by the roadside. It has a plain battlemented W. tower, and an E.E. chancel. The E. window appears to have been altered. It was once a three-light window with plate tracery, but the central light is now blocked. The porch retains its stoup; there is an E.E. piscina in the chancel; and a swell in the N. wall of the nave indicates the position of the rood-loft stairway. In the churchyard is the massive base of what was probably once a fine cross.

Llanvetherine (pronounced *Llanverin*), a parish $4\frac{1}{2}$ m. to the N.E. of Abergavenny, on the Ross road. It gets its name from St Gwytherin (Latinized into *Vetterinus*), who is supposed to have lived in the 6th cent. The road dips into a deep dell, and the church and a few cottages lie at the bottom. White Castle may be seen grimly perched on the hill above the village, $\frac{3}{4}$ of a m. away. The church tower has rather a peculiar appearance from the projection of the belfry stage. The rest of the building has been largely reconstructed. The interior, however, contains one or two monuments of note. Fixed against the wall of the porch is a slab bearing the figure of an ecclesiastic (probably 14th cent.), vested in a chasuble and posed in an attitude of benediction. Pinned against the E. wall of the chancel are two other sepulchral *bas-reliefs*. The one on the L. carries the figure of a man in a ruff—David Powell,

1621; the other on the R. that of a woman, of unspecified identity, wearing a Welsh hat, date 1775. Two other incised slabs will be found on the floor of the church—one blazoned with a coat-of-arms and dated 1621, the other (near the pulpit) marked with a floriated cross (1611). A small brass with a eulogistic epitaph to Anne the wife of John Stephens (1729) is fixed against the N. wall of the chancel. There are piscinas in the sanctuary and in the S. nave wall near the pulpit, and in the porch is a stoup. The churchyard retains the base of its old cross.

Llanvihangel Crucorney, a village 4 m. from Abergavenny, on the Hereford road, with a station on the G.W.R. Hereford line. The main interest of the place centres in the neighbouring *Court* (Col. N. G. Sturt), whose grounds border the E. side of the road. It is a fine old house of considerable antiquity, once belonging to the Morgans, and possesses a picturesque gabled front, overlooking a terrace which was added to the original structure in 1559. But the "show sight" of the place is a row of Scotch firs, one of the oldest avenues of the kind in the kingdom, for which a former Government is once said to have offered a fabulous sum. The church on the other side of the road has lost much of its interest by a thoroughgoing restoration. On the S. wall will be noticed a 17th-cent. monumental slab, with a male figure rudely carved on its face. The village inn is a fine old-fashioned hostelry, a relic of the old coaching days. *Stratton*, a hamlet on the way to Llanthony, is one of the few places in the county bearing a non-Welsh name. The old Hereford road which here leaves the new road to mount the hillside is the most

direct route to Grosmont. The ascent is arduous, but the climb is well rewarded by some splendid views across the district.

Llanvihangel-juxta-Roggiett, a parish on the Caldicot level, ½ m. W. from Severn Tunnel Station. The church is a small Dec. building, with a square W. tower like its neighbour at Roggiett, but without its curious spirelet. The interior contains two noteworthy monuments only recently brought to light. One, beneath the N. arcade, is an altar-tomb surmounted by the effigy of a woman, and bearing an inscription; the other, on the N. side of the chancel, is the effigy of a crusader in chain armour. Note also (1) round-headed inner doorway and fragment of stoup in porch, (2) defaced sculptured corbels to chancel arch. In the churchyard is the base of a cross and the stump of a tree of remarkable girth. A pre-Reformation bell hangs in the tower.

Llanvihangel-juxta-Usk, or *Llanvihangel Gobion*, a parish, as the name implies, on the bank of the Usk, 5 m. S.E. from Abergavenny, at the junction of the Usk and Monmouth roads. The church is a small building with a low unbuttressed W. tower, capped by a pyramidal roof. It has evidently been fashioned by the same hands that built Tregare. The likeness extends to the font, which is ornamented with the same heart-shaped device. Here, however, the church is furnished with a small N. aisle, the roof of which is supported on a rough row of timbers. Built into the exterior wall at the S.W. corner of the church is a small relief representing it would be hard to tell what. It faintly suggests a crude attempt to portray the Resurrection.

Llanvihangel Pont-y-Moile, a parish on the Pontypool and Abergavenny road, 1 m. N.W. from Pontypool Road Station. The church is a small belfried building. The font is old.

Llanvihangel-tor-y-mynydd, a small parish 5 m. S.E. of Raglan, on the Raglan and Chepstow road. As the name declares, it lies on the side of a hill. The church appears to be an appendage to a farmyard. It will be found down a narrow lane to the S. of the main road, but is of no interest whatever.

Llanvihangel-ystern-llewern or *Lanvihangel Tavernbach*, a small village on the banks of the Trothy, 6 m. W.N.W. from Monmouth. It is remarkable for nothing but the generous proportions of its name. The story connected with it is that Ynyr, King of Gwent, through following a misleading light, got bogged in the marshes which fringed the river. Recovering his foothold with difficulty, he vowed a church on the spot where he first touched bottom as a thankoffering for his deliverance. The church, down a lane to the S., as it now stands, is a small uninteresting structure with a half-timbered tower, much restored, but retaining its rood loft and ancient font. *Pant*, an old house with 17th-cent. additions, was an early settlement of the Quakers.

Llanwenarth Citra, a parish 2 m. W.N.W. of Abergavenny on the road to Brecon, at the entrance of the beautiful vale of Crickhowell. The river Usk divides this parish from Llanwenarth Ultra, and a halfpenny ferry connects the two. Overhanging the Brecon road is Llanwenarth Breast, one of the S.W. supporters of the Sugar Loaf. The hill, which is dotted with private

residences, affords a pleasant climb, and is one of the many favourite walks around Abergavenny. The church on the plain below lies between the road and the river (take first lane to the L. after leaving Abergavenny). It has a solid-looking W. tower, thickly clad with ivy, and curiously out of line with the nave. There are two low lancet-shaped side windows with ogee hood-mouldings, and a Dec. E. window in the chancel. The nave contains a small beaker-shaped font.

Llanwenarth Ultra (see *Govilon*, p. 138).

Llanwern, a parish 4 m. E. from Newport, with a station on the G.W.R. main line to S. Wales. The neighbouring trees of Llanwern Park (A. T. Thomas, M.P.) afford a pleasant relief to the monotonous level which stretches from here to the sea. The church is a plain building with an embattled W. tower, but without chancel or aisles. The nave is strangely devoid of windows on the N. side. There are some tombstones with armorial bearings on the floor. In the graveyard is the detached shaft of a cross.

Machen, a village in the Rhymney Valley, lying picturesquely at the foot of Mynydd Machen, 8 m. N.W. from Newport, with two stations, one at Machen, and another at Church Road on the Brecon and Merthyr line. The district contains some collieries and lime works; and a string of cottages forms a small industrial village at Upper Machen, where there is a little modern church. Machen village, or Lower Machen, still retains its rural picturesqueness. It has an old church which fits in well with the wooded landscape, but is of slight antiquarian interest. Within, there are niches on either side of the chancel arch, and a

rood-loft stair. An apartment thrown out from the S. wall of the chancel forms a kind of family pew for the Morgans of Tredegar, and is plentifully adorned with large mural monuments to members of the house. *Plas Machen*, an old gabled farmhouse near Church Road Station, was once a seat of one of the collateral branches of this notable county family. It contains a "hunting room," with a good plaster ceiling. *Mynydd Machen* is a bulky hill standing immediately behind the village. It is in some favour with picnic parties from Newport, on account of the breezy climb it affords, and for the fine view obtainable from the summit. Along with its neighbour Twyn Barlwm it forms a striking object in a Newport landscape.

Maes-y-cwmmer—"the meadow of the junction (or confluence)"—a colliery village in the Rhymney Valley, 16 m. N.W. from Newport, with a station on the B. and M. line. A picturesque stone viaduct carries the Pontypool and Aberdare railway across the gorge. The scenery below the village is pretty. The valley opens out, the hill sides are pleasantly wooded, and the collieries are less in evidence than higher up the stream. The village is in the parish of Bedwas.

Magor, a largish village on the Caldicot level, 8 m. E. from Newport with a station on the G.W. main line to S. Wales. It was once the seat of a priory, an offshoot of the Cistercian abbey of Tintern. Some fragments of the domestic buildings of the priory still remain at the N.W. corner of the churchyard. The monks have left another and more lasting memorial of their connection with the district in the additions they made to the parish church, which in consequence was long

known as the "Cathedral of the Moors." They found it apparently a small E.E. building, with a massive W. tower, having a square turret at the N.W. corner, and transformed it into a handsome cruciform minster by taking the original building for the chancel, attaching to the W. face of the tower a spacious Perp. nave and throwing out transepts on the N. and S. The old weather-moulding on the W. face of the tower still exists as evidence of the earlier dimensions of the church. The nave is enriched externally by a good parapet; and a fine porch, with a stone vault and parvise above, gives additional dignity to the edifice. The interior relies for its effect chiefly on its size and the richness of the arcading, which is adorned with angel capitals; otherwise it is rather featureless, and is much spoilt by its lavish display of varnished woodwork. Note (1) panelled transept arches, (2) doorway of dismantled rood-loft, (3) octagonal font of good design, (4) traces of Norm. zigzag moulding built into the N. external wall of the chancel, (5) consecration crosses at the S.E. angle of the chancel above a stone carved with chevron ornament, (6) broken tombstone with incised cross lying in the churchyard against the E. end of the church.

Malpas, a parish on the Pontypool road 1½ m. from Newport on the outskirts of the town. There once existed here a small monastery of Cluniac monks, a cell from the parent priory of Montacute in Somerset. The church—a small aisleless building by the road-side—still retains one or two of its original Norm. features. It is, however, spoilt by having been injudiciously overloaded with modern Norm. ornamentation. Not content with a Norm.

lych-gate, bell-turret, and pulpit, the restorer has added a Norm. stone lectern. Happily the original W. and S. doorways and chancel arch are still well preserved. The S. doorway in particular should be noticed, as the columns are all of different design, one being square. A fragment of the monastic building is said to be embodied in the vicarage wall.

Mamhilad, a parish 2½ m. N.E. from Pontypool on the Abergavenny road, with a station at Little Mill, which forms a junction for the G.W. lines to Hereford and Monmouth. The church stands on a small hill. It is a little aisleless building, with the chancel on a lower level than the nave (cp. *Llanover*). Fragments of the original rood-screen have been worked up in the W. gallery. A Roman road once ran from here to Llanhilleth.

Marshfield, a village on the Wentloog level, 5½ m. S.W. from Newport, with a station on the G.W. line to S. Wales. The name is more suggestive of its position than etymologically exact. Probably it should be "Mary's field," from the dedication of the church, though its low situation apologizes for the confusion. The church, an ivy-grown Dec. building, has been largely reconstructed, but still retains an interesting late Norm. S. doorway of peculiar design, supported by differently-sculptured capitals, and a round-headed niche above. The chancel arch also appears to be original, and contemporaneous with the one at the doorway. In the sanctuary is a plain piscina or aumbry. At *Castleton*, 1 m. to the N., on the Newport and Cardiff road, there once existed a Norm. fortress, the site of which is now included in the grounds of

Wentloog Castle (Sir G. Forestier Walker). No vestiges of the building remain.

Mathern, a village 2½ m. S.W. from Chepstow. Though quiet and secluded, Mathern has for the ecclesiastically minded a lively interest. A little bit of history—not without a savour of romance—is wrapped up even in its name. Teudrig (or Theodoric), King of Glamorgan (6th cent.), and reputed grandfather of Arthur, wearied of his crown, handed his kingdom over to his son, and retired to pass the rest of his days in seclusion as a hermit. But a sudden incursion of the Saxons set his subjects again longing for the one strong man who alone could save the situation. Yielding at last to their solicitations, the old man once more donned his armour and falling on the foe at Tintern routed them with great slaughter. But the pious king paid for his patriotism by his life. Mortally wounded, he was carried homewards to die, but expiring here, he requested that a church might be built over his last resting-place. His grateful subjects, recognizing that he had perished in a war against the unbeliever, called the place of his sepulture Merthyr Teudrig (the Martyr Teudrig), which subsequent generations, less expert in the Welsh tongue, shortened into the more euphonious Mathern. Bishop Godwin (1606-17) had the curiosity to test the truth of the tradition by opening the tomb, when the bones of the warrior saint were duly discovered, with the skull cleft in twain. Touched by this unexpected testimony to the authenticity of the story, the bishop caused a tablet to be fixed to the N. wall of the chancel, where it remains to this day, though the inscription which the bishop penned can now only be read with much difficulty. Bishop

OLD EPISCOPAL PALACE, MATHERN

Godwin's interest in Mathern arose from the fact that here was the official residence of the former occupants of the see of Llandaff. The *Old Palace* still stands by the churchyard, "a pretty pyle" of buildings (as Leland called it). It is a quadrangular edifice, with an ivy-clad tower, some picturesque oriel windows, and an adjoining chapel. It is of various dates. The N.E. portion is said to have been erected by John de la Zouch, a Minorite, who was bishop from 1408 till 1423. The chapel was added a century later by Miles Salley (1500-1576), who had been successively Abbot of Abingdon and Eynsham. A large gatehouse, now demolished, is said to have once added grandeur to the entrance. The house was not abandoned as an episcopal residence till 1706. Some of Godwin's predecessors in the see do not seem to have found Mathern too secluded to prevent them from indulging in some very lively proceedings. One, Anthony Kitchen, a kind of episcopal Vicar of Bray, so impoverished the see by his riotous living, that his biographer can only express his astonishment that he was so "loth to leave" the little there was to leave.

The *Church*, standing on the site of the martyred Teudrig's early memorial church, is a fair-sized building, which probably owes its somewhat exceptional dignity to the patronage of its episcopal neighbours. The earliest portion is the square pillar in the N.W. of the nave. The nave itself, with the chancel, was built in the 13th cent.; and the tower and aisles in the 15th cent. It has a stately Perp. W. tower, rather spoilt by its shallow buttresses, and some good E.E. arcades. Note (1) the large E.E. double piscina in the sanctuary, (2) the E.E. lancets at E. end, (3) the tablet

aforesaid. A Bishop's Throne is said to have once stood in the chancel. In the 16th cent. several successive bishops of Llandaff were buried here.

Moynes Court (take the first turning to the L. after leaving the church), formerly called "Monk's Court," is a handsome gabled mansion, reconstructed (1609) by Bishop Godwin for a relative, out of a former residence of the De Moynes. The older name, with that of the adjoining meadow—Monk's mead—was thought by Coxe to indicate some former monastic associations. It possesses a lofty gabled gatehouse, flanked by some rather ungainly square towers, but picturesque as a whole. In the court-yard wall are preserved two worn stones with Roman inscriptions, found originally at Caerleon and supposed to commemorate the restoration of a temple of Diana by Postumius Varus.

Michaelstone-y-vedw or *Llanvihangel-y-vedw*, a parish 2 m. N. of Marshfield Station (G.W. main line to S. Wales). The village is merely a small cluster of houses. The church stands on rising ground, and the graveyard, flanked by a good row of elms, commands a fine open view of the Monmouthshire hills. The building itself is not as interesting as its situation. It is an E.E. edifice, with a W. tower and an architectural monstrosity in the shape of a late N. transeptal chapel built into the church at the junction of nave and chancel, so that the occupants of this sort of family-pew can have a view into both parts of the building. Upon the font is carved a figure of the patron saint treading underfoot the dragon. By the road-side overlooking the neighbouring hamlet of Castleton is a circular encampment. *Pen-y-parc Newydd.*

Mitchel Troy, a pretty village 2 m. S.W. from

Monmouth, on the road to Raglan. The name is said to be equivalent to *Troy Magna* (*Mitchel* being the Middle English *michel*, "great"). The church is a rather small structure with a W. tower. Though of no architectural merit it has the saving grace of picturesqueness, and is not without archæological interest. Externally note (1) old stocks by the roadside, (2) lych-gate (cp. *Trelleck*), (3) cross of unusual design in churchyard, (4) inscription on S. face of tower, which, undecipherable now, is stated to represent *Orate pro Godefrido et Johanne* (possibly the founders of the church). The interior (much restored) is Dec. throughout, the nave being divided from the aisles by rough pointed arches without capitals. Observe (1) trefoiled piscina in S. aisle, (2) near it a body stone with incised cross, (3) incised fragment built into E. wall of S. aisle, (4) image brackets in chancel, (5) ancient cup-shaped font. The design of the E. windows of the aisles is unusual.

Monkswood, a small village $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. W.N.W. from Usk, on the Pontypool road. It borrows its name from the neighbouring wood, which was originally owned by the monks of Tintern. Great Monkswood farm is said by Coxe to have been also a possession of the abbey. The small church has been rebuilt on the site of an ancient chapel.

MONMOUTH (Monnow-mouth) — sometimes called by its Welsh synonym, *Abermynwy*— (pop. 5095), the county town from which the shire derives its name. It is 128 m. by road from London and 145 m. by rail, and has a station (Troy) on the G.W. line from Pontypool Road to Ross, which here forms a junction with the Wye Valley branch to Chepstow; there is also a

second small station (May Hill) on the other side of the town. The position of Monmouth on the extreme eastern verge of the county hardly qualifies it as an administrative centre, but it owes its political priority to its antiquity, which goes back to the time when Monmouthshire was merely the scientific frontier between England and Wales. Monmouth is still an old-fashioned place whose chief present-day distinction is the beautiful scenery with which it is surrounded. Its lines have certainly fallen in very pleasant places. The situation of the town at the confluence of two such streams as the Wye and the Monnow—a circumstance which amongst other things entitled it in the opinion of Shakespeare's Fluellen to take rank with Macedon—has always been the admiration of the traveller. Gray, who spent some happy hours in the neighbourhood, speaks of it enthusiastically as lying "in a vale that is the delight of the eye and the very seat of pleasure." The description, though a trifle florid, hardly does more than justice to the charm of its surroundings. Girdled by well-wooded and graceful hills and embraced by its two rivers, it makes from every point of view a fascinating picture. Besides the rare beauty of its immediate environs and the old-world attractions of the town itself, another consideration will recommend it to the notice of the tourist. Its proximity to all the principal centres of interest in the Wye Valley, either within or without the county, makes it an admirable base of operations for those who seek a wider acquaintance with this famous series of landscapes (p. 263).

The early history of the place is obscure. Some believe it to have been a Roman station, and identify

MONMOUTH

it with *Blestium*. It was the seat of a British church in the 7th cent.; and the Saxons appear to have had a fortified outpost here as a barrier against Welsh marauders. But the town itself, no doubt, grew up under the shelter of the stone castle with which the Normans replaced the rude Saxon fortress. In mediæval days it was a walled and moated town, covering an area of 20 acres and possessing four gates. The sites of these gates were respectively in Monks' Street or the Parade (N.), at the top of Monnow Street (W.), near Wye Bridge (S.), and at the head of the Lower Dixton road (E.). It was the birthplace of Geoffrey of Monmouth (p. 73), the chronicler. In the troublous days of Henry III. it was a bone of contention between the king and the barons. Simon de Montfort is said to have "razed it to the ground"; but on the overthrow of the popular cause it passed into the secure keeping of the Crown. Henry IV. seems to have displayed considerable partiality for the neighbourhood, and it gained a place in national history by becoming in 1387 the birthplace of his son Henry V., who from the fact borrowed his popular title of "Harry of Monmouth." During the youth of the gallant prince, Owen Glendower caused some consternation in the district by entrenching himself on the neighbouring hill of Craig-y-Dorth (1404). Though the future hero of Agincourt was in command of the operations against him, the Welshman inflicted on the royal troops a humiliating reverse and drove them in confusion into the town (p. 53).

In the Great Rebellion it again experienced some vicissitudes of fortune; and the frequency with which it changed hands suggests that it could

not have been a place of much strategical value. On one occasion Col. Herbert voluntarily evacuated it at the approach of Waller, as being too naked and open for defence. Cromwell, who was twice in the town (May and July 1646) is said on the second occasion to have been very nearly assassinated by "a hot-headed royalist" named Evans. Politics, however, do not appear to have interfered with its commercial prosperity. It established quite early a reputation for head-gear. Shakespeare makes Fluellen speak of the Welsh recruits as displaying a leek "in their Monmouth caps"; and the name seems to have clung to the articles long after they ceased to be manufactured in the locality. The "cappers" were a sufficiently numerous and wealthy corporation to have in the parish church a "cappers' chapel" which, according to Fuller, was "better carved and gilded" than any other part of the building. An outbreak of plague brought this prosperity to an end, and the trade was removed to Bewdley. The town has now no staple industry, and few factories of any kind. It flourishes chiefly as a market town, a place of genteel residence, an educational centre, and a place of resort for tourists.

The town is entered from the W. through the outlying district of *Overmonnow*, which seems to have been a distinct township, defended by an earthwork and a semi-circular moat. Traces of this ditch—called "*clawdd dû*," the black dyke—can still be seen by following a lane leading past the "Green Dragon." The name "Cinderhill," which designates the unprepossessing row of cottages leading from Troy Station, is supposed to be derived from the Roman ash-heaps which are said

to have once been plentiful in the neighbourhood—a circumstance which has led some recent antiquarians to regard this as the real site of the ancient *Blestium*. In mediæval times the district was chiefly occupied by the makers of the local speciality, and was popularly known as the "cappers' town," or "Little Monmouth." In this part of the town is situated the small church of *St Thomas*, which, though it has suffered much at the hands of restorers, retains sufficient of its ancient character to repay examination. It was originally a little Norm. chapel, with an unusually long chancel; and in 1834 was injudiciously transformed into a parish church by the erection of galleries. The windows and W. front are modern, and the chancel is a reconstruction (1874); but the original Norm. chancel arch and two N. doorways were happily retained. The interior arch of the N. doorway leading from the chancel has even been thought by some to be Saxon. A hagioscope and an aumbry also remain; and a few grotesque heads are scattered about the churchyard as *disjecta membra*. Amongst the plate are preserved an 18th-cent. paten and a Communion cup of the time of Charles II. The old base of a cross, with its modern head, in the centre of the street opposite the church gate, should be observed. *Drybridge House* (R. Crompton-Roberts), at the end of the main street, probably obtains its name from its proximity to the ancient dry-moat which encircled the township.

An ancient stone bridge with ribbed arches, and surmounted by a picturesque stone gateway gives entrance to the town proper. The gateway (Norm.) was probably built for the collection of

tolls, and was not one of the town gates, all of which have disappeared; the most westerly of them was in Monnow Street, near its junction with Glendower Street. The rough loopholes in the W. face of the gateway were made in 1839, in anticipation of an attack by the Chartists. A wide thoroughfare (Monnow St.) leads up to the market place and church, round which was gathered the mediæval town. The ground now traversed by Monnow Street was formerly an open meadow, where marketing was conducted; and a large mead to the S. of the street still bears the name of *Chippenham mead* (from the A.S. *ceapian*, "to buy"). Large fairs or "mops" were held in the street itself until quite recent times. The *Shire Hall*—a rather imposing building, with an Italian *façade*, built in 1724—graces the ancient bull-ring (now Agincourt Square), and is adorned with a statue of Henry V. *St Mary's Church*, once a priory church, retains only the tower and spire of the original fabric. The rest of the building, erected in 1881 by Street to replace a large and ugly Hanoverian edifice, is disappointing. The tower and spire (Dec.) is an exceedingly graceful composition, deriving its impressiveness entirely from the excellence of its proportions. It shows to advantage from every point of view. Note externally (1) west window displaying an incipient tendency to Perpendicularity, (2) Norman ornaments built into stair turret and N. buttress, (3) image niche. Within the church there should be noticed (1) the heavy Norm. respond at the W. end, a remnant of the original Norm. arcade, (2) beneath the tower the tiles built into the wall, and the fragments of masonry,

MONNOW BRIDGE, MONMOUTH

amongst which are a pillar of the Norm. triforium, a pedestal piscina, and a Norm. stoup. The *Priory* to which the church formerly belonged was an alien house of Benedictines founded in the reign of Henry I. (before 1135), by Withenoc, lord of Monmouth, and attached to the Abbey of St Florence at Salmur, in Anjou. The monks' choir stood at the E. end of the present church, but it was destroyed in the 18th cent., and not a trace of it now remains. A portion of the domestic buildings survives in a picturesque oriel Perp. window—locally known as *Geoffrey's Window*—overlooking Priory St. The chamber to which it belongs now forms part of the National School. The tradition which associates the Priory with the name of Geoffrey (who lived in the 12th cent., and was a Benedictine monk, and eventually bishop of St Asaph) may have its origin in fact, but the window itself is at least two centuries later. The *Castle* stands almost within a stone's-throw of the church on a knoll to the N. of the town and overhangs the Monnow. Who its originator was, is disputed. In the 11th cent. William Fitzbadaron is mentioned as holding Monmouth under the king, and it apparently remained with his heirs until the reign of Henry III., when John of Monmouth, its then possessor, was despoiled of it by the king for the share he had taken in the Barons' war. Along with the "trilateral" (see p. 67) it was annexed to the Duchy of Lancaster, and came into the hands of John of Gaunt by marriage. It was here that his grandson "Harry of Monmouth" was born in 1387. After the Wars of the Roses it was apparently abandoned; and in the days of James I. it was reported as being ruinous. The great hall

was however preserved in some sort of repair for the purposes of an Assize Court. During the Great Rebellion its fortifications were again patched up sufficiently to enable a royalist garrison to withstand a siege of three days whilst the town was in the hands of the Roundheads. Nothing is now left but some fragments of the walls, and one window of the Great Hall. The birthchamber of the hero of Agincourt is said to have been the adjoining apartment on the right. The castle yard is now used as a Militia depôt; and a fine old house—17th cent. —occupies the site of the original keep. The house should be inspected, as one of the rooms contains some good panelling and an elaborate plaster ceiling. The town possesses one or two other *old houses*, notably (1) an ironmonger's shop in Agincourt Square, (2) the "Queen's Head" in St James Street, (3) the "Robin Hood" at the bottom of Monnow Street. The old town *Gates* have been demolished, though their positions are approximately known (see p. 187). A fragment of the E. gate, now incorporated with a house, is observable at the entrance of the lower Dixton road. One of the chief institutions of the town is the *Grammar School* and adjoining *almshouses* near Wye bridge. They owe their existence to the benefactions of William Jones in 1614. Jones, who was a Newland boy, "born," as he says, "of high parentage but without pride," had amassed a large fortune in London as a Haberdasher; and in gratitude for some early favour shown him at Monmouth, left part of his fortune for the endowment of a Free Grammar School and some almshouses. The school is now run on modern lines, and has educated a Senior Wrangler. The buildings, which are rather

THE WYE, NEAR MONMOUTH

crowded, have been lately enlarged. On the Hereford Road a large High School for girls has recently been erected. The Rolls' Hall in Whitecross Street was given to the town by Lord Llangattock.

Beautiful walks abound in all directions. Everywhere the scenery-lover will find something to admire, but the following roads and localities command the more striking prospects: (1) The path up the Wye banks to Dixton Church or Wyaston Leys; (2) the Penalt Woods, at the foot of which are *Troy House* (p. 253), and the little river Trothy; (3) the Kymin Hill (p. 147); (4) the Coleford road as far as the "Fiddler's Elbow"; (5) the Redbrook road. Amongst the more distant places that should be visited are (1) Symond's Yat—one of the most famous viewpoints in the Wye Valley, commanding a magnificent prospect; (2) Goodrich Castle; (3) Tintern Abbey (p. 238) and Wynd Cliff (p. 265); (4) Raglan Castle (p. 215); (5) Staunton and Newland Churches; (6) St Briavel's, with its church and Castle; (7) Trelleck (p. 249); (8) the Buckstone, a huge mass of conglomerate perched on the brow of a hill, like an inverted pyramid; (9) the Doward caves, where the bones of the elephant, mammoth, reindeer, and other extinct animals have been found.

Monnow, The (Welsh *Mynwy*), a tributary of the Wye and one of the boundary rivers of the county. Monmouthshire goes half shares in it with Herefordshire. The stream collects its waters amongst the Black Mountains and the neighbouring hills, and throwing an elbow round the N. corner of the county proceeds in a S.E. direction to join the Wye at Monmouth. Though

devoid of the romantic attractions of its celebrated neighbour, it is nevertheless a comely little river, whose merits are generally overlooked except by fishermen. The sternness of its earlier surroundings is in striking contrast to the quiet beauty of its banks as it nears Monmouth. But everywhere it affords abundant entertainment for the angler and the artist, and some pleasant excursions for the enterprising tourist.

Mounton, a parish 2 m. W. from Chepstow. Its name is probably a corruption of Monkstown, as the priors of Chepstow are known to have once possessed the tithe and served the church. The few houses which constitute the hamlet are dropped into the bottom of a deep ravine, which is walled in by precipitous cliffs. The situation is picturesque, not to say romantic. A brook babbles along the bottom of the gorge and the vale throughout is prettily wooded. The wreckage of some discarded paper-mills however detracts considerably from the general beauty of the scene. The church is a small building of ancient origin, but apparently reconstructed.

Mynyddislwyn, one of the large parishes into which W. Monmouthshire was formerly divided, 10 m. N.W. from Newport (nearest station Tredegar Junction, on the L. & N.W. Sirhowy branch, and Abercarn, on the G.W. "Western Valleys" section, 2 m.). It has long since been broken up into a number of subsidiary parishes which have grown more populous than itself. The church (St Tudor's) stands on a hill, 1000 ft. above sea-level; but, except for the wide prospect obtainable in the vicinity, it is of slight interest. It was built in 1820 upon the site of an older

edifice. It is of some size, but of no architectural merit. An almost extinct local tradition asserts that on this spot St Paul first preached the gospel to the British—a statement, it is needless to say, which lacks confirmation. Adjoining the churchyard is a tumulus, locally known as *Ton Tyder*, which, like the similar mounds at Llanhilleth and Twyn Barlwm, was possibly an ancient signalling station. Here, too, legend has risen to the opportunity. Local gossips have it that a Roman army was overwhelmed by a vast horde of native clansmen and buried beneath the tump. The neighbourhood now abounds in quarries and collieries. *Penmaen* is a hamlet 3 m. N. of Tredegar Junction Station. It possesses a small modern church.

Nantyderry, a station on the G.W.R. line to Hereford.

Nantyglo ("coal brook"), a village at the top of the Ebbw Fach Valley, 2 m. N. of Blaina, with a station on the G.W. "Western Valleys" line. It consists of a string of workmen's cottages and a small modern church. Some ironworks are the chief source of employment.

Nash (the name is perhaps the English *Ness*), a parish at the mouth of the Usk, 5 m. S.E. from Newport. There is a supplementary lighthouse here on the sea-coast to indicate, in conjunction with the larger one at St Bride's, the entrance to the river. The church, probably once a fine edifice, is now only remarkable for its noble Dec. tower and spire, the chamber at the base of which contains a squint (cp. *Llangwm*). To judge from the external roof-marks on the W. face of the tower, the building must once have been of considerable

dimensions, but the N. aisle has entirely disappeared and the nave has been replaced by an ugly Georgian substitute.

Newbridge (Welsh *Pont Newydd*), a village in the Ebbw Valley, 11 m. N.W. from Newport, with a station on the "Western Valleys" section of the G.W.R. As its name implies, its chief characteristic is the facility which it affords for crossing the river. A road which here branches off to the W. will put the traveller into connection with either of the neighbouring valleys. At the time of the construction of the Crumlin Viaduct, Newbridge was suggested as an alternative route for the new railway. To the uninitiated its advantages seem obvious. The surrounding scenery is pleasant.

Newcastle (see *St Maughan's*, p. 229).

Newchurch, a parish, anciently called "Eglwsnewydd-ar-y-Cefn," 6 m. W.N.W. from Chepstow, on the high ridge of hills which forms the S.E. barrier of the vale of the Usk. It is a bleak and solitary spot, quite off the ordinary track of tourists, and in the winter wild and weird. There is no village; but a few scattered farmsteads are gathered about the church, and there is another hamlet at Devauden, 2 m. W. (p. 133). The church stands in the middle of a clump of trees on the crest of the hill. It is a small melancholy-looking building, completely modernized, and only noteworthy for its exposed situation. The parish is of great extent, and abounds everywhere in remarkably fine prospects, which are seen nowhere to better advantage than in the neighbourhood of the church. In addition to its beautiful views the neighbourhood is rich in antiquities. The parish has the distinction of possessing, amongst other

NEWBRIDGE

things, the only *Cromlech* in the county. It will be found in a little paddock ($\frac{3}{4}$ m. to the W. of the church) belonging to Gaerlwydd Farm, which borders the Usk and Chepstow road. It is a rather disappointing sort of memorial, of small dimensions (12 ft. × $3\frac{1}{2}$) and all awry through the slipping of the supporting stones (which are 4 or 5 ft. high). *Troggy Castle* (4 m. S.W.) in the middle of Wentwood is also within the confines of the parish (p. 251). On the top of a wooded spur, 2 m. N.E. of the church, is *Gaer-fawr*, an elliptical encampment, the finest fortification of its kind in Monmouthshire. It occupies a position of great strength, and encloses within a double *vallum* of stones an area of 20 acres, and commands an extensive prospect. *Chepstow Park Wood*, 3 m. W., is an extensive plantation of 3000 acres, containing the reservoir of the Chepstow waterworks.

Newport, the commercial metropolis of Monmouthshire, at the mouth of the Usk, 148 m. from London, with a station on the G.W.R. main line to S. Wales: pop. 72,850. Newport's situation has been its fortune. Its happy proximity to the coalfield, and its monopoly of the one navigable waterway, have enabled it to draw to itself all the enormous mineral traffic of the county. The rise of the town, like that of the other Bristol Channel seaports, has been phenomenal. Half a century has transformed it from a mere coasting town into one of the leading coal ports in the kingdom; and in point of tonnage of all sorts it takes a respectable place amongst the English seaports, standing twenty-first on the list. The actual trade returns, as officially given for 1906, were:—

imports, 1,425,220 tons; exports, 5,452,648; tonnage of vessels cleared, 3,085,160. Though outdone in the race for commercial supremacy by the superior advantages of its traditional rival, Cardiff, it has made remarkable headway, and in one respect it holds the record. It is the largest iron port in the Bristol Channel, exporting more iron than all the other neighbouring ports combined. At the beginning of the last century it had scarcely more than 1000 inhabitants. In the last 40 years the population has trebled itself, and its trade has grown with equal rapidity. It has no doubt a still greater future before it. Its command of cheap coal and its excellent shipping facilities have already recommended it as a port of export to a number of large manufacturing concerns from the Midlands; and the town is now surrounded by a ring of factories and machine-shops, which add as much to its prosperity as they withdraw from its attractiveness. Chain, nail, and boiler-making, shipbuilding, glass and wire making, and engineering, are all carried on in the district. Like all places of commercial origin, Newport is built rather for business than for pleasure. Though possessed of picturesque surroundings, as a town it is irredeemably commonplace. Its chief feature is a long and narrow central street following more or less the course of the river, and running from the station on the N. to the docks on the S. Though there are almost 100 m. of subordinate streets they are mean and unattractive. Its one enviable possession is the fine hill at the back of the town, which has now been annexed as a fashionable residential quarter.

No one would credit Newport with many

COMMERCIAL STREET, NEWPORT

venerable associations, but its name, nevertheless, disguises a really respectable antiquity. Its history goes back to at least the days of the Conquest; and it doubtless acquired its designation of the *new port* when it ousted its older neighbour Caerleon from its military and commercial command of the tidal waters of the Usk. Like Chepstow, it was originally a walled town, grouping itself in the neighbourhood of the castle, and spread westwards from the river. Leland speaks of it as possessing in his day three gates, "one on the bridge, one in the midst of the town, and one on the W." These have long ago disappeared, but the name "Westgate," which still clings to a local hotel, marks the limits of its ancient dimensions in that direction. Though transformed out of recognition, there still exists in the High Street a "murringer's" house, where dwelt in bygone days the official responsible for the custody of the walls. In the 13th cent. the inhabitants of Newport rendered a signal service to the Crown. In the Barons' war De Montfort, after his failure to hold Monmouth and Usk, seized Newport in the hope of effecting his retreat to Bristol by water; but the attempt was foiled by the townsmen, who conveyed the information that he was busy collecting transports to the ears of Gilbert de Clare, who at once despatched some galleys to the mouth of the Usk, and succeeded in destroying the convoy. De Montfort had, in consequence, to abandon his plan of campaign, and retired abruptly to Hereford.

Six centuries later the town again distinguished itself by withstanding a popular movement. On November 4th, 1839, a night attack was made upon the place by a band of Chartists, under the

leadership of John Frost (p. 72), a local magistrate. To repel the assault a handful of soldiers had to be hastily gathered within the walls of the old Westgate Hotel. At the instigation of the Mayor (Mr T. Phillips) the military opened a brisk fusilade upon the crowd from the inn windows. Some of the rioters were killed, the mob was dispersed, and the Mayor, who was subsequently knighted for his gallantry, was slightly wounded in the affray. The pillars of the old hotel porch, which are marked with bullet-holes, are still preserved in the vestibule of the modern building. Standing amid the roar of modern traffic, and incongruously sandwiched in between the bridge and the railway viaduct, are the ruins of the *Castle*. The remains are scanty, and have suffered severely from commercial enterprise; but they still present a picturesque and fairly unimpaired frontage to the river, which flows beneath them on the E. The base of a square central tower, forming the Watergate, and two truncated octagonal flanking towers on square bases, boldly project from the bank, and offer to the hurrying tide a face of sturdy masonry. But this is practically all that is left; and it is only lately that even these scanty fragments have been rescued from the clutches of a neighbouring brewery and restored to the town. The general arrangements, however, may be inferred from what is still standing. The central tower was occupied by the chapel. Between this and the N.E. tower was the Great Hall, with windows looking into the river. In the S.E. tower were the principal apartments, used by the lord of the castle and his family. Behind this range of buildings was the courtyard, or bailey, enclosed by walls, which were surrounded

by a deep moat, filled at every high tide. The main entrance is thought to have been in the S. wall. Its history, like that of most of the local fortresses, is sombre. A castle was erected at Newport late in the 11th cent. by Fitzhamon, the conqueror of Glamorgan. It passed afterwards into the possession of the Earls of Gloucester, Hereford, and Stafford; and, according to Welsh story, was in the 12th cent. the scene of one of the many outrages which disgraced the rule of the Lords Marchers. Owen-ap-Caradoc, who had come on the guarantee of a safe-conduct to Newport to treat with Henry II., was done to death within the walls of the castle by the brutal soldiery. In revenge for this murder, Iowerth-ap-Owen, his son, "carried fire and sword to the gates of Gloucester and Hereford." The present fabric, which is late Perp., is believed to have been originally built in the 14th cent.; but was afterwards modified, and in part rebuilt in the 15th cent.

The *parish church* of St Woollos, on the top of Stow Hill (mentioned by Leland as standing "without the walls"), is of even more remote antiquity than the castle. It is built on the traditional site of the hermitage of St Gwynlliew (Latin, *Gundleus*), a British recluse of royal blood in the 5th cent. (p. 74). Legend relates that Gwynlliew was ordered by a vision to seek a mount where he should meet a white ox with a black spot on its forehead; and finding what he wanted here, built a wooden church on the site. A barrow, popularly known as *Twyn Gwynlliew* ("Gwynlliew's mound"), is said to have once existed near the church; but, as Coxe suggests, it

probably had some connection with one of the neighbouring encampments. The present edifice is in many respects a remarkable building, and is especially noteworthy for its striking situation. Below are spread out like a map all the lower parts of the town, the docks, and the Bristol Channel. The building has a massive appearance; and a heavy Perp. tower stands in an almost detached position at the W. end, save that it is linked to the rest of the building by a slender E.E. Galilee chapel—usually called St Mary's Chapel. This chapel, the late Mr C. O. S. Morgan thought, might occupy the site of the original wooden church, to which the Normans added a stately new church at the E. end, after the manner of Glastonbury; whilst at a still later time the tower was attached at the W. On the W. face of the latter should be observed a headless figure—thought to be an effigy of Jasper Tudor (uncle of Henry VII.), the probable builder of the tower. The head is said to have been torn down in the Civil War by Cromwell's followers. The interior has been much modernized, but retains many of its original Norm. characteristics. The aisles are divided from the nave by arcades of rudely-moulded circular arches, supported on cylindrical columns with square capitals. There should also be noticed (1) the grotesquely carved font, (2) the indications of a former rood-loft. The chancel was originally Dec., but has been restored: it contains an excellent example of the Perp. low side window on N. of sanctuary. A tomb (Sir J. Herbert) with an Elizabethan canopy stands at the S.W. corner of the nave. The greatest peculiarity of the church is, however, the E.E.

"Galilee" between the nave and tower. It is quite a distinct building, and opens into the nave by a fine Norm. doorway, richly ornamented with chevron and billet mouldings, and supported by two detached and rather remarkably sculptured columns. It has been suggested that the columns have been taken or copied from the *Roman* remains at Caerleon. On the capitals are carved some quaint scriptural subjects. There are several recesses in the side walls, some of which contain effigies: (1) Sir John Morgan and wife (1493), formerly in the nave; (2) a crusader (fragmentary) in chain armour, identified by the late C. O. S. Morgan with William de Berkarolles (13th cent.). There is also a female figure, perhaps his wife. Newport once possessed, in addition to its venerable church, two habitations of *Friars*. One was "by the quay beneth the bridge," as Leland describes it. The remains of this friary, consisting of some domestic buildings, a great hall, and the N. transept of the church, are said by Coxe to have been standing in his day, but put to the base use of a cider press; they have, of course, long since disappeared. The other stood on the S. flank of Stow Hill, near the entrance of the present public park. A private residence still known as "The Friars" stands on the site. A district of Pillgwenlly, on the level ground below, also retains the name of "Friars' Fields." The other churches in the town are modern, and in nowise noteworthy. St Mark's on "Goldtops" has a well-designed tower. Newport never seems to have possessed architectural ambitions; Coxe speaks of it as "dirty, ill-paved, and gloomy," and to-day, though no longer liable to the same reproach, it is unusually destitute of modern buildings of

artistic merit. The Town Hall in Commercial Street, the Lyceum in Bridge Street (which has a "classical" façade), the Corn Exchange, an insignificant building in High Street, the Post Office, the Free Library in Dock Street, and the Hospital in Cardiff Road, are the chief public edifices. The *Alexandra Dock* in Pillgwenlly, opened in 1875, is a fine sheet of water near the mouth of the river, covering 28¾ acres, and now undergoing a further extension of some 90 acres, which will, when completed, make it one of the largest docks in the kingdom. It is replete with a graving dock, timber float and all sorts of mechanical contrivances for the rapid loading of vessels. It should be visited; and the views of the hillsides behind the town, which are obtainable in the vicinity, should be remarked. There are two smaller docks (the Old Docks) higher up the river; and the river side, as far as the town bridge, is lined with coaling stages for coasting craft. The most interesting thing which the mercantile portion of Newport has to show the visitor is the huge *Transporter Bridge* (near the Alexandra Dock), for it is a novelty and something of a rarity, there being only one other like it in the whole kingdom. It is of prodigious dimensions, and can be seen for miles across the low-lying meadow land that borders the channel. It is intended for the conveyance of passengers and vehicles across the river without interrupting the shipping. To effect this a travelling platform is slung by wire ropes from a girder elevated on two gigantic iron lattice-work supports, above the reach of the tallest ship's masts. The machinery is driven by electricity. The span is 645 ft., the

THE TRANSPORTER BRIDGE, NEWPORT

height of the columns 245, and it gives a clear headway of 177 ft. above high-water mark. The cost of the structure was £90,000. Newport possesses a *Park* on the S.W. side of Stow Hill overlooking the Dock and Bristol Channel. It is nicely laid out, but its chief charm is the fine sea-ward prospect which it commands.

The town, though uninspiring, is well supplied with shops, has a good train service in all directions, and is provided with an adequate system of electric trams, which puts the centre of the town in connection with the suburbs. Among its other advantages are frequent marine excursions, during the summer, to different pleasure resorts on the other side of the channel. The higher parts of the town form an agreeable residential neighbourhood; and few large towns are so generously endowed with pleasant walks. Amongst the most popular rambles in the immediate vicinity are (1) Bassaleg and Tredegar Park, (2) Christ Church Hill and Caerleon (p. 108), (3) "Little Switzerland" and the 14 locks, (4) the lighthouse beach and, for longer excursions, Twyn Barlwm and Machen Mountain. *Maindee* (*Maen ddu*) is a popular and populous suburb of Newport on the other side of the Usk. The summit of the hill once had an encampment, but this is now obliterated and the site covered with houses.

Nine Mile Point, a station on the L. & N.W. Sirhowy branch, which, as the name implies, is 9 m. W.N W. from Newport. The railway here joins the G.W. metals. The village is practically a continuation of Cross Keys. An almost unbroken succession of houses runs from the vicinity of the station to Risca.

Old Castle, a parish at the foot of the Black Mountains, 7 m. N. from Abergavenny (nearest station Pandy, 2 m.). It is an isolated and rather forlorn-looking spot, only just within the confines of the county. It has hitherto enjoyed a fictitious reputation as the birthplace of the famous Lollard soldier, Sir John Oldcastle, who was, however, a native of Herefordshire. As the objective of an excursion it is only likely to attract the notice of the hardier kind of tourist who desires to sample the Black Mountains, or to climb up to Llanthony by some other way than the orthodox route *via* Llanvihangel. A modern church and farmhouse stand on a mound, which probably formed an earthwork to some early fortification. Within the church is a mutilated Norm. font; and in the graveyard is the base of a cross. There is a rectangular earthwork on the hill top above, where a few Roman coins were once discovered.

Pandy, a station in the extreme N. of the county, on the G.W. line to Hereford. It is the nearest starting-point by rail for an exploration of the Black Mountains. There is a track over the hillside to Llanthony.

Panteg, a parish 2½ m. S.E. from Pontypool with a station on the G.W. line from Newport to Pontypool Road. The name ("beautiful hollow") as a description of its present-day appearance sounds rather satirical, for the district is nothing but a grimy wilderness of iron and steel works. The church (½ m. to the E.), with the exception of its battlemented W. tower, which is 15th-cent. work, has been rebuilt. The original fabric was ransacked and mutilated by a party of Roundheads on their way to the siege of Raglan Castle. In a

field adjoining the rectory is a singular mound surrounded by a ditch. Its low-lying situation suggests that it must have had a religious rather than a military origin.

Pontymoile, *Upper* and *Lower Race*, and *Sebastopol* are outlying industrial districts, black and busy, where there are large iron and tin-plate works. There are also large steel-works adjoining Panteg station.

Par Grace Dieu, commonly known as *Parker's Due*, a farm on the banks of the Trothy, 5½ m. W. of Monmouth. It was formerly the site of a small abbey of Cistercian Monks, founded by John of Monmouth in 1226. The only portions of the monastery now existing are embodied in a barn belonging to the farm. It is mentioned by Leland as "standing in a wood"; but it must have been a house of only small importance, as at the Dissolution it was returned as containing only two monks and possessing a revenue of £19. The *Abbey Cottage* is entirely modern.

Penalt, or *Penallt*, a parish 2 m. S. of Monmouth. The church stands in a fine situation on a hillside overlooking the Wye Valley. It is a small Dec. structure with a saddleback tower, and retains a stoup in the porch. Behind the church, in the middle of a field, is an oak tree with a stone seat at its foot. It was formerly the custom during funerals temporarily to deposit the corpse here, whilst the mourners "waked" the dead with a psalm. The practice is supposed to be a survival of druidical ritual. The neighbouring woods afford a pleasant walk, and command some delightful views.

Pengam, a colliery village in the Rhymney

Valley, 18 m. N.W. from Newport, with a station on the Brecon and Merthyr line. It is not a very engaging sort of place, and has no compensation in the way of scenery. *Fleur-de-lys* is virtually a second edition of the same village lower down the valley, and is remarkable for nothing but its incongruous name.

Penhow, a parish on the Newport and Chepstow road, 3 m. N. from Magor Station. Rising on the S. side of the road is a steep little hill crowned by the remains of Penhow Castle, one of the outlying fortresses of Wentwood Forest. The position is one of considerable natural strength and much picturesqueness, as the ground falls away abruptly on every side. The romance of the spot has, however, disappeared. The sword has long ago been turned into the ploughshare, and the scene abandoned to peaceful pursuits. What remains of the castle has been transformed into the appurtenances of a farmhouse, which now occupies the W. edge of the cliff. An oblong building with a square tower covered in with a roof, and remnants of what was possibly once the old Norm. keep, may, however, be discerned in the rear. In its more dignified days it was a residence of the St Maurs', and was probably a fortified house rather than a castle. At the other end of the hill is the church, a rather odd little building, with an E.E. tower curiously rising from the middle of the S. aisle. The supporting columns of the arcade should be compared, and the carving of the E. pillar noticed. The church possesses a piscina and aumbry in the chancel, and a Norm. cup-shaped font.

Penrhos, a parish 7 m. W. of Monmouth. There appears to have been here one of the minor castles

with which the county was studded, but all traces of it have now disappeared. There is, however (to the N. of the church) a tumulus surrounded by two moats which some identify with the site. The stronghold (such as it was) belonged to John of Monmouth, but was destroyed in 1251 by William de Cantelupe, Lord of Abergavenny (p. 50). The church stands on a knoll. It is a small building with a battlemented W. tower, and one of the timbered S. porches common in these parts. Within are a piscina and a projecting rood-loft stairway (cp. *Roggiett*). The churchyard contains a restored cross and two fine old yews.

Pencoed (see *Llanmartin*, p. 159).

Penterry, a parish 3½ m. N. from Chepstow, in a somewhat inaccessible position at the back of the hills which border the Wye valley. The church is a small ancient building, much modernized.

Pen-y-clawdd, a parish 2 m. S. of Dingestow Station. The church, which stands on high ground by the side of the old road from Monmouth to Usk, is a small E.E. building, with a plain W. tower. It contains no antiquities except a sepulchral slab marked with an incised cross, which was discovered beneath the pulpit. In the churchyard is a nicely-restored cross.

Peterstone, a parish on the Wentloog level, 6½ m. S.W. from Newport (nearest station, Marshfield, 2½ m.). A visitor to these uninteresting moors will find a surprise awaiting him in this fine Perp. church standing in solitary grandeur on the edge of the sea. But the explanation lies in the depopulation of the district, which once seems to have been of some mercantile importance. Experts have discovered in the vicinity traces of a

floating dock and storehouses; and the "ancient inhabitant" affects to recollect the remains of various old houses being removed to provide material for the repair of the roads. Probably inundations, to which the whole neighbourhood was at one time subject, rendered the place uninhabitable. But the church still stands as a stately memorial of parish history, though ministering now to the wants of a very small handful of people. A church upon the spot appears to have been erected in the 12th cent. by Mabel, daughter of Sir R. Fitzhamon, the builder of Cardiff and Newport Castles; but the present structure is Perp., and bears some likeness to the type of church building that prevails in Somerset, across the channel. It consists of a lofty nave of four bays with aisles and a good chancel. The capitals of the arcade are sculptured in the Devonshire fashion. A fine battlemented tower, with projecting stair turret, stands at the W. end; and in the centre battlement of each face is a niche with figure. It is probably the work of the same builders as the neighbouring tower of St Bride's. The church is remarkable for its good proportions and excellent workmanship; but its exterior appearance is rather marred by the absence of windows in what should be the clerestory. Beneath the E. window of the S. aisle is a trefoiled piscina, and an image bracket occurs on a column near the font. The whole building, which was long in a neglected and ruinous condition, has recently undergone a careful restoration.

Pontnewydd, a station on the G.W. line to Hereford, serving the populous industrial district at the foot of Mynydd Maen.

Pontnewydd, Upper, an adjoining station on the G.W. line to Pontypool, serving the same district.

Pontnewynydd, a large industrial village in the valley of the Afon Llwyd, 1 m. N. from Pontypool, with a station on the G.W. line to Blaenavon. It is a place of much greater activity than attractiveness. There are in the district some large iron and steel works and some collieries, which give employment to the inhabitants. The church is modern. A hospital and a large school stand in conspicuous positions on the side of the valley.

PONTYPOOL, a market town of 6126 inhabitants, on the Afon Llwyd, 9 m. N. of Newport. It is served by the G.W.R., which has two stations within the town, one on the Blaenavon section, and the other on the branch to Aberdare; whilst a third station, Pontypool Road, 1½ m. to the S.E., puts it in connection with the main line to the N. The name looks as if it were simply *Pont-y-pwll*, "the bridge of the pool"; but some explain it to be *Pont ap Howel*, "the bridge of ap Howell." For a town of commercial ambitions, it has been singularly unfortunate in the selection of a site. It is wedged into the bottom of a steep valley, from which the hills on both sides rise with uncomfortable abruptness. It is accordingly a cramped little place which, to find the necessary elbow-room, has to overflow elsewhere. It is commonly said that "Pontypool lies outside itself"; Greater Pontypool has to be looked for in the neighbouring parish of Panteg. The situation, though commercially inconvenient, has a certain picturesqueness, and some of the environs are really beautiful.

The history of the town is entirely commercial.

The adjoining coal and iron mines have been the sources of its prosperity, and the district abounds in iron- and tin-plate works. The local industries owe their first development to the enterprise of the Hanbury family, who as early as 1588 commenced here the manufacture of iron and hardware; and in the reign of Charles II. the town attained some celebrity for its production of japanned goods, which were said not to lose their brilliancy when exposed to fire. The process of manufacture was jealously guarded as a "family secret" by the representatives of its inventor, Thos. Allgood; and after flourishing for a couple of centuries the trade finally expired with the last of his race. The celebrity of the "old japan" is said to have given rise to the phrase, "as round as a Pontypool waiter," which might by the uninformed be credited with quite a different origin. The town is entirely modern, and, though busy, is too congested to be attractive. It has an "Italian" town hall, a nondescript church, and an imposing-looking Grammar School. The old mother church of *Trevethin* lies a mile up the hillside on the E., and can be reached by a path through the woods. With the exception of an E.E. tower, it has been rebuilt, and is quite devoid of interest. There are some pleasant walks in the neighbourhood. The most popular ramble is to the "Folly," a round tower on one of the neighbouring hills, which commands a very extensive landscape. The view from the opposite eminence of Pen-yr-heol also well repays the climber. Pontypool Park (J. C. Hanbury) is a wooded demesne on the E. side of the town, for generations the seat of the "creators" of Pontypool.

Pontypool Road, an important station on the G.W.R. in the centre of the county, 1½ m. E. from Pontypool. It forms a junction for the Pontypool and Swansea and the Monmouth branches with the main line to Hereford. The expresses from Bristol to the N. stop here to pick up the S. Wales traffic.

Portskewett, a village bordering on the Severn, 5 m. S.S.W. from Chepstow. Its name seems to be a corruption of *Porth-y-scuit*. Circumstances have been unkind to Portskewett. It seems by nature to have been intended as a convenient place of embarkation for the other side of the channel; but coast erosion has entirely destroyed the harbour found so useful by both the Britons and their Roman conquerors, and the enterprise of the G.W.R. has rendered obsolete the later ferry which, until recent days, plied between the two shores. Passengers still cross the Severn Sea here, but they go beneath it, instead of over it. The remains of a military encampment at Sudbrook testify to its original importance in the days of the Britons and Romans; and a few mounds in a field to the W. of the churchyard seem to show that it was held in some esteem by the Saxons, for they are said to be the vestiges of a hunting-box at which Harold entertained Edward the Confessor in 1065, but which was subsequently destroyed by Caradoc ap Griffith, whilst Harold was following the chase in Wentwood hard by. The church is a not very imposing edifice, but possesses some antiquarian interest. The nave and tower have been altered in Perp. times, but the chancel retains a plain round headed Norm. arch and a Norm. lancet; and on the N. external wall of the nave itself there is also left *in situ* a rude Norm. door-

way, which carries a tympanum showing traces of a cable moulding, and is marked with a cross carved in low relief. On the jamb of the doorway there are three incised consecration crosses. Observe (1) on N. of the chancel indications of a former low side window, (2) in the churchyard the shaft and steps of a once dignified preaching cross. On the edge of the sea at *Sudbrook* (take lane to R. of churchyard gate) are the large pumping stations of the Severn Tunnel, which pump 72 million gallons of water a day and keep the tunnel dry. There are 14 pumps in all, with buckets of 3 ft. diameter. The tunnel is said to drain all the neighbouring wells for miles round, and as a compensation water has to be distributed to the denuded localities by means of pipes. In close proximity to the pumping station is *Sudbrook Camp*, a semicircular earthwork crowning a low cliff. Some have thought that the camp was originally quadrangular and of Roman construction, and that a portion of it has been washed away. If so, possibly there has disappeared with it a projecting neck of land which, forming a natural breakwater, may have created the original harbour. On the other hand, many authorities maintain that it is by origin British, though perhaps occupied by the Romans. In any case the camp was presumably intended for the protection of the ancient passage. Standing very curiously in the actual fosse of the camp, and protected from further depredation by a railing, are the ruins of a small chapel. It originally consisted of nave, chancel, and S. porch, and dates from Norman times. Only the chancel arch, surmounted by a belfry (said to be 14th cent.), the W. wall, containing a cinquefoiled lancet, portions of a S. porch, and a heap of loose stones now

remain. Though of quite miniature dimensions, it is said to have enjoyed in pre-Reformation days the status of a parish church. A seaman of the name of Smith was buried within its walls as late as 1757. Its position on the very verge of the shore bears eloquent testimony to the advance of the sea.

Raglan, a village 8 m. S.W. from Monmouth, with a station on the G.W.R. Monmouth branch. It is a larger place than most of its neighbours, and possibly owes its relative importance to the possession of its famous castle, which will be seen topping the trees on an eminence to the N. of the village. The stronghold is of imposing dimensions and quite palatial construction, and is much more a fortified mansion than a castle. The elaborateness of its arrangements and the luxuriousness of its appointments bear testimony to the lateness of its origin. The Clares had a fortress here early in the 12th cent., but their strong hand had nothing to do with the fashioning of the existing fabric, unless some of their work is incorporated in the keep. The castle as it now stands dates only from the reign of Henry V., and successive owners kept adding to it up to the days of Charles I. The earliest portions of the building were the work of William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke (beheaded 1469), from whom it passed by marriage to the Somersets, Earls of Worcester. Its history is as undistinguished as it is short. Though Lord Herbert was a zealous Yorkist (p. 54), the castle played no part in the Wars of the Roses. It was however the scene of Henry of Richmond's short captivity. The young man had been committed to the custody of Herbert by way of keeping him out of mischief; but during the absence of his lenient custodian he effected his

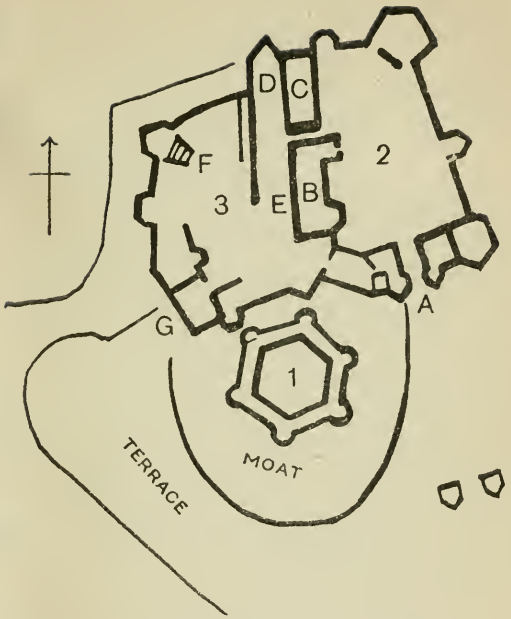
escape and joined his uncle Jasper Tudor. The last chapter of the castle's story is as romantic as could be wished. The Somersets though Papists were the most devoted friends that Charles I. had in Monmouthshire. Their loyalty was proof alike against misfortune and ingratitude, but it naturally acquired for them a bad name for malignancy amongst the Opposition. During the Long Parliament, Lord Herbert of Raglan, afterwards 2nd Marquis of Worcester, the author of *A Century of Inventions*, turned his scientific knowledge to account for the discomfiture of the Roundheads by cooling the zeal of some Parliamentary Commissioners, who had come to the castle to search for arms, with a stream of cold water from an hydraulic engine which he had erected in the keep. At the outbreak of hostilities his father, the 1st marquis, then in his 85th year, spent a fortune in the equipment of a troop of horse, and declared himself sufficiently rewarded for his services by the king's thanks. It was the only return which the marquis ever had for the outlay, for the men were routed at the first skirmish in which they had the misfortune to engage. When the king, a hopeless fugitive after Naseby, had worn out the patience of his other Monmouthshire friends, he was temporarily entertained with such lavishness at Raglan that he expressed some fear lest a second visit might prove even more disastrous to the resources of the garrison than a siege. On making the mean suggestion that his host should recoup himself for the expenditure by levying a contribution upon his tenants, the marquis replied, with as much spirit as truth, that his castle would not stand long if it had to lean upon the country, and that he would sooner be brought to a

crust than have his entertainment paid for by his neighbours. When Charles's fortunes at last proved desperate, Raglan offered such a stubborn resistance to all solicitations for its submission that Fairfax, who had "finished his work in Monmouthshire except this castle," was specially despatched to bring it to obedience. When peremptorily summoned to surrender, the gallant old cavalier replied that he had sooner die nobly than live with infamy. After this, there was nothing to do but to try the relative strength of the castle walls and the Parliamentary artillery. The siege lasted ten weeks, but the cannon proved victorious, and eventually made a breach in the fortifications, which soon brought the garrison to terms. Fairfax granted an honourable retreat to the defenders, but the compact was not kept, and the marquis was thrown into prison. The only concession granted to him was a promise of sepulture at Windsor. "God bless my soul," exclaimed the grand old man, whose spirit was unbroken to the last, "they will give me a grander castle when dead, than they took from me when living." At the Restoration the castle in its ruined condition was restored to the marquis's ingenious heir, Lord Herbert, and it is still the property of the family. To prevent the fortress from being of any further use to the malignants, Cromwell ordered the keep to be partially destroyed by a charge of gunpowder, and the gaping walls testify to the effectualness with which the Protector threw open this Royalist stronghold. To-day it offers hospitality only to the tripper.

The ruins as they stand now, coated with ivy, are extremely picturesque and cover a considerable area. On the L., rising from the centre of a deep

moat, and outside the other fortifications, is the great hexagonal keep — the so-called "Yellow Tower of Gwent." It is a noble block of masonry, impressive even in its decay. Its massive walls are said to embody portions of the original 12th-cent. castle, and to have been refaced in the time of Henry VII. to bring them into keeping with the later extensions of the fortress. In spite of the ruin wrought by the Parliamentary forces, the keep may still be climbed, and an extensive view of the surrounding country obtained from the top. The entrance to the castle proper is through a fine gateway flanked by two hexagonal machicolated towers (note portcullis grooves). In plan the castle consists of two parallel courts surrounded by apartments, and separated by the Great Hall and an adjoining suite of chambers. At the N.E. corner of the first or "Stone" court is the kitchen, with a huge fireplace; on the E. the breach made by Fairfax's artillery; on the W. the Great Hall lighted by a lofty bay window (note inside (1) on S. wall, the marquis's coat of arms and chacteristic motto, "*Mutare vel timere sperno*"; (2) at N. end, a buttery hatch). Passing into the second or "Fountain" court (so named from a destroyed fountain surmounted by the figure of a horse) the visitor will see on the E. adjoining the Hall the remains of the chapel (the position of which is indicated by the scanty remains of vaulting); and at the N.E., on an upper floor, a state apartment, perhaps King Charles's chamber (note the projecting caryatid figure once supporting a chimney-piece); on the N.W. the state staircase, of debased Perp. design; on the S.W. a second gateway, communicating with the pleasaunce, popularly

RAGLAN CASTLE, MAIN ENTRANCE



1. Keep.
2. Paved Court.
3. Fountain Court.

A. Entrance Gateway.
B. Great Hall.
C. Buttery.
D. State Apartments.
E. Chapel.
F. Grand Staircase.
G. Postern.

Sketch Plan of Raglan Castle.

known as King Charles' walk Some grids let into the surface of the greensward give a peep into a series of subterranean cellars. The S. sides of both courts were apparently furnished with apartments; and the gallery windows above the entrance gateway and overlooking the "Stone" court are worthy of notice. Altogether it is an exceedingly attractive and imposing ruin, which on account of its interest and picturesqueness has long been a popular holiday resort.

The *Church* in the centre of the village is not a very remarkable edifice. It is an aisleless building of Dec. origin, with a W. Perp. tower, built (it is said) to replace one destroyed by Cromwell's orders for military reasons. Note (1) the rood-loft stair, now utilized for the pulpit, (2) rough stoup in porch. A chapel in "debased" style has been thrown out from the N. side of the chancel, which once contained a tomb of some members of the Somerset family who are buried in a vault beneath. The tomb was entirely destroyed by the Puritans after the sack of the castle, and the mutilated effigies now lie tumbled on the floor. They represent (1) William, 3rd Earl (1587), (2) Edward, 4th Earl (1627), (3) Edward, 6th Earl and 2nd Marquis (the author of *A Century of Inventions*—1667). The visitor may make what identification he pleases. In the churchyard is the base of a cross with carved panels.

Redwick, a village on the Caldicot level, 3 m. S.W. from Magor Station. The church is a good Dec. building, with a clerestoried nave, and a central tower, which has been finished in its upper stage by Perp. builders. The interior contains several features of interest. Those particularly deserving

of notice are (1) the original rood-loft and its projecting staircase, (2) the elaborate niches and piscinas at the E. end of the aisles, (3) baptistery for immersion at the W. end of S. aisle, (4) E.E. square font, (5) stoup within the church near the S. doorway, (6) corbel table round clerestory, (7) the ogee E. window with reticulated tracery (cp. W. window at Caldicot). The building is enriched by a good Perp. porch surmounted by a recessed parapet, and bearing some resemblance to the one at Caldicot. Observe (1) corbels within, (2) tabernacle above the inner doorway, (3) tablet outside, marking the height of the memorable flood of 1606. In the churchyard is the stump of a cross.

Rhymney, a thickly populated village of nearly 8000 inhabitants, at the top of the Rhymney Valley, 3 m. W. of Tredegar, and 25 m. N.W. from Newport, with a station on the B. & M. line. Rhymney is perhaps the least attractive spot in a district not too remarkable for "sweetness and light." It is merely a congested collection of mean cottages at the bottom of a barren valley, and has little to show in the way of modern conveniences. Its *raison d'être* is found in the large iron-works which occupy one end of the village. They are an extensive concern, and spread over something like 100 acres of ground. When in full swing they employ an army of hands, and are provided with everything necessary for the production of iron and steel. The plant includes 9 furnaces, 5 rolling-mills and 5 converters. The village church is a modern "classical" building quite devoid of interest.

Rhymney, The, a river forming the W. border

of the county and the most westerly of the three streams which drain the coal-field. It is an unsociable little torrent, which not only refuses to join currents with its sister rivulets, but disdains to mingle its waters with the more majestic Usk, and drops directly into the Bristol Channel a couple of miles E. of Cardiff. In the valley through which it flows, most things, as becomes a border land, are "double one against the other." There are two parallel lines of railway, the villages hang together in couples on either side of the ravine, and in most places there is both a Monmouthshire and Glamorganshire highway. Though commercially serviceable, pictorially it is less interesting than its rivals. The hills are barer and tamer, and the collieries more ubiquitous. Below Maes-y-cwmmer, where it is crossed by a picturesque stone viaduct, the scenery rapidly improves; and at Caerphilly it broadens out into a spacious basin prettily surrounded by woods. Near Machen the gorge again narrows, without parting with its beauty, and the river glides on its way to the sea below the timber-clad slopes of Ruperra Park.

Risca, a large and populous village—or aggregate of villages, for it has several suburbs—at the confluence of the Ebbw and Sirhowy rivers, 6½ m. W.N.W. of Newport. The district is provided with two stations, one at Risca on the G.W.R. "Western Valleys" section, which forms a junction with the L. & N.W. Sirhowy branch, and another higher up the line, at Cross Keys. Seated in the valley between Mynydd Machen and Twyn Barlwm, Risca occupies a situation which might be the envy of many a tourist resort. But industrial enterprise as turned these fine advantages to quite other

account; and the place is nothing but a long string of common-place houses and a railway embankment, surrounded by a girdle of collieries and iron works. Its most prominent features seem to be a public hall and a cemetery. The church has been rebuilt on the site of an older building. *Cross Keys* (1 m. N.W.), *Pontywain* (1 m. N.), and *Pontymister* ($\frac{1}{2}$ m. S.E.) are outlying villages, virtually continuations of the same place. Collieries, iron and steel, and tin-plate works, are the chief sources of its prosperity.

Rockfield (said to have been anciently known as Corn-y-cenhedloedd), a village on the Monnow, 2 m. N.W. from Monmouth, at the junction of the old Abergavenny and Skenfrith roads. The church, with the exception of its tower, has been rebuilt. It is held in much local esteem for its picturesqueness. It lies nestling against the shoulder of a slight eminence, and facing it is a pretty amphitheatre of hillsides, with the river in between. With its homely-looking, half-timbered tower and well-chosen position, it makes the sort of rural landscape generally associated with Christmas cards. The wooden lantern to the tower is a local peculiarity, repeated in the neighbouring churches of Skenfrith and St Maughan's. Beneath the altar is an effigy. There are two restored crosses in the parish, one in the churchyard and the other at the entrance of the village. *Perthir*, near the river side, is one of the old homes of the Herberts, but is now a farm.

Roggiett, a small village on the Caldicot level, $7\frac{1}{2}$ m. S.W. from Chepstow, with a station (Severn Tunnel Junction) on the main G.W. line to S. Wales. Its proximity to the Tunnel has gathered

to it in recent years a number of modern cottages, which cannot be said to add to its attractions. The chief interest of the locality lies in its forming the approach to the famous tunnel. The tunnel actually passes beneath the water at Portskewett, 2 m. to the E.; but the necessity of an easy gradient has made Roggiett its actual point of departure. The Severn at the crossing is $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. wide; but the tunnel is almost $4\frac{1}{2}$ m. in length. It is cut through the sandstone rock, and its actual dimensions are—length, 4 m. 634 yds.; height, $24\frac{1}{2}$ ft.; width, 26 ft. It is lined throughout with brickwork, 3 ft. in thickness, and is ventilated by a fan 12 ft. in diameter. It was begun in 1879, under the direction of Sir John Hawkshaw, and completed in 1886 at a cost of £2,250,000. During the process of construction the work was suspended for 12 months in consequence of the breaking through of subterranean springs. Even now it can only be kept dry by a gigantic system of pumps (see *Portskewett*). The parish church is an unprepossessing little building, with a plain W. Dec. tower ornamented by a clumsy pinnacle (cp. *Whitson*). Its only curiosity is an ungainly projecting rood-loft stair (cp. *Penrhos*).

Rumney, a parish on the Monmouthshire bank of the Rhymney river, 3 m. N.E. from Cardiff. The church stands by the side of the Newport and Cardiff road, which here runs over the shoulder of a slight hill skirting the Wentloog level. It is an unusually long aisleless building, with a battlemented E.E. tower at the W. end. The tower possesses a late Norm. doorway, with semicircular arch and clustered shafts, and within the church are traces of a former rood-loft, but otherwise the

building is of little interest. The few houses which form the village are on the hillside below the church.

Runston, a ruined village, 3 m. S.W. from Chepstow, lying on the hillside below Shire Newton. A few heaps of fallen masonry and a dilapidated church are now the only indications of its former existence. The church appears to have been a small Norm. structure; a plain, round-headed chancel arch, the nave walls, and some evidences of a W. tower still survive. At *Crick*, a hamlet at the junction of the Newport and Chepstow and the Portskewett and Monmouth roads (which is said to derive its name from a tradition that the Nedern brook once formed a creek here), there is an old manor house (now a farm) which was once a seat of the Moores. Charles I. is said to have visited the house on several occasions during the later troubles of his reign. In the farmyard will be noticed a barn showing some indications of an ecclesiastical origin. It was the original manor chapel, dedicated to St Neveyn, and retains in the E. wall a couple of E.E. lancets.

St Arvans, a village 2 m. N.N.W. from Chepstow, where the road to Tintern and Monmouth leaves the road to Trelleck. The church is situated in a short lane on the L. of the Trelleck road. It is an unpretentious little building, with an ugly "pepper-box" tower, and though of ancient origin, has been almost rebuilt. The S. wall of the chancel retains a rude Norm. priest's doorway, and the fragment of a Saxon cross is said to have been discovered at the restoration, built into the nave wall. But the village derives its importance chiefly from

the fact that it is the point of departure for the Wynd Cliff. A quarter of a mile along the Tintern road a signpost will be noticed marking the ascent. Visitors who take this route should make the descent by the Moss Cottage, whence they may either proceed to Tintern or return by the high-road to St Arvans. *Piercefield Park* (H. Clay) is a fine demesne which borders the road-side most of the way back to Chepstow, and stretches to the banks of the Wye. It is remarkable for the number of landscapes which it contains. Superfluous efforts have been made by previous owners to improve nature, and the park abounds in arbours, grottoes, and the like. The grounds are thrown open to the public once a week, and the owner allows the casual visitor the privilege of walking through on presentation of his card at the lodge. The main entrance is at Crossway Green, a mile from Chepstow. The chief view points are (1) the Alcove, (2) the Platform, (3) the Grotto, (4) the Double View, (5) the Half-way Seat, (6) the Giant's Cave, (7) the Lover's Leap—a dizzy crag overlooking the river, to which is attached the usual romantic story of desperate passion and parental displeasure, (8) the Temple, the highest point in the park, which forms the climax and grand *finale* to this long series of transformation scenes. In the grounds of Piercefield and in the immediate neighbourhood, at Pierce Wood and Gaer Hill, are the remains of one or two rude encampments. During the promenade of the park a glimpse may be caught, through the trees, of the mansion. The present building dates from the end of the 18th cent.

St Bride's Netherwent, a parish 2 m. N. from Magor, in a pleasant little valley running north-

wards from the Caldicot level to the Wentwood Hills. The church by the roadside is a small E.E. building, with a saddle-back tower and lancet windows. The chancel shows a slight declination from the line of the nave (cp. *Bassaleg*). There is an ancient round font in the church, and a restored cross in the churchyard. On the wooded hill opposite the church may be seen an earthwork and a barrow; the latter has been investigated, and the contents transferred to Caerleon Museum. Two miles W. is the small hamlet of Llandevenny.

St Bride's Wentloog, or *Llansantfraed*, a parish on the Wentloog level, 5 m. S.W. from Newport (nearest station Marshfield). The proximity of a lighthouse, and the existence of a few yards of sand at the base of a long sea-wall, makes this solitary parish the only apology for a seaside resort that Monmouthshire possesses. One or two refreshment booths and some swings on the green verge above the sea-wall serve to keep up the fiction and provide the half-holiday trippers who in the summer frequent the locality with the kind of entertainment usually associated with "the sands." The *Lighthouse* is a drum-shaped building surmounted by a lantern. Along with a corresponding light at Nash on the other side of the Usk, it indicates to incoming vessels the entrance to the port of Newport. The village, about a mile away, has a church with a good Perp. tower, similar to that of Peterstone; but the rest of the building is of little interest, and is apparently too large for the population. A Perp. arcade which divides the nave from an adjoining N. chapel has been blocked up for the purpose of converting the latter into a separate chamber. The porch con-

tains a tablet recording the height of the great flood of 1606. A century later the district was visited by a second inundation, which covered the neighbouring marshes all the way to Cardiff.

St Maughan's, a parish 5 m. N.W. from Monmouth. The church stands in some fields half a mile to the E. of the Skenfrith road. It is a small building with an E.E. tower of the local half-timbered type at the W., and possesses the rather unusual feature of a wooden arcade (cp. *Llanvihangel-juxta-Usk*). Note the E.E. stone respond at the W. Another peculiarity is the low side-window (an E.E. lancet) at the N.W. end. At *Maypole* ($\frac{1}{2}$ m. distant) are the remains of a village cross. At the neighbouring hamlet of *Newcastle*, on the main road, there are traces of a castle, Castell Meirch ("castle of the horses"). The site of this dismantled fortress is near the village public-house (turn down lane on L.). Farming operations have obliterated many marks of the fortifications, but there are still observable a moated platform and a small mound. Hard by is the stump of a large tree, locally known as *Glendower's Oak*. It was long held by the country folk to be the resort of pixies and other woodland spirits. In a dell on the way to Llanfaenor is a *Wishing Well*, which once enjoyed a reputation for its healing virtues, and is said to have flowed with seven different kinds of water. *Tre-Ifor* is an ancient house which possesses a staircase, each step of which is made out of a single block of oak. In the attics is a room still known as the chapel; and in addition to these curiosities the house is said to contain several secret chambers.

St Mellons, a village 8 m. S.W. from New-

port (nearest station Marshfield, 3½ m.). The visitor from Newport has a choice of routes. He may proceed by the ordinary Newport and Cardiff road, or take the more arduous and less frequented old Roman track through Bassaleg, which here joins the main highway. The church, which stands in a commanding position just above the junction of the two roads, should certainly be visited, both because of its architectural peculiarities and on account of the fine double view which its situation commands. In front the Bristol Channel stretches beyond the low sea-board, with Penarth Head, Clevedon, and Weston all prominently in view; whilst behind, a green and pleasant valley rolls away to the foot of the Monmouthshire hills. St Mellon (or Melanus), who gives his name to the parish, was Archbishop of Rouen, and in his earlier days is supposed to have evangelized the district. The *Church* is a Dec. building with Perp. insertions. It consists of a long and broad nave, without aisles, and a diminutive chancel. From the chancel there projects on the N. a small transept-like chapel (Llanrumney Chapel), whilst on the S. of the building there is a second chapel, forming a kind of *quasi*-aisle and opening into the nave by an E.E. arcade. The peculiarity of the church lies in the chancel, which is out of line with the nave, but is ingeniously accommodated to its position by the expedient of making the chancel arch into an arcade of two unequal bays, supported by a Dec. column and its responds, the smaller archway giving access to the N. transept. The arrangement is certainly singular and somewhat unaccountable. The tower (E.E. and Perp.) is wedged in between the porch and S. aisle. The

nave retains its original cradle-roof and some old benches; and amongst other things should be noted (1) in the S. chapel the piscina, tabernacle, and rough image bracket, (2) in the N. transept the squint and triangular piscina, (3) in the nave, the small shallow font (Perp.) of unusual design, and near it the aumbry and small square recesses. The porch also retains remnants of its former stoup and tabernacle. Some remains, found beneath the font, have led to the belief that the present church was preceded by a massive Norm. fabric, portions of which may be incorporated in the walls of the existing building. To the S., near *Pen-y-pill*, is an irregularly shaped encampment. The house of *Llanrumney* belongs in part to the age of Elizabeth, and contains a good chimneypiece (dated 1587).

St Pierre, a parish 3 m. S.S.W. from Chepstow (nearest station Portskewett, 1½ m.). Bordering the road is a large park belonging to the mansion of St Pierre, which gives its name to the locality. The mansion itself stands between the road and the Severn. It is a building of some antiquity, but has been completely modernized. It still happily retains as a concession to its early associations a picturesque three-storeyed and turreted gatehouse dating from the 16th cent. In close proximity to the house is the Church of St Peter (proceed up the drive), a small aisleless structure without tower or chancel. The porch exhibits a rudely carved niche; and within the church are two curious sepulchral slabs, one bearing the figure of a cross and sword surrounded by an old French rhyming epitaph, the other a hand holding a floriated cross, the stem of which displays the emblems of a dragon, some falcons, and a lion.

They are supposed to be the tombstones of Urien Ste Pierre and his wife (1239), and to date from the 13th cent.

St Woollos, see *Newport*.

Scyrryd Fach, The, or *Little Skyrrid*, a hill in the neighbourhood of Abergavenny, 1 m. E. of the town. It is a green and prettily wooded eminence of no great height (886 ft.), but a walk to the summit furnishes the visitor with an easy afternoon's excursion, and treats him to a pleasant and extensive view over the Usk valley. The hill-side is very much fenced in, and on that account should not be attempted haphazard. Cross the footbridge at the G.W. station, turn S., and then take a path on the L., near a rivulet, which finally leads between some wire fences to the top.

Scyrryd Fawr, The ("Great Skyrrid"), or *Holy Mountain*, a hill 1601 ft. high in the N. of the county, 3 m. N.N.E. from Abergavenny. In some ways the Great Skyrrid is the most remarkable and interesting mountain in Monmouthshire. Though lacking the graceful outline and pre-eminent altitude of its rival, the Sugar Loaf, its outstanding position and weird appearance attract the attention and haunt the imagination in a way that explains the awe with which the older natives used to regard this exceedingly odd-looking hill. It is best ascended from Abergavenny by taking the Ross road as far as the second milestone, and then climbing the first stile to the L. and making for a pathway through the wood which leads to the open hillside beyond. The lie of the mountain is towards the N.N.E. It is a bulky mass of sandstone, narrowing at the top to a long razor-like ridge, which breaks off on the N.W. in a some-

ABERGAVENNY AND THE SCYRRYD FAWR

what formidable precipice. The end of the hill has fallen away and left a gaping fissure which popular tradition ascribes to the effect of the earthquake at the Crucifixion. This legendary association with that "far-off divine event" is not only accountable for its alternative designation, "Holy Mountain," but also explains a superstition which once had considerable vogue in the country-side. In bygone days it was the custom of the farmers and peasantry for miles around to carry large sackfuls of earth from the fissure to sprinkle over their fields and gardens, and even over the coffins of the dead. A dimple in the summit of the mountain is supposed to have been the site of a chapel to St Michael, which at one time attracted crowds of pilgrims, but no trace of the structure is now discoverable. The fissure on close examination does not strike one as being very sensational, and has evidently been the result of a landslide, which has in a less degree affected other parts of the hillside. The view from the top of the hill is very varied and extensive, and presents very much the same features as that seen from the Sugar Loaf, though each prospect has its peculiar advantages.

Severn Tunnel Junction, a station on the G.W. main line to S. Wales, forming a junction for the Bristol section of the same line (see *Roggiett*, p. 224).

Shire Newton, a village on a hill-top 535 ft. high, 4 m. W. from Chepstow. It is more remarkable for its prominent position than for anything else. Its altitude, and the abrupt manner in which the ground breaks away on each side of the village, gives it a good command of the surrounding country. Its old Welsh name was *Tre-*

newydd-gelli-fach ("The new town of the small grove"). The church, dedicated to St Thomas à Becket, was founded by Humphrey de Bohun in the 13th cent. It has a massive central battlemented tower of the quasi-military type occasionally met with elsewhere in the county. The N. aisle is modern. Observe the corbels in the chancel. *Shire Newton Hall* (J. Lowe) is a modern residence situated in a fine position which gives it some extensive views of the channel. In close proximity to it once stood the mansion of Bishop Blethyn (1590). The *Grondra* (Mrs Carruthers) is another modern residence in extensive grounds.

Sirhowy, a village at the top of the Sirhowy valley, 1 m. N. of Tredegar, with a station on the L. & N.W. line from Newport. It is virtually an industrial suburb of Tredegar.

Sirhowy, The, a river in the hilly district of W. Monmouthshire, which drains a portion of the local coalfield. In some ways the vale through which it flows is the prettiest and least spoilt of the "Western" valleys. It is shallower and more spacious than its neighbours; and presents a softer and more diversified landscape. Though possessing some large industrial centres, it seems in places to be only just emerging from its primitive pastoral condition, and is, as yet, so little developed in parts that the traveller has occasionally for want of a highway to clamber across the mountains by the old parish tracks. But this respite from commercial exploitation promises to be of short duration. Everywhere new pits are being sunk, new railway lines are in course of construction, and fresh villages are springing into existence. Probably in a year or two it will be one of the busiest and most

populous districts in the county. In the centre the valley broadens out so considerably that the Pontypool and Swansea railway which crosses the neighbouring valleys on lofty viaducts here runs on the level. At Cross Keys the river falls into the Ebbw.

Skenfrith (originally *Ynys Cynfraeth*), a village in the valley of the Monnow, on the N.E. border of the county, 8 m. N.N.W. from Monmouth on the main road between Abergavenny and Ross. "The piping times of peace" have hardly redounded to the importance of Skenfrith, as the village seems to have shared in the decay of its castle. There is, however, a pretty river-side view of the castle and bridge, which would make no unworthy addition to a portfolio of Monmouthshire landscapes. Like White Castle, Skenfrith Castle seems to have been a military fortress pure and simple, though Henry III. is known to have visited it at least on two occasions, possibly for the purposes of inspection. Like the other members of the "trilateral" (see p. 67), it was formerly a possession of the Duchy of Lancaster, and had the same history. As it lies in a hollow, and is overlooked on all sides by higher ground, it could have had little strategical value except as a protection for the fords of the Monnow, and it probably depended for its own security on the swampy nature of the ground surrounding it. In design it is exceedingly simple. A circular keep is enclosed by an irregularly shaped curtain wall, buttressed at the four corners by round towers, and having a semicircular bastion on the W., facing the village. The keep was divided by floors into a series of storeys, and was entered on the first floor by a flight of wooden steps. The outer fortifications were moated, and

had an entrance gateway on the N., which has been demolished. The masonry is judged by experts to be not earlier than the reign of John.

The *Church*, which is close at hand, is a fairly spacious building with a W. tower of the half-timbered "Monmouth" type, exhibiting an E.E. doorway. The nave is furnished with aisles of unusual width, and has some good Dec. arcades. There is no clerestory. The S. aisle was apparently once provided with a second altar, the original stone slab of which is built into the floor. The E. and W. windows of the N. aisle are good examples of reticulated and geometric tracery. Note (1) old glass in E. window of sanctuary, (2) round-headed piscina on S. side. The N. aisle contains an altar tomb, with incised figure of Joseph Maughan (1564), a brother of the president of the commission which tried Lady Jane Grey, who was himself a parishioner of Skenfrith. Close by is a Jacobean pew belonging to the same family. Note also the Jacobean pulpit. On the floor of this aisle is an incised slab; and fragments of other incised tombstones will be found built into the bench-table of the S. porch. In this porch (Perp.) should be noticed also the stoup and the old wooden door. At the vicarage is preserved a mediæval cope embroidered with a representation of the Assumption of the Virgin, and bearing in places the double-headed eagle, the emblem of the Holy Roman Empire.

Sudbrook (see p. 214).

Sugar Loaf, The, the highest and most conspicuous mountain in Monmouthshire, on the N.W. border of the county, immediately overlooking Abergavenny. Its altitude, its striking individuality, and its unobstructed situation make it one of the

THE SUGAR LOAF

most easily recognisable features in a Monmouthshire landscape. Its name perfectly suggests its appearance. At a distance it seems to swell upwards from the plain in a single graceful and lofty cone; but on a nearer view it reveals itself to be by no means so simply constructed a mountain as it appears. The cone really rests upon the backs of four globular hills, which are divided from it by a depression. Three of these supporters, the *Deri*, the *Rholben*, and *Mynydd Llanwenarth*, as seen from Abergavenny stand directly in front, and a further spur projects in the rear. The prettily wooded sides of its supporters make a fine foil to the smooth and shapely swell of the cone above. The actual height of the mountain is 1955 ft., and it need hardly be said that the view from the top is magnificent. The panorama is most extensive, and embraces practically the whole of the county and a large portion of the neighbouring shires of Brecon and Hereford. The Malvern Hills on the N.E., the Shropshire Hills and the Black Mountains on the N., and the Breconshire Beacons on the N.W., are easily identified amongst the more distant eminences. The neighbouring heights of the Skyrrid and the Blorenge are in full view, and on a very clear day the Somerset and Devonshire hills, the Cotswolds, and the Wiltshire Downs also come within the field of vision. The ascent is fairly easy, and it may be attacked over the backs of either the Deri, the Rholben, or Mynydd Llanwenarth. The Rholben route is the most popular and easiest. All of these subordinate spurs are worth climbing on their own account, and might be made the object of separate excursions by those who contemplate more than a flying visit to Abergavenny.

Talywain, or *Tal-y-Waun*, a village 2 m. N.N.W. from Pontypool, with a station on the L. & N.W. branch from Brynmawr. The village is virtually an extension of Abersychan, for which the station also serves (p. 99).

Tintern, a ruined abbey on the banks of the Wye, in the parish of *Chapel Hill*, 5½ m. N. from Chepstow, on the road to Monmouth (nearest station Tintern, on G.W.R. Wye Valley branch, 1 m. N.E.). A coach runs daily from Chepstow during the summer, and the ruins may also be reached by boat from Chepstow. Monmouthshire has many beauties, but by popular acclamation the palm will be bestowed upon Tintern. It is impossible to exaggerate the loveliness of this world-famed abbey and its surroundings. Nowhere have art and nature combined more felicitously. It is not the architectural excellence of the ruins only (though that is remarkable) that commends itself to the beholder, but the singular harmony with which the building blends with the landscape. From long association the fabric has borrowed the tone of its environment; and these grey and venerable walls seem now as much a product of nature as the cliffs and woods around them and the green sward on which they stand. It is one of those scenes which the pen cannot describe and the brush fails to depict.

"To those who know thee not no words can paint,
And those who know thee know all words are faint."

In the choice of a situation the monks at least exhibited a fine sense of the picturesque. The leisurely and sinuous river makes one of its graceful sweeps round a bold hill-side; and on a strip of pasture at the foot of a wooded amphitheatre opposite

lies the abbey. The visitor will scarcely need to be reminded that the scene before him inspired Wordsworth's fine Ode on Tintern. But oddly enough, though he protests that

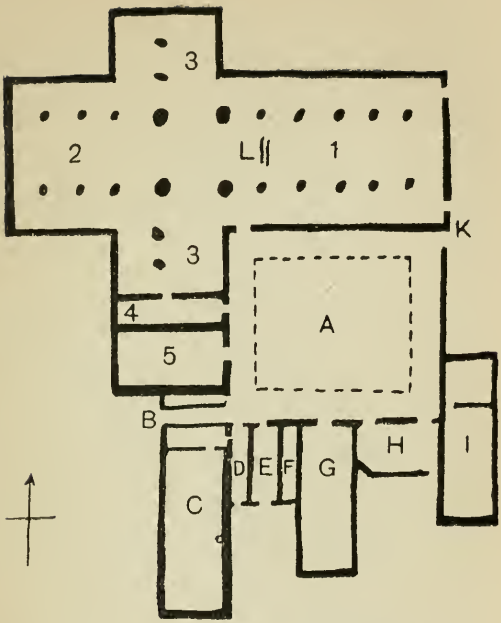
> "These forms of beauty have not been to me
> As is a landscape to a blind man's eye,"

yet the beautiful lines of the abbey itself find no mention in his verse. His description is perfectly general, and (except for the address to the Wye) might with equal appropriateness fit a "wild green landscape" anywhere else. The abbey's fame is in one respect its misfortune. During the holiday season shoals of trippers are let loose amongst these scenes of monastic retirement, and railway companies have been known to run hither on occasions delirious excursions by moonlight.

This celebrated abode of peace, as is frequently the case, owed its existence to "a man of war." It was founded in 1131 by Walter de Clare, one of the fighting lords of Chepstow, as a house for Cistercians, an order of monks first established at Cîteaux in Burgundy, who at the time were becoming popular as a reformed and straiter sect of the Benedictines. It was one of the earliest Cistercian houses, being preceded in Wales (in which Monmouthshire was then reckoned to be) by Neath only (1129). The existing abbey church, however, was not begun until after 1270. It was erected probably at the charges of Roger Bigod, the fifth Earl of Norfolk, a descendant of the De Clares, whose inheritance he had received; and the high altar was first used on October 3rd, 1288. The ruins are of very easy interpretation, as the abbey church is uniform in design and consistent in style.

The domestic buildings, though earlier in date, and intended for very diverse usages, are read with equal facility, as they are for the most part carefully labelled by the custodian. A pay-box by the roadside gives admission to the ruins—fee 6d. The church is a cruciform building consisting of nave, choir, and transepts, all furnished with adjoining aisles and lighted throughout by a clerestory, but showing a triforium only in the N. transept and on one side of the S. transept. There was probably no central tower. The style throughout is Geometrical Dec., though there is some variety in detail, attesting a change in design or workmanship, as the building of it progressed. The earliest parts are the chancel (except the N.W. corner), the S. transept, and a part of the S. side of the nave: this is shown by the detached shafts surrounding the chancel piers, whereas the nave piers have solid mouldings. The ornamentation is rich but restrained, and the proportions admirable. The length is 228 ft., the greatest width 150 ft. The prevailing characteristic is extreme lightness and elegance. The E. window, originally of 2 main lights, which occupies almost the whole of the E. end of the choir, must in its entirety have been an exceedingly beautiful composition on account of its huge size and the delicacy of its tracery. It is 64 ft. in height, and though now reduced to a gaping aperture relieved only by a single central shaft, it is always considered one of the chief features of the abbey. The W. window, though more complete in detail, is not quite of such majestic dimensions. It lacks 22 ft. of its neighbour's altitude. The symmetry of the ruins as they at present exist is unfortunately impaired by the total

TINTERN ABBEY—WEST VIEW



1. Nave.
2. Choir.
3. Transepts.
4. Sacristy.
5. Chapter House.

A. Cloister Garth.
B. Passage to Infirmary.
C. Monks' Day Room.
D. Dormitory Staircase.
E. Calefactory.
F. Pantry.
G. Refectory.
H. Kitchen.
I. Lay Brothers' Apartments.
K. Entrance for Lay Brothers.
L. Former Screen.

SKETCH PLAN OF TINTERN ABBEY.

collapse of the N. arcade of the nave; but it is impossible not to be impressed by the grace and nobility of the original design and the skill of the craftsmen. That the abbey still stands, after centuries of exposure, so little the worse for wear is a sufficient testimonial to the excellence of their workmanship. The particular features of the building which call for notice are (1) the rich exterior of the W. doorway, (2) the stone screens between the nave piers shutting off the aisles (as at Buildwas), (3) the occasional diversity of the window tracery, that of the chancel, S. transept, and E. part of the S. aisle differing from that of the N. aisle, and the W. portion of the S. aisle, (4) the difference in the mouldings in the nave and choir arcades, (5) the steps in the N. transept by which the monks descended from their dormitory to attend the midnight services, (6) the beautiful multifoiled doorway which gave entrance to the cloisters. The greensward which now carpets the floor of the church here and there retains an old incised tombstone; and the one railed off on the S. side of the nave is particularly worthy of notice, as it is marked with the figure of a fish—a feature of very rare occurrence. It is really a rebus, the Greek word for *fish*, ἰχθύς, containing the initials of the name and titles of our Lord. Many of the fragments of masonry that abound on all sides exhibit the general excellence of the sculpture. The hand of time has fallen heaviest on the *Domestic* portions of the monastery; but sufficient still remains to indicate the general arrangement of the apartments, and the purposes to which they were applied. The Cistercians, like their spiritual progenitors, the Benedictines, and unlike the Car-

thusians, who lived in separate cells: "had all things in common"; and the chief features of their homes were almost precisely similar. Here the cloister garth occupies the parcel of ground enclosed by the N. wall of the church and the projecting arm of the N. transept. The cloisters themselves have gone, but the customary recess for the reader on the S. side and the common bookcase on the E. still exist. If the buildings are taken in order round the garth, and if a start is made from the transept from R. to L, they are as follows: (1) The sacristy, adjoining the transept wall, and distinguished by its aumbry. Enclosed within an iron railing at the E. are some floor tiles and two fragmentary effigies, one a knight in chain armour (perhaps Roger Bigod, the builder of the minster) and the other a woman (perhaps Maud Marshall, the daughter of the regent, and Roger Bigod's great-aunt by marriage, who was buried with much pomp within the abbey in 1248). (2) The Chapter House (the council-room of the monastery), once a dignified chamber, entered from the cloister by an open triple doorway. The bases of the double row of columns which supported the vault are discernible. (3) An adjoining apartment—supposed by some to be a waiting-room for secular visitors. (4) A passage which is said to have led to a now demolished Infirmary where the sick and aged were attended. On the S. side of the garth are (5) a vestibule and the Monks' Parlour. Down the centre of the room there still stands a single rank of cylindrical columns which originally upheld the ceiling between this chamber and the Dormitory above. The long sleeping-room probably extended as an upper storey over the whole length of the

E. side of the quadrangle, and, as the masonry indicates, the N. window of the transept evidently abutted upon the gable. A doorway at the end enabled the monks to enter the abbey during the night, without having to descend into the cloister. (6) A passage in which will be noticed the dormitory staircase. (7) The Calefactory, where the monks in winter warmed their fingers. The great fireplace at the end of the chamber has been destroyed, but a large flue will be seen in the thickness of the masonry above. (8) The Refectory—a fine dining-room, with lofty Dec. windows of plate tracery. Note (*a*) the lavatories at the entrance, (*b*) the buttery hatch, communicating with the adjoining kitchen, (*c*) the fine entrance to the reader's pulpit, (*d*) the china-pantry in the S.E. corner where was kept the monastic crockery. (9) The kitchen. On the W. side of the quadrangle are the apartments which constituted the quarters of the lay brothers. In Cistercian houses the monks were not all "clerks," but attached to the monastery, and bound by similar vows, there were unlettered laymen of the peasant class—"the hewers of wood and drawers of water" for the establishment, who tilled the fields whilst the clergy copied MSS. or performed the regular "offices" in church.

Tintern never appears to have been in the front rank of religious houses. Its revenues were not large, and the number of inmates was small. At the Dissolution the abbey was surrendered by the then abbot, Richard Wych, who returned the revenues at £256, 11s. 6d., and the inmates as thirteen. Possibly in the height of the abbey's prosperity the monks may have numbered sixty or

seventy. Amongst its benefactors was Wm. Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, who was executed on Banbury Field for his share in the Wars of the Roses (p. 77). He bequeathed a quantity of stone for the rebuilding of the cloister on a more elaborate scale, and indications of the proposed reconstruction are visible at the N.E. corner of the garth. The only historical episode in the abbey's career was the hospitality it offered to Edward II. in 1326. He came on what was literally a flying visit, for he was hotly pursued by his enemies, and very shortly fell into their hands, to meet with his tragic death at Berkeley.

A climb should be taken to the little church of *St Mary-at-hill*, on the hillside above the ruins. A striking view of the abbey and its surroundings is obtainable from the churchyard. The church itself is a queer little structure, with a saddle-back tower, which also does duty as a N. porch. The interior is lit by small lancets, and there is a large recess in the wall near the doorway, through which a hole has been drilled. In the chancel there is a good piscina and an image bracket, and in the porch a small stoup, curiously like a child's toy bucket.

Tintern Parva, a village by the side of the Wye on the road between Chepstow and Monmouth, 6 m. N. from Chepstow. It has a station (Tintern) on the G.W.R. Wye Valley branch, where travellers stop for the abbey. The church has been largely rebuilt, but still preserves a good S. porch, with a groined roof, of which the bosses exhibit the Tudor rose. In one corner are the remains of a stoup. The font is original. A few yards beyond the church, towards Chepstow, is the so-called *Abbot's House*. It was probably once a

mansion of some size, and is said to have been demolished by Cromwell's troops. Some ivy-covered walls, one of which flanks the road and contains a small window, are all that are now left of it. The adjoining house is said to be built over the cellars. The abbey is outside the boundaries of the parish. The neighbouring woods are said to abound in lilies of the valley and some of the rarer kinds of ferns. The timber is used for colliery purposes and for the manufacture of charcoal. At *Coed Ithel* on the way to Llandogo are the remains of a kiln which is thought to be of Roman origin. In Roman times it is supposed that much iron was smelted in the neighbourhood of Tintern, the proximity of the Forest of Dean affording plenty of fuel, and in Elizabeth's reign wireworks were established here.

TREDEGAR, a flourishing town of 18,491 inhabitants, on the Sirhowy river, 22 m. N.W. from Newport, with a station on the L. & N.W. Sirhowy branch. The name is supposed to be equivalent to *Tref Deigr*, "the homestead of Teigr," a Welsh chieftain. It is one of the chief centres of the Monmouthshire iron trade, and is practically the creation of a single company. Like its neighbour, Ebbw Vale, on the other side of the hill, it lies fairly well above the smoke line. The works upon which it depends stand to the N.E. of the town near the railway. Tredegar may be said to be the metropolis of the "Western Valleys," and it affects an air of municipal magnificence in keeping with these claims. It can boast of a "circle," a market, a large chapel-like temperance hall, and a clock tower, which, as emblematical of the town's source of prosperity, is made of iron. Everything is, of course, subordinated to the ruling industry, and the neighbour-

hood can hardly be said to be attractive to the tourist. The church is a plain modern building, much of a piece with the general aspect of the place. *George Town*, on the other side of the valley, is a populous suburb. The Tredegar Iron Works, the industrial mainstay of the district, are a large and prosperous concern, consisting of 5 blast furnaces, 5 rolling mills, 2 converters, and a good deal of other plant. They give employment to 4000 hands.

Tredegar Junction, a station on the L. & N.W. Sirhowy branch which crosses the G.W. line from Pontypool to Aberdare, with which it forms a junction. The Sirhowy Valley here expands very pleasantly, and the surrounding country is distinctly pretty. A good highway to Pontypool puts the pedestrian into touch with both the neighbouring valleys.

Tredegar, New, a populous village in the Rhymney Valley, 3 m. S. of Rhymney and 22 m. N.W. from Newport. It has a station on the B. & M. line, and a nearer one at Tir Phil on the Rhymney line to Cardiff. Though growing very rapidly, it does not yet vie in size and dignity with its namesake $4\frac{1}{2}$ m. away over the hillside. Nor has it the advantage in point of position. It lacks the breezy situation of the older town, and is wedged down in the bottom of the valley. The prevailing industry is coal-mining. The hillside above is inconveniently subject to occasional landslips.

Tredunnock, a parish 5 m. N.E. from Caerleon in the vale of the Usk. The church is a small building with a pyramidally-roofed W. tower, and is important only as containing a Roman memorial-stone to an officer of the 2nd legion. The slab,

which will be found pinned against the N. wall, bears the following inscription: "Diis manibus Julius Julianus miles legionis secundæ Augustæ stipendiorum octodecem annorum quadraginta hic situs est curam agente amanda conjuge." In the chancel and in the S. wall of the nave are the remains of two small piscinas, and in the porch there is a stoup. The church-yard is neatly kept, and retains fragments of its former cross. Near the village is *Newbridge*, a picturesque old-fashioned bridge which spans the Usk. A pretty view of the river valley, shut in on the W. by the wooded hillside of Wentwood, is obtainable from the parapet.

Tregare, a parish 6 m. W.S.W. of Monmouth. The church stands by the road-side, which here runs along the ridge of a small hill. The building is not, however, so imposing as its position. It is a small building with an E.E. west tower capped by a pyramidal roof. The entrance is by one of the customary semi-timbered porches. Built into the external wall above the window on the S.W. is the curious device of the sacred monogram enclosed in a heart. Within note (1) cinquefoiled chancel-arch, (2) rood-loft stair on N., (3) cinquefoiled piscina on S. of sanctuary, (4) heart-shaped ornamentation on font (cp. *Llanvihangel-juxta-Usk*). The churchyard contains the shaft and base of a cross. *Llwyn-y-Gaer* is an ancient moated manor house, which is said to have once received Charles I. as a visitor. It possesses an oak staircase and a large plaster figure of an angel.

Trelleck, a village 5½ m. S. of Monmouth, standing some 600 ft. above sea-level on the top of the high ground overlooking the Wye Valley. It

makes the best of its exposed situation by squeezing itself into a slight hollow in the hillside. Trelleck is said to have been once a considerable town, but there is nothing to-day to advertise its past importance, except a commodious church. It has still, however, several claims to attention from the wandering tourist. It can boast of some "druidical" stones, a tumulus, and an ancient well. Fortunately for the flying visitor these curiosities lie close together. The stones from which the place is said to derive its name ("the stone town," or perhaps "the three stones") will be found in a field to the L. a few yards down the Llanishen road. They are three large monoliths of conglomerate, stuck on end, and are locally associated with a reputed victory of Harold, but are evidently of much more ancient origin. The tumulus is in a farmyard at the back of the post office. It is a conical mound some 40 ft. high, overgrown by fir trees and surrounded by a ditch. Its origin is problematical; it is probably Norm., as the Clares are known to have once possessed some sort of a castle in the neighbourhood, though it is ascribed both to the Romans and Saxons. The well (locally known as the "Virtuous Well") lies in a field to the L. a couple of hundred yards along the Llandogo road, and is protected by a rough fence. It is a semicircular basin of mediæval masonry in excellent preservation. The water, of strong chalybeate properties, bubbles up through a pipe fixed in a small alcove which is flanked by two small niches. To this list of attractions the church should be added. It is a good Early Dec. building with a clerestory, and is lighted throughout with small trefoiled lancets. A massive unbuttressed W. tower

carries a spire. The small size of the windows, and the unrelieved wall spaces, give it a heavy and somewhat forbidding appearance. The interior, though bare, is much handsomer. A fine reticulated W. window, the wide splays of the side windows, which are occasionally ornamented above with foliations, and the lofty octagonal columns, with their stilted arches, give it an aspect of lightness quite unexpected from the outside. Note (1) the highly wrought piscina in S. aisle and the plainer one in the chancel; (2) the woodwork, including door of S. porch (1595), pulpit (1640), reading-desk (1639); (3) body stone with raised cross at W. end of S. aisle; (4) large font; (5) fragments of masonry beneath tower. There are no monuments, but a curiously designed sundial is preserved at the W. end, which carries a crude representation of Trelleck's three curiosities, the stones, the mound, and the well. The churchyard, which is entered by a rude lych-gate (a common feature in the neighbourhood), contains the base of a cross with an unusual number of steps. Near it is a massive slab forming a rude altar-tomb. *Trelleck Beacon* is a neighbouring eminence overlooking the village, and commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country.

Trelleck Grange, a parish near Trelleck, 6 m. N. of Chepstow (nearest station Bigsweir, 4 m.). It has a small church, which once belonged to Tintern Abbey, but has been modernized and is of no interest.

Trevethin (see *Pontypool*, p. 212).

Troggy Castle (formerly known inaccurately as *Striguil Castle*), a ruin in the middle of Wentwood, 5 m. W.N.W. of Caerwent on the Usk and

Portskewett road. It is the remains of one of the many small feudal castles which studded the forest of Wentwood. The present structure was erected by Roger Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, in the reign of Edward I. The ruins are very scanty and neglected. They stand in a field by the roadside in a very elevated and secluded tract of country, on the fringe of a wood, and present rather a melancholy spectacle. Except for a few cottages gathered together in the vicinity of the castle, the district is wild and deserted. To the casual observer the position seems of little strategical value. The castle was apparently never of any very great extent, and it now consists only of the shell of an octagonal tower, built on a small mound overlooking a dismal pool, and a few yards of crumbling masonry, with a pointed window or two. At the S.E. corner is a small chamber in the basement—probably a cellar of some sort, but now used as a cow-house. From the neighbouring hill-top of *Pencaemawr* a good view of the vale of the Usk is obtainable.

Trostrey, a parish 2 m. N.N.W. from Usk, at the junction of the upper and lower Abergavenny roads. The river here winds through a pretty scene of woodland and meadow, and is provided with a salmon weir. Near a group of farmhouses stands a dismantled windmill—a gaunt memorial of bygone industrial methods, which, however, serves as a convenient landmark. The church is perched on the top of a hill, 1 m. to the N., but at close quarters is screened from observation by a wood which fringes the roadside (take the first turning through the wood on the R.). Except for a pleasant, but somewhat impeded, prospect of hill, vale, and river which the site commands, it is hardly

THE OAK ROOM, TROY HOUSE

worth the trouble of visiting. It is a small, plain building, with the customary belfry, and a W. porch, which retains a rough stoup. Near the church is a mound overgrown with trees, which is a capital vantage ground from which to view the landscape. *Trostrey Court* (now a farm) was an ancient seat of the Hughes family, and during the Civil War was occupied by the Parliamentary troops

Trothy, The, a stream rising in the N. of the county between the Graig Hill and the Scyrryd Fawr, and flowing eastwards to join the Wye at the foot of the Penalt woods, a mile below Monmouth. It gives its name as it passes to the village of Mitchel Troy (p. 185) and to *Troy House*. The latter, a former seat of the Dukes of Beaufort, but now a nunnery, is a sober-fronted mansion of somewhat conventional type, attributed to Inigo Jones. Some portions of the house, however, are of much earlier date. The older part contains some spacious chambers. One of these in particular is finely panelled, and decorated with a very handsome mantelpiece. This and a similar chimney-piece in an adjoining room are said to have been brought here from Raglan Castle. The house formerly had a good collection of pictures and antiquarian curiosities. Amongst the latter was the reputed cradle of Henry V., but considerable doubts have been thrown upon its authenticity. The collection was removed when the property changed hands. The mansion stands under the shelter of a neighbouring hillside, and once enjoyed much celebrity on account of its fruit gardens, which received the commendation of Charles I.

Twyn Barlwm, a rounded eminence 1374 ft high, at the S.W. extremity of Mynydd Maen,

6 m. N.W. from Newport. It owes its name ("the mound of the bare summit") to its treeless appearance; and it is further distinguished by a tump at the N.E. corner. This tump is in reality a tumulus of stones and earth about 18 yds. high, and is surrounded by a fosse. A further trench of an elliptical shape circumscribes the whole of the summit. A local tradition asserts that it was once a celebrated place for bardic gatherings, and it seems a little doubtful whether the site could have been of much value for purely military purposes. Possibly the tumulus, like so many similar mounds, may have been a place of sepulture or a signalling station. The hill commands a fine prospect over the surrounding country on the S. and E., but the view to the N. and W. is shut in by a "wave-like surface of mountain tops," prominent on the S.W. being Machen Mountain on the other side of the Ebbw Valley. The hill is a popular rendezvous for picnic parties. Nearest station, Risca (2 m.).

Undy, a parish 1 m. W. from Magor. There is a small hamlet and a little church bordering the S. side of the railway line. The church is of greater antiquity than its appearance suggests. It has been rejuvenated, but preserves a Norm. chancel arch and S. doorway, and a 13th-cent. W. window with the original doorway beneath.

Usk, a market town (pop. 1476) in the centre of the county, on the L. bank of the river of the same name, with a station on the G.W.R. branch from Pontypool Road to Monmouth. The jaded victim of a too strenuous life might find Usk a suitable place for a "rest cure." It is a quiet, not to say sleepy, little town, where even the river goes softly, and where there is nothing to disturb the

rural tranquillity but the occasional advent of a motor car. It has few attractions for the madding crowd, but enjoys an excellent reputation amongst anglers, especially for its salmon fishing. The scenery around is quite in keeping with the spirit of the place. The vale of the Usk broadens out into a plain of rich meadow land, at one end of which are gathered together the few quaint rows of streets which constitute the town. It is a green and pleasant landscape, to which the frowning walls of the castle, perched on a cliff above the river, give a welcome touch of romance. There is little doubt that Usk was originally a Roman station. It is commonly identified with the ancient *Burrium*, and a few trinkets and fragments of pottery unearthed on the site of the county gaol lend support to the view. Such history as Usk has helped to make was chiefly enacted round the walls of the castle. The earliest name associated with the place is that of a Fitz-Rolfe, who was standard-bearer of William I. at Hastings. In the 12th cent. the demesne belonged to the De Clares, and the present stronghold probably owed its origin to some member of that powerful family. In 1265 the castle was taken by Simon de Montfort, but he was driven out after a brief occupation. As a marriage portion it subsequently passed to the Mortimers, from whom the town obtained its charter in 1398. In the Welsh wars of Henry IV. it suffered severely from the depredations of Owen Glendower, who harried the neighbourhood with fire and sword, but eventually paid for his temerity by a severe reverse at Pwll Melyn. The castle finally passed by inheritance into the hands of Richard Duke of York. The chief merit of the ruins is their picturesqueness.

A steep little pathway runs up the cliff side to an informal entrance over the threshold of a fallen tower (admission 3d.). This gives access to the castle court (240 ft. × 162 ft.). At the N. end are the remains of a small banqueting hall and the state apartments. On the E. is the main entrance gateway (note the two large fireplaces on either side, which were once apparently enclosed by lean-to shelters) and the rectangular Norm. keep. On the W. is a cylindrical tower, the summit of which commands a fine view of the town and neighbourhood. Another similar tower once stood above the doorway which now gives access to the castle court. The ruined tower at the bottom of the slope seems to have been nothing better than a dovecot.

The *Church*, as it now stands, is a singular-looking building. A Norm. tower with a cylindrical stairway (as at Devizes) rises at the E. of the nave. But this apparent freak is explained by the partial demolition of the edifice. A glance will show that, as originally constructed, it was a cruciform church, with a central tower, which has now lost its transepts and chancel. It formerly belonged to a priory of Benedictine nuns, founded by the De Clares in 1236. At the Reformation it suffered the fate of most monastic buildings. The conventual portions were destroyed, and the rest of the church handed over to the townsfolk, who transformed the basement of the tower into a sanctuary. At present it is a rather lop-sided structure, with a spacious Dec. nave and an equally commodious N. aisle, and possesses two fine Perp. porches. Note should be taken of (1) the Norm. arches under the tower, (2) the fine Perp. screen stretching right across the church, (3) the small brass attached to the back of

USK CASTLE

the screen, bearing an inscription in an old Welsh dialect, which has long been a puzzle to antiquaries, but is now said to be a panegyric on a local celebrity named Adam, a shrewd lawyer who in the reign of Richard II. acted as arbitrator in a dispute between the prioress and the townsfolk, and nonsuited the latter, (4) the cylindrical arcade (early Dec.), especially the pier dividing the screens, (5) the lofty side window at the S.W. end of the nave, (6) the two fine vaulted porches, especially the one at the W., which contains a stoup. A W. porch is a local peculiarity repeated in many neighbouring churches, but of rare occurrence elsewhere. Near the W. entrance to the churchyard is the gabled and vaulted gateway of the original priory. The building, in the grounds of which it is situated, is chiefly modern, but incorporates some portions of the dismantled nunnery.

The central position of Usk makes it a most convenient spot from which to explore the county. Abergavenny, Monmouth, Raglan and Caerleon are all within easy reach, both by road and rail.

Usk, The (Welsh *Wysg*, meaning "water"), the principal river of Monmouthshire, flowing through the centre of the county from N. to S., and falling into the Bristol Channel near Newport. Though the Usk is so essentially a Monmouthshire stream, the county contributes comparatively little to its making. It is really the channel which carries off the drainage of the Breconshire highlands. It rises beyond the Beacons, and flowing through the beautiful vale of Crickhowell, enters the N.W. corner of the county near Abergavenny. Bending southwards it creeps by a gently circuitous course through the heart of the shire, forming, as it

goes, a wide open vale, which is one of the most fertile agricultural districts in S. Wales. It meets the tide at Caerleon, and at Newport becomes a wide and deep navigable river of considerable commercial importance. From the latter town it flows to the sea as a fine broad waterway (of an average width of 1000 ft.) which, by the extraordinary height of its tide (it rises 38 ft. at the springs), affords passage for the largest vessels. If the county had not furnished it with a formidable rival, the Usk would be considered a very beautiful stream, but artistically it can hardly be put into competition with the famous Wye. It flows with a sedater course, meandering through a pleasant pastoral country, and affords a series of wide open landscapes bounded by distant hills which, in the neighbourhood of Abergavenny, are exceedingly lovely; but the scenery as a whole is much softer, and lacks the romantic charm so characteristic of the banks of the Wye. In its upper reaches it is held in much esteem by anglers, and at one time had quite a reputation as a salmon river, which it has not yet forfeited.

Varteg, a village 5½ m. N. from Pontypool, with a station on the L. & N.W. line to Brynmawr. It is a mining village of unattractive appearance. The neighbourhood abounds in collieries.

Victoria, an industrial village in the Ebbw Fawr Valley, 19 m. N.W. from Newport, with a station on the G.W. "Western Valleys" section. It is practically a suburb of Ebbw Vale, and possesses some steel-works belonging to the Ebbw Vale Iron Works (p. 136). The place is said to have been originally called *Troed-rhiw'-r-clawdd*, "the foot of the ascent of the dyke."

THE USK, NEAR ABERGAVENNY

Waenavon, or *Waunafon* ("the meadow of the river"), a hamlet on the Breconshire border of the county, 2 m. N.W. from Blaenavon. It has a station on the L. & N.W. branch from Abersychan to Brynmawr, which has the distinction of being the highest railway station in England—1200 ft. above sea-level.

Wentwood, a large tract of woodland in the S.E. of the county covering the end of a ridge of hills which form the S.E. boundary of the Vale of Usk, and stretching in a N.E. direction from Kemeys Inferior almost as far as Newchurch. From the number of castles built for its protection—there were six: Dinham, Llanvair, Llanvaches, Troggy, Penhow, and Pencoed—it must have been deemed in feudal times a district of much importance, but probably owed its value not only to strategical considerations, but to the facilities it afforded for the chase. It was originally of considerable extent, but the woodman's axe has now reduced it to a shadow of its former dimensions. The trees, however, still hang thickly on the crest of the ridge and on the side which slopes to the river, and form an admirable artistic contrast to the pastures below. A rough-and-tumble road—probably originally of Roman construction—scrambles over the hill through the wood from Caerwent to Usk and passes Llanvair and Troggy Castles. From the highest point of the wood, *Pen-y-cae-mawr* (the hill of the great enclosure), a fine view of the Usk Valley is obtainable. Wentwood is bounded on the W. by *Earlswood Common*, once included within the confines of the forest, but now a bare and uninviting tract of country very sparsely inhabited.

White Castle, a ruined fortress 6 m. E. from Abergavenny. It is best reached from Abergavenny through Llanvetherine (1 m.), and from Monmouth (9½ m.) by way of Llantilio Crossenny, and was earlier known as Llantilio Castle. It stands imposingly upon a hill 500 ft. above sea-level and 300 above the surrounding plain at its feet. It is supposed by some to derive its name from one Gwyn, prince of Cardigan, who in the 11th cent. was said to be its owner. Hence it was called in Welsh *Castell Gwyn*, which might mean either White Castle or Gwyn's Castle. A few fragments of plaster adhering to the walls suggests that it was white-washed. Its origin is obscure. A Welsh story has it that Gwyn lost his castle to a Norman, and though old and blind appealed to William Rufus to let him fight it out with the intruder in a closed chamber. The fiery Welshman "spitted" his opponent and regained his fortress. But the incident is too melodramatic to savour of sober history. The earthworks, though of unusual construction, are Norman, and there is evidence that as early as the reign of Henry II. there was a military stronghold here. With Grosmont and Skenfrith it formed the Monmouthshire "Trilateral," and, as the thin edge of the wedge, was probably the strongest of the three. It seems to have been nothing better than a fortified block-house, and was never a place of residence. Like the other members of the triad, it was the heritage of the house of Lancaster, and fell into decay with the collapse of the Lancastrian cause.

Entrance may be obtained by application at a neighbouring cottage (admission 3d.). The fortress

WHITE CASTLE—MAIN ENTRANCE

is a formidable-looking structure of considerable size and immense strength. It is shaped like a hexagon, with projecting drum towers at every corner, and is completely surrounded with a deep moat. The main entrance was between the two towers on the N., and a smaller doorway or postern gave access on the S. To protect these approaches a walled barbican with supporting turrets was thrown out like a gigantic screen in front of the N. gate, and an earthwork covers the S. entrance. The moat seems at one time to have embraced these outworks also. There was no keep, and such accommodation as the garrison required was probably furnished by sheds erected against the internal walls of the inner ward. A rough staircase communicates with a wooden platform fixed to the top of one of the gateway towers. From this vantage-point a rich and varied prospect is obtainable. Facing N. the Scyrryd Fawr lies immediately on the L., and the Graig on the R. Beyond the Scyrryd are the Sugar Loaf and the Blorenge, and a sea of "enamelled pasture" spreads below at the feet of the spectator.

Whitson, a village on the Caldicot level, 2½ m. S. from Llanwern Station. A curious feature of the parish is Monksditch Pill, which forms its W. boundary. It is a kind of canal carried between artificial banks, and having its bed considerably above the level of the adjoining fields and roadway. It was made by the monks of Goldcliff to carry off the drainage of the higher ground on the N., and so prevent it from flooding the level. The church is a small aisleless Dec. building with a W. tower, capped by a clumsy spirelet like the one at Roggiett. The S. porch has a good Norm. inner

doorway (cp. *Christchurch*), and within the church is a Norm. font.

Wilcrick, a hamlet on the Newport and Magor road, 1¼ m. N.W. from Magor. The small church has been practically rebuilt.

Wolves Newton, a remotely situated village 5¼ m. S.E. of Usk, lying in the hill country between Usk and Chepstow. The church (St Thomas à Becket) is a small building with a saddleback tower, and contains nothing of interest. The churchyard has a well-restored cross. On a hill S. of the village is *Cwrt-y-Gaer*, a circular encampment, now occupied by a farmhouse, but retaining portions of its original rampart.

Wonastow, a parish 2 m. W.S.W. from Monmouth, on the old road to Raglan. The Court and church lie together on a knoll overlooking the Trothy. The *Court* (Sir R. Seale) is an old 16th-cent. manor-house, but much modernized. It was held during the Civil War for the king, but betrayed by the garrison. The original chapel is now transformed into domestic offices. The church (St Wonnow) is remarkable for nothing but its rather picturesque situation. The N. porch has a stoup, and on the S. wall of the sanctuary there is a canopied monument to the Milborne family, once the owners of the Court. Children are figured in relief at the base, but the effigy is wanting. One mile to the W. on high ground is *Tre Owen*, once a seat of the Herberts, but now a farmhouse. It is a fine old gabled mansion of four storeys. The original front, destroyed (it is said) by the Parliamentarians, has been replaced by a lower building, the work of Inigo Jones in the 17th cent. Though somewhat incongruous, the addition is rendered

very effective by a handsome porch, flanked by classical columns, and ornamented above the doorway by caryatid figures enclosing a shield of family quarterings. The interior retains a fine panelled oak chamber, a massive oak staircase, and two rooms with plastered ceilings (one is particularly good, and ornamented with pendants). The Hall (now converted into a cider cellar) retains its dais; the original screen which once parted it from the passage has been unhappily removed to another residence. Over the porch is what is said to have been a priest's hiding-place. In the neighbourhood is a heronry, the only one in the county. The old road running through Wonastow to Dingestow, locally known as Jingle Street, is supposed to have been originally a Roman road leading from the Forest of Dean through Monmouth to Usk.

Wye, The (Welsh *Gwy*, "water"), the most celebrated of the Monmouthshire rivers, whose banks furnish some of the most beautiful and best-known views which the county affords. The source of the river is, however, far away from the scenes which have rendered it famous. It rises on the barren slopes of Plinlimmon, and, after coquetting with two or three Welsh counties, traverses Herefordshire, and then flowing for some distance as the dividing line between Monmouthshire and Gloucestershire finally falls into the estuary of the Severn a few miles below Chepstow. Though the river is picturesque from its very beginning, and worthy of exploration throughout the whole of its length, it is its lower section which has won for it its reputation. Though not without renown as a fishing river (Fluellen speaks with tacit appreciation of its "salmons"), the Wye will always be visited

chiefly for its scenery. Amongst English rivers it stands unrivalled; no other waterway is so consistently or so supremely lovely. It has frequently been praised, but never over-praised. Gray described its banks as "a succession of nameless beauties." It is an artist's stream from start to finish—leisurely and limpid—gliding past most romantic localities, and selecting for itself a course so circuitous that sometimes the water flows many miles to accomplish a few hundred yards of progress. The charm of the river lies not only in the richness, but in the variety of the landscapes which it discloses. It unfolds as it flows an ever-changing panorama. The scenery is full of artistic surprises, and never wearies the attention of the spectator. Precipitous cliffs and hanging woods, spreading lawns and sylvan amphitheatres, nestling villages and scattered homesteads, are all in turn presented in an ever-changing succession of pictures; and no one has ever yet floated on its waters or wandered on its banks without paying homage to its attractions.

> "How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
> O sylvan Wye! Thou wand'rer through the woods,
> How often has my spirit turned to thee?"

sang Wordsworth. And every "lover of the meadows, and the woods, and mountains" will, after revisiting these scenes, confess to a growing admiration for their haunting beauty, and will find, like the poet,

> "That after many wanderings, many years
> Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs
> And this green pastoral landscape were to me
> More dear."

Of these wonderful scenes Monmouthshire is only

THE WYE, NEAR REDBROOK

part proprietor. Some of the most striking landscapes (*e.g.* Symond's Yat and the Coldwell Rocks) lie altogether outside its borders; and its neighbour Gloucestershire contributes to the making of much of the remaining scenery. Many, however, of the chief beauties of the lower reaches of the river (*e.g.*, Tintern and the Wynd Cliff) lie on the Monmouthshire side; and the town of Monmouth itself is perhaps the best and most convenient centre along its bank from which to explore the whole. Fortunately, commercial activity has so far done little to impair the charm of the valley. There are some tin-plate works at Redbrook and Tintern, and some rather extensive and unsightly quarries near Chepstow, but otherwise the locality is unspoilt. A railway runs up one side of the river, but generally in such an unostentatious manner that its trespass is easily forgiven by those who profit by its convenience. Boats may be taken at either Ross, Monmouth, or Chepstow; and the waterway is much to be preferred to the roadway by those who desire to acquaint themselves thoroughly with all that this wonderful river has to show.

Wynd Cliff, The, a lofty hill overhanging the Chepstow and Tintern road, 3 m. N. of Chepstow. It commands one of the most beautiful and extensive prospects in England, and as a "view point" has no rival in the Wye Valley, save Symond's Yat. The regulation ascent is through the *Moss Cottage*, a combined cottage and picnic pavilion, thatched with heather and fantastically lined with moss (admission 6d.). The visitor can save his money if he pleases by climbing the back of the hill from St Arvans. The sixpence is, however, well spent, for a series of steps have been cut

in the perpendicular face of the cliff, which enables the spectator to keep company with the view all the way up; and the adjoining woods furnish a shady ramble, and afford the additional sensation of a peep into a cavern. The summit of the hill is 800 ft. above the level of the river, and the prospect which it embraces is sublime. Roscoe has observed, "The grouping of the landscape is perfect. I know of no picture more beautiful." At the foot, the stream gracefully winds round the peninsula of Lancaut. On the L. are the *Banagor Rocks*. Immediately to the R. are the *Twelve Apostles* and *St Peter's Thumb*, a series of precipitous crags fencing the wooded slopes of Piercefield Park. Beyond is Chepstow, with its rock-perched castle. Peeping over the trees which crown the grassy peninsula are the *Lancaut Crags*, raw and red from recent quarrying operations. Stretching right across the picture in front are the shimmering waters of the Severn Sea, and in the background are the dim outlines of the Mendip and Cotswold Hills and the Wiltshire Downs. It is said that on a clear day nine counties are visible, but this can only be by including in the panorama the view obtainable from the field at the back, and then only on rare occasions. But those visitors are hard to please who are not content with six or seven. In addition to the views of Monmouthshire, Gloucestershire, Wiltshire, and occasionally Devonshire, obtainable in front, there is the rear view of the Black Mountains of Breconshire, and sometimes the distant Malvern Hills in Herefordshire, whilst Glamorganshire is represented by Penarth Head. The village standing prominently in the foreground, like a city set on a hill, is *Shire Newton*. Visitors from Chepstow might

THE WYND CLIFF

ascend from St Arvans and descend by the Moss Cottage, and, if so minded, pursue their way to Tintern.

Ynysddu, a station on the L. & N.W. Sirhowy branch, 10 m. W.N.W. from Newport. It was until lately a small isolated rural station, but owing to the sinking of a new shaft at *Cwmfelinfach*, ½ m. S., a large and flourishing village is springing up in the neighbourhood, and the district is likely to become increasingly populous. Ynysddu was the birthplace of "Islwyn," one of the most distinguished of modern Welsh bards (p. 82).

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